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By Charles Edward Crane

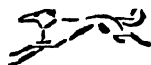
LET ME SHOW YOU
VERMONT

With an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher



"*Let Me Show You Vermont* is the best exposition of the state ever written by a native—or by anyone else. . . . Mr. Crane is informative, explanatory, and interpretative without losing the personal touch or exploiting it."—Bernard DeVoto, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

"An amiable, witty, and most flavorsome book . . . itself an excellent illustration of the Vermont spirit at its best."—R. L. Duffus, in the *New York Times*.



PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

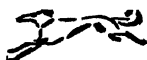
LET ME SHOW YOU
NEW HAMPSHIRE



LET ME SHOW YOU
**NEW
HAMPSHIRE**

by
ELLA SHANNON BOWLES

with an Introduction by
KENNETH ROBERTS



NEW YORK · ALFRED · A · KNOFF · LONDON

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TO
MARIETTE AND RAIMOND
WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE
NEW HAMPSHIRE BORDERERS

I can't begin to put down the things for which I am grateful to New Hampshire. They go far, far back to the days when I went to the primary school on the hill in Great Falls, and at the age of six was treated with affectionate understanding by my teacher, Miss Marian Thurston—when I doubtless deserved to be shot instead. They progress through the days when I learned to put neatsfoot oil on a baseball glove so that any ball that touched it would inevitably adhere, and continue on into that happy period when I was taken to Connecticut Lakes in the spring to fish and in the autumn to shoot deer. I was thirteen when I got my first deer there—in June, for food, and with a rifle so heavy that I couldn't shoot it without a rest. I was sixteen when I hunted deer on the Height of Land, killed a buck on Mt. Magalloway, and dragged him across the ice of Second Lake to the roads and houses on the western side.

I was grateful to New Hampshire and to those boyhood experiences when I felt the need to write about the country that Rogers' men travelled in 1759 and that Arnold's expedition struggled through in 1775; for both Rogers and Arnold had their worst experiences on the Height of Land.

I am grateful to a New Hampshire statesman, Senator George Moses, for obtaining for me, through the Congressional Library, the unlimited use of reference books that I couldn't locate elsewhere; and I am grateful beyond expression to a New Hampshire college, Dartmouth, for encouraging me with an honorary degree at a time when my labors as a novelist seemed doomed to bring me nothing but discouragement.

I still don't know how to write introductions, but I write this one for *Let Me Show You New Hampshire* by way of expressing the earnest hope that those who don't already know New Hampshire will let themselves be shown.

KENNETH ROBERTS

AUTHOR'S NOTE



This book is not a history nor a guidebook of New Hampshire, but is simply a series of my own impressions, supplemented by personal research in historical background, by information furnished by certain state departments, and by items contributed by my friends both old and new.

No one book could cover all the things in which you might be interested. Therefore, I have included in the text the titles of books and magazine articles and of studies like the New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission Biennial Report (1936-1937) which tell more about New Hampshire and its resources. "The Story of New Hampshire's Capital" is part of an article first published in Yankee, and small sections of "Our Present-Day Writers" appeared in the Bulletin of the New Hampshire Public Libraries.

E.S.B.

Franconia, New Hampshire
1938

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LET ME SHOW YOU
NEW HAMPSHIRE



JUST A GUIDEPOST



MY NATIVE STATE, New Hampshire, occupies only a small part of the map of the United States. I must be truthful and admit that it *is* larger than the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but, on the other hand, it lacks some two hundred square miles of equaling the area of its little neighbor, Vermont, and is quite overshadowed by the State of Maine on its eastern border. Like most good things, as we Yankees say, it is done up in a small package, which is tucked away in northern New England just under the great Province of Quebec.

When you ask me where I live, I shall not make you this long answer. Like most New Hampshire people, I have a ready reply to that question. Possibly it is state of mind supplementing my sense of direction, but I share Robert Frost's conviction that New Hampshire is "north of Boston."

It seems to me that in spirit my state resembles Vermont and Maine rather than Massachusetts and Connecticut, both of which sent settlers to its back country. As William Rossiter pointed out in the *Atlantic Monthly*,¹ "the Three Sentinels of the North" have similar social and economic problems. The first Piscataqua plantations spilled over into the Province of Maine, and from then on, the towns on both sides of the Salmon Falls and Piscataqua Rivers have been good neighbors, sharing many common interests.

¹ July 1925.

As for our Vermont relationship, it is explained perfectly in Frost's poem "New Hampshire," beginning with the lines:

*She's one of the two best states in the Union.
Vermont's the other. And the two have been
Yoke-fellows in the sap-yoke from of old
In many Marches.*

Years ago New Hampshire claimed more land than it owns now. But it forfeited Governor Benning Wentworth's grants west of the Connecticut River when Vermont became an independent state. At the time, it nearly lost its greatest trademark, the Old Man of the Mountains, for Franconia, then called Morristown, was one of the sixteen towns which wanted to join the new state. Luckily for New Hampshire, Vermont rejected the petition.

The state boundaries were in a fluid condition for a long time. Now the State of Maine line runs primly from north to south, cutting Lake Umbagog near the center, and after joining the Salmon Falls River, turns southeast down the Piscataqua to the sea. In 1858 Colonel Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, a member of the dashing "Governor's Horse Guards," helped to direct the setting of stone markers from the Canadian border to Conway and Fryeburg, Maine.

Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton fixed the Canadian boundary in their famous treaty of 1842. Sixteen years later Crown Monument was placed on the divide "separating the waters that flow north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from those that flow south into the Atlantic Ocean," and the International Boundary marker followed in a little over a half-century.

There has been considerable discussion about that part of the western boundary which follows the twisting Connecticut River. Neither New Hampshire nor Vermont really knew where one state legally began and the other left off. Some twenty years ago the question was put up to the United States

Supreme Court, and the west bank of the river was accepted as the boundary.

Naturally, in a course of two hundred miles, ten power dams have a decided effect on the height of the river, and when they were completed the low-water mark was lost. So again it was determined. Special Commissioner Samuel S. Gannet's report on the disputed line was accepted recently and now New Hampshire knows just what taxes it will receive from hydro-electric plants and riverside paper, lumber, and pulp mills.

There is only one place on this long border line where you can slip from Vermont to New Hampshire without crossing water. At the point where Hall's Stream joins the Connecticut is a small triangle of land over which there has been considerable dispute. The Supreme Court decided that it belonged to Vermont and we now have a new map picturing New Hampshire bounding its neighbor on the north for about two miles with no stream of any kind between them.

The hem of New Hampshire's skirt was shortened and let down a number of times, and for nearly a century and a half there were spirited arguments about the location of the lower edge. But all the bickerings ended about thirty-five years ago when the Massachusetts line was established in accordance with the tripartite treaty of the states.

Two of New England's oldest landmarks are connected with this story of the changing Massachusetts border. The old province claim to the seacoast region near the Hampton River was shown by Bound Rock in the southeast corner of New Hampshire. Sands and tides have shifted over it since 1657 and it was buried completely under Seabrook Beach for nearly a quarter of a century. Then, in 1931, it was located and freed from its tomb.

Endicott Rock is near The Weirs at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee. It was marked five years before Bound Rock, to locate the old boundary claimed by Massachusetts Bay Colony when it stretched northward toward the source of the Merrimack River. Then it was forgotten until the early 1830's,

when the channel between Paugus Bay and Lake Winnepesaukee was deepened so the first lake steamboat could pass through

Endicott Rock is now one of the treasured mementos of New Hampshire colonial history and is owned by the state. An inscription on a tablet explains the old letters which Jonathan Ince, the young surveyor, chiseled on the stone nearly three hundred years ago:

*The name of
John Endicott Gov.
and the initials of
Edward Johnson and Simon Willard Commissioners
John Sherman and Jonathan Ince, surveyors, were inscribed
on this rock
August 1, 1652
to mark the head of the Merrimack River.*

The historic marker escaped destruction by only a hair's breadth, for no one knew anything about what it meant. Then somebody unearthed its story from ancient documents, and an interest in preserving it started. Philip Carrigain, a former New Hampshire secretary of state and the state's first official map-maker, supported the plan enthusiastically. Few people know that this man, whose name has been bestowed upon one of the White Mountains, made an impassioned and flowery speech when the golden eagle was pinioned on the dome of the State House or realize that he christened New Hampshire "The Granite State" in a song composed to celebrate Lafayette's visit to Concord in 1825.

The title has clung to our state for over a hundred years and seems to hit popular fancy better than any of the other nicknames like "Switzerland of America," which New Hampshire shares with Colorado, "The White Mountain State" or "The Mother of Rivers," coined by Frank West Rollins, one of our former governors.

The name New Hampshire was used first in 1629 when

Captain John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges divided their grant of the Province of Maine and Mason called his part between the Merrimack and Piscataqua Rivers after his home in Hampshire, England. It is now the only one of the forty-eight states to bear the name of an English county or *shire*.

I must not forget to mention the phrase "From Coös to the Sea," often used to describe New Hampshire. It is not so grandiloquent as it sounds, and when we use it in after-dinner speeches or in newspaper stories it has a really significant meaning for us. We think of the rich meadows of the upper Connecticut, of jagged mountains cutting the sky line, of deep rivers and hidden trout-streams, of a thousand lakes and ponds, of silvery beaches curving along the seacoast from Great Boar's Head beyond the Hampton marshes. We see waterfalls tumbling over steep cliffs, gray boulders dotting mountain pastures, apple orchards on the hillsides, white farmhouses framed with purple lilacs, trim villages clustering about their churches, and pleasant cities built up from the state's natural resources.

Yes, I admit that we do try to sell our scenery and our recreational opportunities. If this is a fault, we are guilty. New Hampshire has offered its friends hospitality ever since Abel Crawford opened an inn at the foot of the great White Mountain Notch for the accommodation of the first visitors to the mountains, and tents for the sea-bathers of a hundred years ago were raised on Hampton Beach. We like to have people get into that frame of mind which thirty years ago made Edward Everett Hale declare: "I remember I used to say that if the time came of a summer when I did not want to go to New Hampshire, I knew I was out of order somehow and ought to go."

The population of the state is estimated to be 502,000. Last year we entertained 1,500,000 guests from every state in the Union and many other parts of the world. Thousands of people ask our state departments about New Hampshire's history, beauties, and natural resources. They also question the sec-

tional groups promoting the special features of the Seacoast Region, the Lake Region, the Dartmouth-Sunapee Lake Region, the Merrimack Valley, the Monadnock Region, and the White Mountains Region. I hope this book will supplement their answers and add a few items which the many friends of the Granite State will find of interest.

THE LOST REPUBLIC OF INDIAN STREAM



IF YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES of the first chapter of this book, you may have surmised that stirring events took place along New Hampshire's boundaries. In this you are correct, but I shall tell you of only one, which was concerned with the attempt of a handful of people to stand off the might of both Great Britain and the United States and to maintain the smallest and most democratic form of independent government ever known in the Western world.

Indian Stream Territory, with its remarkable constitution, miniature assembly, supreme council, court, and standing army, was lost a century ago. Now it is Pittsburg, the northernmost and in area the largest of all New Hampshire's two hundred and thirty-five towns, or townships, as people in other sections of the country term them. Yesterday this great wooded area was a lumbering country with tracts of virgin forest controlled by powerful companies. Now it is the delight of fishermen and hunters and of all lovers of silvery streams coiling through the forests and of mountain-rimmed lakes framed with pointed firs.

Getting into Pittsburg was once somewhat of an undertaking. Less than thirty years ago you either went to West Stewartstown by train and "took the stage," or drove in from Canaan, Vermont, with a pair of horses. Now if you wish to see the birthplace of the Connecticut River or are going to a

hunting or fishing camp, you simply motor up the state highway along the upper reaches of the Connecticut River, cross it as you enter the town of Pittsburg, and then follow the curves of the road to the meadows of historic Indian Stream, which, with two other west-side waterways, Hall's and Perry's Streams, feeds the infant Connecticut.

The highway does not stop here, however, but passes on through the village and up by the lower Connecticut Lakes. Until this year it ended at Second Lake, but now it is being put through the farther wilderness straight over the border into Canada.

As I stood by the covered bridge which spans Indian Stream and gazed over the acres of the Amey farm toward the pleasant homestead built by Parker Tabor's forebears, I couldn't realize that only a hundred years ago Luther Parker was threatened in his own store by a party of Canadians, that Emer Applebee shot at certain passers-by from behind his "rock fort" on the River Road, and that a little village schoolhouse became the "Independence Hall" of a real republic in a mighty wilderness.

A quarter of a century before Luther Parker and Nathaniel Perkins, the outstanding leaders of independence, cleared their farms and built their comfortable houses, two of Rogers' Rangers came to Indian Stream and went back to the down-river settlements with glowing tales of the rich river intervals (or intervalles) and the wealth of furs to be taken from the forests. This publicity created an interest in the unknown northern country.

There was an Indian—they called him Philip—who gave three land-promoters a deed to his hunting-grounds. They, in turn, parceled off their purchase and by 1824 a visiting New Hampshire commission reported that fifty-eight families, including about three hundred people, were living on the old Indian lands.

Meantime, the British and American commissioners hadn't been able to establish the boundary line and a very awkward

situation arose. When New Hampshire claimed the territory, the Indian Stream people objected, and when Canada made moves toward taking it over, they protested against that. Something had to be done about it, so Great Britain submitted the problem to the King of the Netherlands for arbitration. He decided in favor of Canada, but the United States refused to accept the decree as final.

The inhabitants of Indian Stream would have nothing to do with either side. They had been getting along well enough with no formal control except a mild form of vigilante government. If they winked at smuggling, that was their own business, and if occasionally some miscreant who went a little too far was popped under a huge inverted potash-kettle for a few days to think it over, that concerned only themselves. The Sheriff of Coös County or the magistrate at Hereford, Quebec, didn't need to interfere in their affairs, they thought.

For the most part the Indian Stream farmers were honest and industrious. There were a few sharp traders, of course, and a sprinkling of rather dissolute characters who found this remote, wild country a haven from the consequences of bad debts and minor misdeeds.

It became evident to the solid citizens that the time was at hand when the protection of a formal government was needed. So in the summer of 1832 the Indian Stream people met at the Centre Schoolhouse and set up their republic.

It was all very simple. The entire voting population, with each person representing his own interests, made up the legislative body, and the supreme council, or Council of Five, acted as the executive department. The chairman, Luther Parker, was known as the President of Indian Stream Republic. Trial by jury was provided and a military company of forty men was formed for protection against "foreign invasion" and domestic strife.

• If you are one of the New Hampshire people who have toiled for legislation to amend our state constitution, you will be interested to know that the "Republicans" of this forest govern-

ment worked out a plan to amend their constitution by simply putting questions of desired changes before the voters at each of the annual meetings and then ratifying a proposed amendment by a two-thirds vote of the assembly.

Throughout the five years of its existence the little republic fought for its individuality. To the great disgust of the Indian Stream farmers, the United States insisted that all produce going in and out of the territory must be subject to custom duties, and the Canadian authorities maintained that the inhabitants, as subjects of Great Britain, should perform their just military duties.

It also was growing increasingly hard for Indian Stream Territory to enforce its own laws, for "treason crept in" and there were differences of opinion and jealousies among the people.

Luther Parker received hints that New Hampshire officials were coming up to serve writs, so the Council decided to ask the Attorney General of the United States for an opinion stating that Indian Stream was under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, but not under that of New Hampshire. The answer upon which they had placed their hopes was a blow to them all. "If you are within the limits of this government, it is because you are within the limits of the State of New Hampshire," it stated.

Indian Stream seethed with excitement, for the people were now divided into three factions, a few "Republicans" who were trying to save the territory from dissolution, the "New Hampshire Boys," who were in sympathy with Coös County officials, and a party which asked Lower Canada for protection.

Things boiled over when New Hampshire really sent in officers to serve processes issued by its courts and the "Republicans" resisted them. They went from bad to worse when Canadian authorities attempted to make arrests under British warrants.

The Canadian officials even tried to lay hands on Luther Parker and his brother Asa on trivial charges, but left when

the President of Indian Stream silently placed a rifle over the counter of his store and Asa sauntered in with two large horse pistols.

Meantime the Coös County Sheriff had appointed Richard I. Blanchard of Indian Stream deputy in the region and promised the people who were loyal to New Hampshire the protection of the state. Similar promises were made by a magistrate of Lower Canada. Knowing that the time was ripe for trouble, members of the Canada party fortified their houses and armed themselves.

Trouble, known as the Indian Stream War, came in the form of one short decisive fight. Early one October morning Sheriff Blanchard, who had arrested a Canadian sympathizer, looked out of a window to see his house surrounded by a band of the local Canada party and a company of armed men from Canada led by the Canadian Sheriff. They captured the New Hampshire deputy and hurried him away toward Canada. Blanchard's young son ran to warn the settlement of the capture, and one of the staunch "Republicans" mounted his horse to spread the news in the New Hampshire towns below. By noon a large crowd of men from Clarksville, Stewartstown, Colebrook, and Canaan, Vermont, carrying all kinds of weapons, ranging from hoes, scythes, and pitchforks to pistols and rifles, gathered at Canaan Corners. Then they started after the Canadians.

Those on horseback left the rest of the party far behind, and about a mile beyond the Hereford line eight of the leaders overtook the invaders.

"Why have you taken our Sheriff?" they demanded.

"He is one of the King's subjects and was taken on the soil of Canada," was the answer.

"That boundary line is not settled and we shall take Blanchard at all costs," a New Hampshire Boy called out as he dismounted and told Blanchard to get on his horse.

There were a few pistol-shots, but the New Hampshire Boys rode off with the deputy to the country store in Canaan.

Right there somebody remembered that there were a New Hampshire warrant and a five-dollar reward out for the Canadian sympathizer whom Blanchard had attempted to arrest. So two hot-headed youths set out to capture him. At the home of the Canadian magistrate, Alexander Rea, they ran into a party of twelve Canadians. Justice Rea called upon them to seize the two invaders. Pistols were cocked and stones began to fly in the direction of the youths. But a party of thirty more New Hampshire Boys appeared and dragged the magistrate across the line. Eventually he was released.

This ended the "war," but not New Hampshire's resolution to take over Indian Stream Territory. The matter was taken up by the legislature, and the Governor was given the right to enforce the state's authority in the north country. So up into the disputed territory went a company of militia under the command of Captain James Mooney. Uniform buttons glittered and sabers flashed as the soldiers marched into the settlement. They put their tents around Luther Parker's house, and the captain was quartered inside.

When the Indian Stream people found that the soldiers intended to spend the winter among them, they knew that the State of New Hampshire really meant business. Members of the Canadian party moved over the border, and some of the "Republicans" left to settle in other parts of the country.

Among them was Luther Parker, who took his family to Wisconsin, where he lived wisely and well. And the son of the former President of the lost Republic of Indian Stream was later elected Lieutenant-Governor and became acting Governor of that great state. Charles Parker lived to be ninety-five years old, but he never tired telling of those stirring days back in the 30's when, as a boy of twelve, he kept watch for his father and carried a gun in the skirmish at the Canadian border.

In 1840 Indian Stream Republic disappeared forever from the map, and the town of Pittsburg, New Hampshire, took its place. Every fall some of the people up there in the sparsely

settled northern tip of the state clean and polish their firearms, but not for war. They are getting ready for the opening of the game season, for the polishers are the Pittsburg guides, with an uncanny knowledge of the ways of deer and bear, and they are dreaming of November 1.

THE HISTORIC COAST



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S HISTORY REALLY BEGAN on the seacoast and not along the Canadian border. Soon after the death of great Elizabeth of England the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer*, two small vessels manned by forty-three men and boys and commanded by Captain Martin Pring, anchored at the mouth of the Piscataqua River near the present city of Portsmouth.

Captain Pring was looking for sassafras, a shrub to which the European physicians attributed miraculous cures and at the time worth its weight in gold. He brought with him trinkets and green and yellow hats to barter for furs with the Indians, for he hoped to make a good thing out of this long and difficult trip. He knew that fine beaver skins would be snapped up just as soon as he reached his home in Bristol, England, and that a good cargo of sassafras and furs would delight the merchants who backed his expedition.

Accompanied by some of his men and two great mastiffs, Foole and Gallant, the first dogs, I suppose, to sniff the New Hampshire soil, Pring searched carefully up and down the banks of the Piscataqua, but he found neither sassafras nor Indians. So he ordered the sailors to weigh anchor and sailed away, to come finally into Plymouth Bay seventeen years before the arrival of the *Mayflower*.

Except for considerable advertising, the first recorded visit of a white man to New Hampshire made no more impression

on the new country than the wind blowing across the marshes.

Twenty years went by before the *Jonathan* of Plymouth, on its way to Jamestown, Virginia, anchored at the river's mouth long enough for David Thomson of Plymouth, England, and his assistants to unload all the outfit they had brought to set up a trading and fishing center under a patent granted by the Council of New England.

They built their trading post on a point of land with Little Harbor fronting it on the north side and with a salt creek running by it toward the sea. We call the site of this first New Hampshire settlement Odiorne's Point from the name of a family who once owned it. Thomson named it Pannaway, and it was known also as Pascataway. The place is marked by a monument and is reached by a rough, stony road leading from the Ocean Boulevard soon after it passes the Portsmouth-Rye line.

Odiorne's Point is a beautiful spot on a July day when the wind blows in from the ocean and both sky and sea gleam with the celestial blue of a midsummer afternoon. If it is Sunday at low tide and the great rocks are uncovered, you will see boys and men with their trousers' legs rolled high, hunting among the crevices for tiny crabs and periwinkles. Out there at sea is White Island Lighthouse on the Isles of Shoals. White-sailed yachts are tacking in the breeze, and to the left on Newcastle Heights, eighty feet above the sea, you catch a glimpse of the Wentworth Hotel set in the midst of beautiful grounds leading to the water's edge.

Newcastle—Great Island it was called then—was the seat of government in early colonial days. The village lies on the northerly side of the island and somehow manages to keep its traditional atmosphere of an old-time fishing hamlet. The streets are narrow and crooked and the quaint houses straggle along them without benefit of sidewalks. On the waterfront many of them have been turned into summer residences gay with vivid awnings and bright window-shutters, and semi-private lanes, sweet with the scent of wild roses, lead to other

attractive homes hidden among the pines.

The Newcastle people take great pride in their old church, with its wing-pews and side galleries, and in the town charter given them by William and Mary. It is beautifully written on parchment and, among other things, designates that every year on the 25th of October one peppercorn must be given as quit-rent to the Crown.

To enter Water Street in Portsmouth you go across a roadway with three bridges connecting islands, one of which was bought for "2 hogsheads of Tobago Rum." For many years the only crossing from Portsmouth to Great Island was by ferry, but when President James Monroe visited Newcastle he did not enjoy his ride over the rough waters in a fisherman's boat. He voiced his objections so loudly that people listened and began to think about building bridges.

"A bow-shot from the waterside" on the northeast corner of Great Island stands Fort Constitution, the old "William and Mary" of pre-Revolutionary days. Did you know that the first active step in the American Revolution took place here and that the assault on the fort by a band of young patriots, led by John Langdon of Portsmouth and John Sullivan of Durham, was made four months before the Battle of Lexington and six months before Bunker Hill?

Longfellow says nothing in "Paul Revere's Ride" about the first trip of warning which the patriotic silversmith made into New Hampshire. Nevertheless he carried dispatches from Boston to Portsmouth weeks before he set out on his famous 19th of April journey. On the afternoon of December 13, 1774 Revere pulled up his "nearly done" horse before John Sullivan's house with the news that two regiments of the King's soldiers were to march from Boston to protect the store of powder and arms at Fort William and Mary. Then as soon as his horse was "baited" he rode on with his messages for the New Hampshire Committee of Safety.

The episode of the attack on the fort is too long for me to tell here and I must omit many interesting parts of it. Eleazer

Bennett, who worked for John Sullivan, used to relate the story with great gusto, and his words were recorded and the events interpreted in detail by Ballard Smith. "We took a gondola belonging to Benjamin Mathes who was too old to go, and went down the river to Portsmouth," the old man said in part. "It was a clear, cold moonlight night. We sailed down to the fort at the mouth of Piscataqua Harbor. The water was so shallow that we could not bring the boat to within a rod of shore. We waded through the water in perfect silence, mounted the fort, surprised the garrison, and bound the captain. In the fort we found one hundred casks of powder and one hundred small arms, which we brought down to the boat. In wading through the water it froze upon us."

The patriots loaded the powder on the gundalow and sailed it back to Durham on the flood tide. Part of it was buried under the pulpit of the meeting-house in front of Sullivan's house and later it was taken overland in old John Demeritt's ox-cart to Cambridge, where it arrived "just in the nick of time" for the battle.

As you go south along the coast from Odiorne's Point, you will see that New Hampshire's short shore line, of less than eighteen miles, borders the towns of Rye, North Hampton, Hampton, and Seabrook and that it is fringed with curving, sandy beaches, guarded by jagged rocks over which the waves dash and roar at high tide.

Rocky points like Fox Head, Ragged Neck, Rye Ledge, and Straw's Point scallop the shore line. Ragged Neck is now owned by the state. In 1935 an advisory board made a study of old Rye Harbor, which was dug out late in the eighteenth century as a mooring place for fishing vessels and schooners engaged in the coasting trade with Boston. Now the legislature has created a Rye Harbor Development Commission to develop the section as a recreation center and to make the harbor suitable for small boats just as soon as funds are available to carry out the plans.

Even on a somewhat chilly day in mid-October, I found

Ragged Neck enchanting. A dog was barking at the gulls

*making a wedge
Between the livid twilight and the night.*

Over the green sea came the reflection of the sunset—pale yellowish pink with delectable orchid high-lights. A child's laugh rang out loud and clear from the waterside as a lobster fisherman explained to me how lobster traps work, moaning meantime: "The fishin' ain't so good this year, though mebbe it's because I'm growin' older."

All kinds of Indian stories are mixed up with the coast's history. I was particularly interested in the one about Captain John Locke, who was killed by a war party on Locke's Neck near Straw's Point. There is nothing especially unusual about the tale, for many other settlers were massacred while defending their homesteads and families, but in this instance John Locke happened to be the ancestor of all the members of our party, one of whom had been present when the Locke family placed a marker on the side of the state highway in 1934.

This section of Rye has more than its share of unusual features. For instance, there's Cable Inn, now the home of Richard H. Oeser, which once housed the offices of the Direct United States Cable Company, though I understand that they were moved later to another building. The laying of that company's cable in 1874 was one of the great events of the nineteenth century and it was a gala day when the end of the huge snakelike line, which extended from the New Hampshire shore by way of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Balinskelligs, Ireland, was brought in near Straw's Point.

I am told that it came in over the stumps of the petrified forest which Professor James W. Goldthwait of Dartmouth College described to me one day in the library of the State Historical Society in Concord. Somehow in my excitement I became very much confused about the matter and dashed off to

Jenness Beach and up to the Coast Guard Station with the request that I be shown the forest at once. I was chagrined to learn that the ancient stumps and logs are very rarely seen—only when the sea is in exactly the right mood to show you its treasures. But they are there just the same and perhaps you will be luckier than I.

The beauties of New Hampshire's shore have brought to our state many people who are in the public eye. Among them were Richard Hoffman the pianist and his young daughter Malvina, now America's outstanding woman sculptor. I know of no more delightful descriptions of leisurely, pleasant summer life at Rye than those she has included in her recent book *Heads and Tales*. Beyond the Farragut House at Sandy Beach is St. Andrews-by-the-Sea with its memorial window to Richard Hoffman, who played at the church services during his summer sojournings in the neighborhood.

There are only two real headlands on the coast. One is Little Boar's Head, which you will recognize from the gracious summer houses clustering over it. Within the last five years Little Boar's Head has become a noted musical center. When I tell you that last summer nearly five thousand people came to the Arthur L. Hobson estate to attend the Fifth Annual Seacoast Festival, you will have some idea of the importance of the event. The Music Association has become a vital thing in the cultural life of the state, for it not only encourages musical entertainment and festivals, but also gives opportunities for our young musicians and composers to show us their talents. You only have to glance through the events of the program which featured Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera, the Fabien Sevitzy Ensembles, the New Hampshire United Chorus with Norman Leavitt, conductor, and Theodor Podnos, the young violinist, to get an inkling of the work the association is doing.

Great Boar's Head, the other promontory at Hampton, is a drumlin formed by glacial drift. Years ago David Nudd, of the Boar's Head Hotel, fearing that the sea might wash too

much of the headland away, rolled great boulders to the foot, and you can see some of them even now. Today bushes and shrubs have been planted on the northeast side to help prevent erosion.

The Hampton Beach people say that Great Boar's Head is their trademark and I don't wonder at it. Not only does it stand out boldly against the sky line and command a view which sweeps from Odiorne's Point to Cape Ann in Massachusetts, but it is also the place where the first hotels were built and for years was New Hampshire's only seacoast resort.

From the days of its earliest settlement Hampton was noted for its salt marshes, made by the mud settling on the floors and margins of tidal lagoons which lie back of the beaches and rocks. Checkered by creeks and colored by purpling grass,

*The Hampton marshes to the sea
Stretch out a colored tapestry;
A woven iridescent gleam,
Patterned with many a sea-filled stream
Where dips the heron silently,*

as Abbie Farwell Brown describes them.

Through the marshes winds the Hampton River to lose itself in the Atlantic where, as all readers of Whittier's poetry know,

*Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss.*

To be absolutely truthful, Rivermouth Rocks are not always "fair to see." The poem admits that, and so did a Seabrook man who told me that the continual rough sea and thick fogs caused by the northeast winds can prevent the fishermen from

going by them out of Hampton River to visit their lobster traps for days at a time.

No, I haven't skipped blithely by the sands of Hampton Beach with its thirteen hundred summer homes and over two hundred hotels. I simply have left this state playground, which certainly is an important part of New Hampshire's recreational program, for a savory at the end. James W. Tucker, who knows everything there is to know about Hampton Beach, tells me that the valuation of the beach section of the town is about three million dollars and he estimates that a million people, including those visitors who are "spending the day," come there every season.

Beyond Great Boar's Head at North Beach the state has built a new sea-wall to prevent the ocean from encroaching on the highway as it did when it stole part of the land where Squire Thomas Leavitt used to plant his corn. If ever you have been at Hampton during one of the great storms, you will see why the wall is needed and how it fulfills its mission.

The greater part of the beach section, extending north from the Hampton River to the Coast Guard Station, is included in the Hampton Beach Village District. In 1933 the town deeded to the state its title to the beach lands which lie between the Boulevard and the ocean. Two years later the Governor and Council placed them under the jurisdiction of the Forestry and Recreation Department, though up to now the part where the casino, children's playground, and parking area are located is supervised by the town.

In the State Reservation there are three distinct areas, North Beach, which has no facilities for the public, Central Beach, opposite the principal business center, and South Beach, which begins at the Hampton River Toll Bridge and includes about thirty-five acres of land. The area is still being improved and there are a new state bath-house and parking area.

There have been life and gaiety at Hampton Beach ever since the early 1840's when the Leavitts served their midnight

bird suppers of "yellow-legs," dry toast, fried potatoes, and a bottle of champagne at each place. Hotel hops and masquerades livened up the August evenings of a later date, and now the fun is still going on, though it has changed somewhat in the externals. But the perennial reason for Hampton's good times lies beyond the low beach fringed with its narrow rim of white surf. It's

*The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.*

THE ISLES OF SHOALS



THE ISLES OF SHOALS lie eight or nine miles out at sea, these nine bare, rocky islands fringed with reefs like fierce Shag and Mingo, which are shown only by curls of white foam swirling over them when the sea swells.

The old fishermen said that each one of the Isles of Shoals—Duck, Appledore, Malaga, Smuttynose, Cedar, Star, White's, Seavey's, and Londoner's—had its own voice, and they claimed that they could tell which one of the rocks was speaking. This may or may not be true, but one thing is certain, "the force of the North Atlantic sweeps against them and they are touched by every wind which blows" along the New England coast. Moreover, the sides facing the open sea are armed with jagged and cruel teeth and are cut with dikes and chasms where the breakers have nibbled into the dark blue trap-rock, which is softer than the surrounding granite.

*A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags
That wait and growl for ships to be lost*

is the way James Russell Lowell describes them in "Pictures of Appledore."

I suspect that the poet found his idea of calling them "a heap

of bare and splintery crags" in the report made by the adventurous Captain John Smith, who visited the islands in 1614. He gave them his name and remarked that they were "among the remarkablest isles and landmarks—a heape together none near them."

But Captain Smith did not write of unforgettable storms and chilly mists and white foam lashing the cliffs. He found the islands in a better mood. "What sport doth yield a more pleasing content with less hurt or charge than crossing the sweet Ayre from Ile to Ile over the silent streams of a calm Sea?" he asks.

New Hampshire has only part claim to these islands off its coast. Appledore, the largest of them, once called Hog Island, narrow Smuttynose, distinguished by a black point of rock stretching out into the ocean from the southeast, wild Duck, a grim monster which is the home and breeding place of thousands of sea-gulls, Cedar, where years ago Christopher Leavitt found a scraggly tree or so, and tiny Malaga, a keepsake in name at least of visiting Spanish sailors, are parts of the township of Kittery, Maine.

Star, once the town of Gosport and the present metropolis of the group, was annexed to the town of Rye, New Hampshire, over sixty years ago. Lighthouse-crowned White Island, described by "Uncle" Oscar Loughton, author of *Ninety Years on the Isles of Shoals*, as "our storm-swept bit of rock in mid-ocean, not much larger than a good-sized ship," Seavey's, which seems part of it until high tide covers the connecting bar, and Londoner's, with its jagged mass of tusk-like rock on the land side, are included in New Hampshire.

In a way the state has a claim on Appledore also, for on it the University of New Hampshire maintains a Marine Zoological Laboratory where Professor C. Floyd Jackson and his staff give summer courses to students from all parts of the country. Like Star, the island is owned by the Unitarian Conference.

Star, Cedar, Smuttynose, and Malaga give the appearance of one island, for the United States Government has made a har-

bor by building a breakwater from one to the other. Are you wondering if you can walk from Star to Malaga? The answer is yes, with a definite proviso that you must be strong and like exercise well enough to undertake a difficult journey.

The New Hampshire Historical Society has a title to a small piece of land on Star where a granite shaft is erected to the memory of the Reverend John Tucke, a Harvard graduate who was the spiritual adviser of the fishermen for more than forty years before the Revolutionary War. His descendant Edward Tuck of Paris, founder of the Amos Tuck School at Dartmouth College and the donor of the State Historical Building on Park Street in Concord and the Tuck High School in Exeter, put up the monument to the godly man, who was a "careful physician both to the bodies and souls of his people." Well the island pastor understood the problems of the men who wrestled with the sea for a living and he offered to take fish in payment for his salary one year because he thought it was easier for them than giving him "hard money."

A godly man too was the Reverend John Brock, the first Puritan minister at the islands. In *Magnalia Christi* Cotton Mather tells a number of stories to prove that the clergyman "dwelt as near heaven as any man upon the earth."

For instance, there was the fisherman who frequently ferried people to church. He lost his boat in a storm, which did not seem to him to be a square deal on the part of the Almighty when he was out working for Him. He spoke with some peevishness to Mr. Brock about it.

"Go home contented, Sir," the good man replied. "I'll mention it to the Lord. You may expect the boat tomorrow."

And the boat really appeared, coming from the bottom on the fluke of a vessel's anchor lying in the roads! Such were the old days on the Isles of Shoals.

Today Star and Appledore are controlled by the Isles of Shoals Corporation. It was started a little over forty years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliot of Lowell, Massachusetts, suggested to the manager of the Oceanic Hotel on Star Island

that it should be used for religious conferences. Now, from late June to the middle of August, Unitarians and Congregationalists and their friends come in turn to the island for their annual summer conferences.

If you have been on Star Island you have, of course, visited the Gosport Church, a small stone chapel built in the early nineteenth century to replace an old wooden structure. The ancient meeting-house was made principally from the timbers of old Spanish ships which had been wrecked upon the shoals. There are no trees upon the islands to produce lumber and the winters are long and cold. The wooden church was too great a temptation for the fishermen and they chopped it to pieces for fuel. "The inhabitants can not *burn it for fuel* and it will be imperishable," the Reverend Jedediah Morse said in thankfulness when the stone-walled chapel was dedicated on a bleak November day.

The Gosport Church was almost a ruin when the Isles of Shoals Corporation took it over.

*High on the lichened ledges, like
A lonely sea-fowl on its perch,
Blown by the cold sea wind, it stands,
Old Gosport's quaint forsaken church,*

wrote Maine's beloved author Sarah Orne Jewett in 1881. She ended her poem "Star Island" with these verses:

*The harbor wall that braved the storm
With its resistless strength of stone,
Those busy fishers all are gone—
The church is standing here alone.*

*I saw the worn rope idle hang
Beside me in the belfry brown.
I gave the bell a solemn toll—
I rang the knell for Gosport town.*

Miss Jewett's "belfry brown" was the old wooden tower which was carried away in 1892 by a storm of stupendous velocity. The new tower, made largely of stone, was erected by "Uncle Oscar." The chapel has been restored without losing any of the old-time flavor which is its charm, though a small cottage organ has been put in—a thing which the fisherfolk never saw.

The best-known of all the religious meetings held by "the Shoalers," as the conference people call themselves, is the Candlelight Service. Silently climbing the hill from the hotel to the chapel, those who participate in it bear lantern-protected candles which they hang on branching crosses as they enter the church. The candles furnish the only light while the simple but impressive service is read from *The Isles of Shoals Hymnal*.

Another unforgettable event in an Isles of Shoals summer is the first time you hear Celia Thaxter's poem "Good-bye Sweet Day" sung by the sea as the glow from the disappearing sun lights the waters. Celia Thaxter's spirit still hovers over these islands which she loved and for which she yearned when she was away from them. "No other place is able to furnish the inhabitants of the Shoals with air for their capacious lungs; there is never scope enough elsewhere; there is no horizon; they must have sea-room," she wrote in her book *Among the Isles of Shoals*, which Professor Fred Lewis Pattee has designated as the greatest book of the sea written by an American. She expressed the same idea in her first poem, "Land-Locked," which was published in March 1861 in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

You have only to open the prose study or turn the pages of any one of her collections of poetry to learn what the islands and the Atlantic meant to her. Little Celia Loughton was only four years old when her father, Thomas Loughton, disgruntled at a local political happening, left Portsmouth to become the lighthouse keeper at lonely White Island. Here, against a background of sea and sky, the Loughtons lived for six years. They tended the lighthouse faithfully. As Celia says,

*I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red.*

Finally Thomas Lughton moved his family to Appledore. For twenty-five years he looked at the shoreline of the mainland and despised it. But notwithstanding his feeling, the mainland came to him in the guise of people asking to be allowed to board with the family in the summer. The ultimate result was the building of a hotel, which in 1874 was taking care of five hundred people. After Mr. Lughton's death his sons, Cedric and Oscar managed the place and it remained in the family until it burned during the World War.

Near by was Celia Thaxter's cottage, set in the midst of her famous garden, which was sketched by well-known artists of the period. It, too, was burned and the garden she loved is gone. She is buried on the island, though her husband, Levi Thaxter, rests in the old cemetery in Kittery. He was the outstanding Browning student of his time and carried on an extensive correspondence with the English poet. For him Browning wrote the only epitaph that he ever composed. You will find it on his tombstone.

Other spirits besides those of the Lughtons hover over the islands. I know that Captain Samuel Haley must haunt Smutty-nose as he looks in vain for the long rope-walk he built and the windmills he set up to grind his own corn and wheat. He was eighty-four years old when he died back in the first decade of the nineteenth century. His tombstone stated that he was "a man who did A great Publick good in Building A Dock and Receiving into his Enclosure many a poor Distressed Seaman and Fisherman in distress of weather."

Every night the captain set a light in the seaward window of his house to guide vessels sailing near the island. It was during a wild snowstorm that the *Sagunto* was wrecked off the shoals.

Some of the Spanish sailors got ashore, saw the light in the window of the Haley homestead, and tried to reach it. But they were worsted by their terrible battle with the pounding sea and rocks and chilled through by the storm. The next morning the old man found their bodies lying across the wall behind his house. Other bodies washed ashore and he "gave them Christian burial" and set granite slabs to mark the fourteen graves.

It was more cheerful for Captain Haley when he found three bars of solid silver which were hidden under a flat stone. He never learned their story and used them not for his own gain but to finance the building of a sea-wall between Smuttynose and Malaga.

There are other stories of treasures discovered on the islands. There is a folk-tale of a black pot of gold and silver pieces supposed to have been buried by pirates on Star. It is said, too, that a fisherman from Star, while hunting for driftwood in the coves at Appledore, saw pieces of Spanish money scattered about and knew that once more the shoals had claimed a foreign ship for a victim.

Of course there are the inevitable ghost stories that such wild spots always breed. "The Lady of White Island," set by her pirate lover to guard hidden treasure, still haunts the locality, and no summer visitor is allowed to forget the spirit of unfortunate Betty Moody, who stifled her young child's cries too well as she hid from the Indians in a cave.

But the most horrible story of them all is true and is concerned with a bloody and gruesome murder which took place on Smuttynose in March 1873. The victims were two Norwegian girls, Annetta and Karen Christianson, and the plot of the tale is based on primitive elements as old as time itself. Should you be one of the people who question the possibility of the convicted murderer, Louis Wagener, rowing ten miles in the bright moonlight to commit the foul deed and then rowing back to the mainland again, let me refer you to "The Isles of Shoals Murder," recorded by that expert in *Studies in Murder*, the late Edmund Pearson.

From a historical standpoint these picturesque, rocky islands are the oldest parts of Maine and New Hampshire. If you are blessed with any imagination at all, you still catch whiffs of the odor of the fish which the European fishermen dried on the rocks years before the first settlements were made on the mainland. You hear the babble of liquid syllables of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Basque tongues as the fishermen load their vessels for the return trip to Europe. Again you catch the strident tones of Joane Ford, who was punished by nine stripes given her in the presence of the court "for calling the constable horn-headed rogue and cow-headed rogue."

The middle of the eighteenth century was the golden age for Star as well as the other islands. Fishing was carried on extensively; great quantities of fish were sold on the mainland, and every winter five or six Spanish ships were loaded with dry fish for Bilbao. The islands even boasted of a seminary where "young gentlemen from the mainland" were sent to be educated.

Hundreds of fishing boats plied their trade around the islands during the earlier half of the last century and seine fishers in their great boats were pulling in their seines close by when this century opened. Today a few fishing boats propelled by internal-combustion engines sometimes anchor in the roadstead between Star and Appledore.

But the islands have not changed.

*Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds of Heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters and swashes, and tosses and turns,
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags,*

just as it did in Lowell's time. They still "go to sea" when the atmosphere is right for it, and before a storm "they come ashore again."

The "fogbow spans the silver mist of morning" and "the splendid breakers" still rush "all emerald green and flashing white" as they did for Celia Thaxter. Yellow lichens add a touch of color to the gray and blue rocks, and the "gold-brown seaweed drapes the ragged edge." The spicy scents of "boughs of bayberry thick with scented buds" and wild roses mingle with the sea-breezes. Little blossoms nod gaily in the rock-crannies as "the drowsy pimpernel wakes from its dream." There are mussel shells "colored like the evening sky sorrowing for sunset" and overhead "the soaring gulls with graceful pinions" glide and dip.

I know of nothing in New Hampshire lovelier than the Isles of Shoals as they appear from Wallis Sands just after sunset. The mysterious darkness draws nearer and nearer and moment by moment is wrapping the islands in its dusky folds. Suddenly the black curtain of the night really descends. Nothing is visible. Ah, yes, there is a twinkle of brightness out at sea! It ceases, then flashes again. White Island light is sending its warning of treacherous shoals and reefs, of cliffs and crags and dashing waters which weave themselves into one glorious picture of the Isles of Shoals.

THE PRINCES OF PORTSMOUTH



OF ALL THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWNS, Portsmouth is the most glamorous and romantic. Even now, with a great state highway leading through its winding streets, "the Old Town by the Sea" keeps the salty flavor of the earlier colonial days when fortunes grew out of the West India trade which made the Cutts brothers the wealthiest merchants in New England, and when as the outstanding seaport of the Atlantic coast the village at the mouth of the Piscataqua gave Boston and New York a good run for their money.

By the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries Portsmouth was a very wealthy town indeed and is reputed to have had more handsome equipages and servants wearing livery than any other place in New England. The houses of many of the merchant princes and the leaders of the political and social life in the royal province still stand proudly along the streets and around Haymarket Square. Whether you are imaginative or not, I defy you to walk past them and not think of the time when the seaport was famed for its splendor of living and the generous hospitality which imitated the elegance of social life in England.

Nor can you stroll along the shabby old waterfront without catching a whiff of the rum, molasses, sugar, coffee, and spices which permeated the ancient warehouses. Trade with Liverpool, Russia, Norway, Sweden, and South America continued

far into the nineteenth century. As a boy Thomas Bailey Aldrich liked to leave

*the elm-bordered square
And carven portals of the silent street,
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
Through seaward-leading alleys*

until he could see the schooners taking on their cargoes for the far-away countries which intrigued his fancy.

*Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lover of the blue Azores!*

he called them in his sonnet "Outward Bound."

It is a difficult task to compress Portsmouth's story into a few words written on white paper, and I find that I am like a little Sister of Mercy whom I saw sliding gently over a bit of icy sidewalk in the city of Manchester. "Sister, I have temptations," she said to her companion. I also have temptations, not for skating, but for "lifting" portions of three books right into mine. They are *The Annals of Portsmouth* by Nathaniel Adams, *Rambles around Portsmouth* by Charles Brewster, and *An Old Town by the Sea* by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Many writers have succumbed to the temptation, as you will discover if you examine their descriptions closely.

Perhaps Aldrich has been imitated more than the others. He had a profound understanding of the town he loved—the Rivermouth of *The Story of a Bad Boy*. It was Aldrich who described Portsmouth's location as "about two miles from the sea, as the crow flies—three miles, following the serpentine course of the river." It was Aldrich who brought to life those long-dead "portly merchants, in knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles and plum-colored coats with ruffles at the wrists, waiting for their ships to come in," and built up a picture of the old wharf at the end of Court Street where the sunshine seemed

to lie a foot deep and which yielded up to the warmth "a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses and spice that used to be piled upon it."

He it is who says that the loveliest scenery in New Hampshire lies on either hand as you cross three bridges from Portsmouth to Newcastle and maintains that Portsmouth seems like a city set down in the midst of a forest, so beautiful are its stately elms. He leads us along Bow Street and to Market Street from Market Square and by St. John's Church and Churchyard where "rest the remains of the principal and loftiest in rank in their generation of the citizens of Portsmouth prior to the Revolution—staunch, royalty-loving governors, counselors, and secretaries of the Province of New Hampshire, all snugly gathered under the motherly wing of the Church of England."

The centenary of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's birth came in 1936. As you know, he lived with his grandfather at Nutter House, now 386 Court Street. It is owned by the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Association and is preserved as a memorial to Portsmouth's favorite author.

From it on the night before the glorious Fourth, "Tom Bailey descended by a few yards cut from Kitty Collins' clothesline" and with Pepper Whitcomb and the other boys made a bonfire of the skeleton of an old mail-coach on Market Square. The house has been restored to the way it looked when Aldrich was a boy. The patchwork quilt of "more colors than were in Joseph's coat" is thrown over the bed, and in the attic is the old hair trunk on which the Bad Boy tried to get the hair to grow. Outside, in the garden, with its walk of white pebbles, grows every flower mentioned in the author's many poems. The greatest treasure at Nutter House is, of course, the table where *The Story of a Bad Boy* was written.

The present city Library, on the corner of Islington and Middle Streets, was once "the Old Academy," and there the Bad Boy attended school. To my way of thinking, the Portsmouth Public Library is the most distinctive building used for a library in New Hampshire. I like to stand in the doorway of

the Anchorage Book Shop, across the street, and study the architectural lines, which are said to have been designed by Charles Bulfinch.

The Library houses some historic items of local interest, among them a life-size picture of Celia Thaxter. The staff is now working on a particularly interesting problem. Only a century ago there were in Portsmouth at least a hundred family portraits painted by the outstanding American artists of the late eighteenth century. One day Dorothy Vaughan had the idea of checking up to find how many of them were still in the city. The percentage was woefully small. She is tracing them to art galleries and private collections and is assembling photographs of the originals for a permanent exhibit to show us how the Langdons, the Wentworths, the Sheafes, and others of the old families really looked.

If you are interested in the early history of the city, you will enjoy glancing through *Early Portsmouth* by Ralph May and reading some of the well-documented accounts of the time when it was called Strawberry Bank because the ground from the shore to the present site of St. John's Church was red with wild strawberries in their season. The town was called the Bank until the middle of the eighteenth century, though at an early date it received its present name, "it beinge the River's mouth and a good harbour"—which made Portsmouth "as good a name as any," according to one of its influential men.

One of the shrewdest of the early eighteenth-century business men was the "canny Scot, Archibald Macpheddis," fur trader, shipmaster, and owner of the ironworks on the Lamprey River. He married one of Governor Benning Wentworth's sisters and for her built the fine mansion which still stands on the corner of Chapel and Daniel Streets. In his own vessels, which sailed "the seven seas," he brought yellow bricks and tiles from Holland and rich hangings and decorations from England and France to make the house worthy of his bride. He spent five years in building it, and it cost him over six thousand good English pounds.

His only daughter, Mary, married Jonathan Warner, a member of the King's Council, and the house takes its present name, Warner House, from him. For years murals of Indians and historical and Biblical scenes were hidden under layers of wallpaper. Then by chance they were discovered and restored.

In *Northwest Passage*, the historical novel in which Kenneth Roberts brings old Portsmouth to life again, these murals are featured as part of the series of events which influence the life of Langdon Towne, the imaginary narrator of the story.

I could write sentence after sentence concerning this historic house, telling you among other things about the wine which Lafayette spilled on the carpet, the lightning rod of which Benjamin Franklin superintended the placing, and the "captain's walk" on the roof, from which the schooners coming into the harbor could be sighted. In 1931 the mansion was purchased by the Warner House Association and it is open to the public every day except Sundays in the summer months.

In 1763 Captain John Moffat of Herfordshire, England, built the Moffat-Ladd House on Market Street for his son Samuel, who married Catharine Mason, an heiress to those Mason claims which upset New Hampshire for years. The house was the first of the three-storied mansions to be built in Portsmouth and was copied from an English house. The mantelpieces with their Grinling Gibbons woodcarvings were brought from England. Samuel Moffat's daughter Catharine married General William Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and they lived in the mansion for many years. Now it is leased and operated by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames of America and is open on week-days from June 15 to September 20. The society sponsors an annual party in the famous terraced garden, with the program given by distinguished artists.

One of the most historic of Portsmouth's houses is not open to the public. This is the Governor John Langdon Mansion on Pleasant Street. Whenever we New Hampshire people mention John Langdon's name, we feel that we are speaking

about one of the greatest leaders our state has ever produced. From the downfall of the royal provincial government in 1775 until the end of the War of 1812 this brilliant and fascinating man, noted throughout the country for his winning personality, dominated political life. He served as Governor a number of times and as the first acting president of the United States Senate was called upon officially to notify George Washington and John Adams of their election as President and Vice-President of the nation. His life and career are vividly portrayed in a new book, *John Langdon of New Hampshire*, by Lawrence Shaw Mayo, who also wrote the life of John Wentworth.

In his beautiful mansion, which Washington called "the handsomest house in Portsmouth," Governor Langdon entertained the outstanding figures of his times. Among them were Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, and his brothers. The Langdon House was described by the Marquis de Chevelux as "elegant and well furnished and the apartments well wainscoted." It is owned by Mrs. Woodbury Langdon, a great-great-granddaughter of the famous man.

The home of John Langdon's brother, Judge Woodbury Langdon, stood on the site of the present Rockingham Hotel, which you can't miss because of the bronze lions guarding the entrance. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1781, but the dining-room was saved and put into the new house which Judge Langdon built four years later. When the mansion was turned into a hotel, the old room was retained and will be shown to you if you ask to see it.

The Jacob Wendell House, at the corner of Edward Street, occupied by the widow of the late Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard College, is a private residence. So is the house of Governor Levi Woodbury, on Woodbury Avenue. To the New Hampshire Jacksonians Levi Woodbury was the most important man of his time. He served as United States Senator, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Treasury and for ten years was a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

And what has become of the home of the last governor of the only royal provincial government east of the Hudson River, perhaps you are asking. John Wentworth's house is neither owned privately nor is it open for exhibition. It is now the Wentworth Home for chronic invalids.

A draftsman once told me that he believed that Portsmouth has more examples of colonial architecture per acre than any other locality. It's probably true. At least the architect John Mead Howells thinks that the region is worthy of study and has recorded his observations in a new book, *The Architectural Heritage of the Piscataqua Houses and Gardens of the Portsmouth District of Maine and New Hampshire*.

I imagine the layman is more interested in the doorways than in the other architectural details. Dorothy Vaughan of the Library staff tells me that many tourists constantly ask her where they can be found. She always advises the inquirers to walk up Middle Street toward the Pierce House on Haymarket Square, for she knows they can't possibly take a step without coming upon at least one.

A number of the best examples of Portsmouth's old houses grace this street. The Portsmouth Historical Society maintains the "John Paul Jones House" at number 43. In 1777 the widow of the builder, Captain Gregory Purcell, kept a fashionable boarding-house here and one of her guests was "J. P. Jones." The Langley-Boardman House on the west side was one of the three-storied dwellings of its period, and in the old Cutter Mansion, on the southeast corner of Middle and Congress Streets, President James Monroe was entertained during his Portsmouth visit.

Speaking of doorways, the one on the Wentworth-Gardner House on Gardner and Mechanic's Streets is famous all over New England and the pineapple ornaments in the "crest" have been widely copied. The house, which was built in 1760 by Madam Mark Hunking Wentworth for her son Thomas, was bought later by Major William Gardner, commissary for the Continental Army. It is owned by the Metropolitan Museum



The Pierce Mansion, Haymarket Square, Portsmouth, Erected in 1799
 (Photo by Hunting Studio. Courtesy State Planning and Development Commission)



The Wentworth Gardner Door
Portsmouth (1760)
 (Photo by Hunting Studio. Courtesy
 State Planning and Development
 Commission)

of Art, but is administered by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, and you visit it on week-days from May to November.

Near by is the Tobias Lear House, where Tobias Lear 3rd, Washington's private secretary, was born. It is privately owned, but the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities operates it, and keeps it open in the summer.

The oldest house in Portsmouth is the Jackson House, at Christian Shore. To get to it you cross the bridge that leads over North Mill Pond. You remember the place, of course, from those rhymes of B. P. Shillaber which tell us that

*Mr. Peter Livius, by granting of the town,
Dammed up the creek called Islington
And laid the mill-bridge down,
Connecting worldly Strawberry Bank with peaceful
Christian Shore;
And built the mill we recollect in dusty days of yore.*

The house was built in the seventeenth century by Richard Jackson, a shipbuilder, and six generations of the family have lived in it. It is owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities and is open to the public.

I know that you would not leave Portsmouth without visiting St. John's Church, which you will find in the same block with the Warner House. It stands on the site of the old Queen's Chapel, named for Queen Caroline, the handsome and very amiable consort of George II. In return she furnished the pulpit, the books for the altar, two chairs, and a communion service engraved with the royal arms.

On a November Sunday in 1789 President George Washington, dignified in black velvet and jeweled buckles, and accompanied by John Sullivan, the "President" of New Hampshire, John Langdon, Tobias Lear 3rd, and Marshal John Parker, attended service there. The party occupied the Wentworth pew, which had been newly equipped with red plush curtains

for the occasion. The President sat in one of Queen Caroline's chairs and we are led to believe it was the one saved when the church was burned. In the afternoon he went to the North Church to listen to a sermon by the famous Dr. Joseph Buckminster. The visit of the first President of the United States to New Hampshire has been retold for us in *George Washington in New Hampshire* by Justice Elwin L. Page of the New Hampshire Supreme Court.

Old Queen's Chapel was burned on the morning before the Christmas of 1806 and the parishioners, wet-eyed and sad, met with the people of the North Church to hear Dr. Buckminster's Christmas sermon on "Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up in fire."

St. John's Church soon rose from the ashes of the chapel and once more housed the precious mementos which were saved. Among them was one of the four "Vinegar Bibles" now in existence, which were published in 1717 by John Basket of Oxford. No doubt you know the story of how the compositor set up "the parable of the vinegar" instead of "the parable of the vineyard" and forty copies were struck off before the mistake was noticed. Then there is the marble font taken by one of the Masons at the capture of Senegal in 1758 and presented to the church by a member of the family.

In the belfry hangs the ancient French bell, brought back by New Hampshire officers from the storming of Louisburg under Sir William Pepperrell in 1745. It was cracked in the heat of the fire when Queen's Chapel burned and was sent to Paul Revere to be recast. Ninety years later it was recast again. It bears this inscription:

*From St. John's steeple
I call the people
On holy days
To prayer and praise.*

One of the old traditions of the parish is the "church dole,"

loaves of bread placed on the baptismal font each Sunday for the poor and furnished from the legacy left by Theodore Atkinson, a secretary of the province.

A stately old place is this "high-walled brick church with antique splendors about the chancel"—"the dear and quaint place of worship" of which Sarah Orne Jewett tells us in *The Country Doctor*.

The Old North Church on Market Square is no less historic than St. John's. Its parishioners have worshipped in four different buildings. The first chapel was on Pleasant Street near the Universalist Church. The second, with its "substantial turret with a gallery about it," stood at the intersection of South and Water Streets. In spite of the grandeur of the "turret," the citizens of Portsmouth nailed wolves' heads to the door as late as 1693, in order that they might collect bounties on them. The third building was a "three-decker" church with three tiers of windows and two galleries, the upper one for the Negro slaves. This building was remodeled, but was later taken down to erect the present brick church.

Many of the old Portsmouth landmarks have disappeared or have been changed beyond recognition. All that remains of the State house from which Washington addressed the people is a queer-looking building two and a half stories high which stands on Court Street, midway between Marcy and Atkinson Streets.

The old Assembly House on Vaughan Street where the President attended a ball on the evening of November 3, 1789, when he noted in his diary that among the seventy-five well-dressed women there was "a greater proportion with much blacker hair than are usually in the southern states," has been cut in half, with Raitt's Court running straight through it.

Nor can the beautiful "White House," famed for its gardens crossed by walks of colored pebbles brought from distant lands, be seen, for the home of John Wentworth's enemy Peter Livius is now part of the Boston and Maine Station.

Daniel Webster's unpretentious first home on Vaughan

Street, where he brought his bride, Grace Fletcher of Hopkinton, is now occupied by a taxi service. The famous New Hampshire attorney Jeremiah Mason lived in the house for eight years. This handsome and talented man, who stood six feet and a half in his stocking feet, argued all his cases with a decided Yankee twang. Daniel Webster once said of his famous adversary: "If you were to ask me who was the greatest man in the country, I should answer John Marshall; but if you took me by the throat and pinned me to the wall and demanded my *real* opinion, I should be compelled to say it was Jeremiah Mason." Webster's second house, which stood directly opposite the Elks' Home on the corner of Court and Pleasant Streets, was burned in the great Portsmouth fire of 1813.

The Elks' Home, by the way, is on the site of Brewster's Tavern, where Washington and his staff had rooms during their stay in Portsmouth, and the Woolworth Company's stand on the north side of Congress Street occupies the site of the Bell Tavern, where the Sons of Liberty met to make patriotic plans over a punch-bowl.

Stoodley's Tavern, once the most fashionable inn in Portsmouth, was on Daniels Street. Kenneth Roberts describes the tap room as "long, wainscoted and ceiled with first-growth pine, the color of maple syrup." But no matter how greatly you enjoyed *Northwest Passage* and hope to locate all the places of which you read, don't try to find this tap room, for it was in the *first* Stoodley's Tavern, and the present building, now occupied by a shop, is the *second* and not the one for which you are looking.

The best-known of all the old inns was the William Pitt Tavern, formerly the "Earl of Halifax," on Court Street at the corner of Atkinson. It was earlier located on State Street, as described by Longfellow in his poem "Lady Wentworth." Here the loyalists drank their nightly toasts to King George, but the Sons of Liberty chopped down the picture of the red-coated Earl which hung over the door, and Landlord Stavers, fearful for his life, hung out a new sign bearing the portrait of William

Pitt, friend of the American colonists.

Speaking of the Sons of Liberty, we must not forget that January day when they marched to the old Swing Bridge at the junction of Water and Marcy Streets and put up the Liberty Pole from which they hung the first Stamp Flag to be raised in the American colonies. From that day on, the bridge has been known as Liberty Bridge. Recently the suggestion was made that the state buy enough land in the vicinity to protect and make a proper setting for historic Liberty Pole.

Twenty years ago Hildegard Hawthorne said: "Portsmouth is like a fine old man who has done his hard work and brought up his sons and daughters, and is now content to sit quietly in the sun and spin yarns of the good old days and the mighty deeds they have done."

I don't think that this is quite true of today, for on my last visit to the city I felt the tremors of a new life and an awakening which I believe will combine the glories and traditions of the past with a present-day cultural revival. Don't ask me how I know—all I can say is this: it's in the air! Private enterprise has restored some of the historic sites, and many of the citizens are working to save others from being destroyed. From these seeds will arise a new Portsmouth, which like Williamsburg, Virginia, will be a gracious memorial for the inspiration of our children and their children's children.

OLD PASCATAQUACK



"A RIVER OF NOAT, which has been frequented ever since this country was first planted, by such as came this way for trafficke with the inhabitants, natives and others that have seated themselves in several plantations about the uppermost branches, thereof," the early historian William Hubbard wrote of the Piscataqua.

It is only eleven miles long, this "river of noat," which really is an estuary—New England's finest, by the way—with incoming and outgoing tides full of eddies and cross currents. At flood tide you might think it was a lake, especially near the outlet when the water piles up behind the islands which lie between the Portsmouth Basin and the ocean.

"Blue as the inside of a harebell," to quote Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the Piscataqua comes to life in Great Bay and is cradled by Little Bay until it decides to sweep gaily on by points and inlets and round Fox Point in Newington before it curves toward Dover Point Bridge.

A goodly bridge this—owned by the State of New Hampshire—and flaunting all the fine points of structure and beauty which should characterize a modern toll bridge built to withstand the heavy traffic passing over it daily.

Marvelously made as the new bridge is, it really isn't as famous as the old Piscataqua bridge which was built in 1794 in an attempt to direct country trade from Boston and Salem to

Portsmouth. It extended from Fox Point to Rock Island, then to Goat Island, which it connected with the Durham shore, a distance of 2,362 feet. Everybody in the countryside talked about that arch between the islands, and people came for miles around to see this amazing piece of engineering. Young Robert Gilmore of Baltimore, who was "making a grand tour of the United States" soon after the bridge was built, said it was the only one of its kind in America and called it "a most surprising work." It cost nearly sixty-six thousand dollars, but, alas, after the railroads began to carry produce to market and the income from tolls was cut down, the proprietors couldn't afford to keep it in repair and it was sold for a paltry two thousand.

Nearly every one of those points along the Piscataqua has its own bit of history to add to the picture of early New Hampshire. The most important of all is the Wecanacohunt of the Indians, that end of Dover Neck once called Hilton's Point or, as we know it, Dover Point. There Edward Hilton, a fishmonger from London, England, who was later joined by his brother William, put up fish stages soon after David Thomson built the truck house at Pannaway.

Some people claim that this little fishing hamlet instead of the trading post on Odiorne's Point was the first real New Hampshire settlement. It had a church at an early date and the settlers continued to live at the site and did not abandon it as Thomson did his. The Hiltons sold their rights to the land to Thomas Wiggin, the agent for Lord Say, Lord Brook, and other nonconformists who were backing a group of Puritans desirous of settling in New England.

To the left of the point is Pomeroy Cove, where the settlers landed and the site of the first church, built on an elevated spot "beautiful for situation," is marked. Though this book is in no sense a history of early New Hampshire churches, let me say that the old log meeting-house where the people were drummed to the services is the ancestor of the First Congregational Church in the city of Dover.

The parish has had a number of well-known men for clergy-

men, among them the distinguished Jeremy Belknap, the early historian of New Hampshire, who electrified his elders by asking for four Sabbaths a year for himself "during which he might be absent from his people and devote the time to journeying or to any purpose which might please him." It was on some of these vacations that he visited the White Mountains to make scientific observations and to take notes for his history.

Among his many other accomplishments Dr. Belknap was a writer of *Psalms and Hymns*. One of the best-known, called "God of Nature," begins:

*Hail, King Supreme! all wise and good!
To Thee our thoughts we raise;
While nature's lovely charms, displayed,
Inspire our souls with praise.*

Until the development of water-power at the falls on the Cocheco and Bellamy Rivers, the chief settlement of the town was on Dover Neck. There Major Richard Waldron, Indian trader and lumberman, established a truck house, garrison, and mills near the falls, and people began to move toward Cocheco, as old Dover was called.

Dover is the shire town of Strafford County. It was built up by manufacturing and its era of prosperity began with the embargo of the War of 1812, when New Hampshire was forced to manufacture cloth and woollen goods instead of importing them.

At Dover Point the Piscataqua is joined by the Cocheco River. Then it passes by "woods and fields of corn" and even small palisades, in some places thirty or forty feet high. Finally it flows under Memorial Bridge, which was built by the State of New Hampshire, the State of Maine, and the Federal Government and dedicated to the soldiers who died in the World War. The bridge connects the city of Portsmouth with Kittery, Maine. Between two high towers is a center span weigh-

ing eight hundred tons, which is raised to allow vessels to pass under it up and down the river.

Over on Seavey's Island is the Portsmouth Navy Yard—which is really in Kittery—owned by the United States Government. Many famous ships, including the *Washington*, the *Portsmouth*, the *Saratoga*, the *Kearsarge*, and the *Franklin*, Admiral David Glasgow Farragut's flagship, were built here. It is now the Atlantic submarine construction and repair base of the Navy. In fact, the navy yard at Mare Island, California, and the Portsmouth Navy Yard are the only two in the country which construct submarines.

The Atlantic Coast Naval Prison looms up from whatever point you look at the navy yard. Some of the other buildings have historical significance other than any connected directly with shipbuilding. Perhaps the most important is the general store where the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed. The Peace Tablet tells us that the envoys of Russia and Japan signed the document on September 5, 1905 at 3.43 p. m. and brass clasped hands set in the floor designate the exact spot where it happened.

In the river between Portsmouth and Kittery also lies Badger's Island, where Master William Badger built a hundred ships. Once it was the property of John Langdon, and he offered it to the Continental Congress for use as a shipyard during the Revolution. Here was built the *Raleigh*, New Hampshire's contribution to the Continental Navy of thirteen frigates. Its keel was laid in March 1776 and it is said that the gallant vessel was launched in just sixty days from that time.

The next ship to be put in the stocks was the *Ranger*, built under the direction of the shipmaster the senior Tobias Lear. On November 1, 1777 John Paul Jones sailed on it for France carrying the news of Burgoyne's surrender. Before the young officer left he received for the masthead of the frigate a beautiful flag made from their own gowns by Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Helen Seavey, Augusta Pierce, Dorothy Hall,

and others. This banner fashioned from the dresses of "Portsmouth's daughters" was the first American flag to be saluted by a foreign power.

One of the officers of the *Ranger* was the good Dr. Ezra Green of Dover, to whom Sarah Orne Jewett devoted nearly a whole chapter of *The Tory Lover*. "There was one man, at least, on board the *Ranger* who was a lover of peace," she said. "This was the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ezra Green. . . . He seemed to be surgeon and purser and chaplain all in one, and to be fit, as one of his calling should be, to minister to both souls and bodies."

The same day that the *Ranger* was launched, the keel of the seventy-four-gun *America* was laid on its blocks. When it was completed, it was probably the finest vessel of its class in the world. Congress had intended it for John Paul Jones. "He shall have an American ship, built from American woods, for an American seaman," was the cry. But the idol of the hour was not destined to command the beautiful ship, for at the end of the summer of 1782 the French vessel *Magnifique* ran against a rock in Boston Harbor and Congress presented the *America* to its ally.

Until the Revolution the mast trade was the principal industry of the Piscataqua. From the region came the great masts for the royal navy, and fortunes like that of Mark Hunking Wentworth, the greatest of the American mast agents, were built up by the business.

After the war shipbuilding began again with new vigor, and the noise of launching vessels was the most common sound heard on the Oyster, Cocheco, Squamscott and Lamprey Rivers as well as on the Piscataqua. It was so important to New Hampshire's industrial life that the ship on the stocks became part of the design of the Great State Seal of 1784.

By 1882, however, the shipbuilder's hammer was silent, though we are told that in the eighteen years preceding, twenty-one ships, one hundred and forty-two schooners, eight barks, five steamers, and one sloop were built at Portsmouth.

Those were glorious days for the Piscataqua, when the proud clipper ships sailed the seas! The most famous of them all was the *Typhoon*, popularly called "the Portsmouth Flyer." It was launched from the yards of Fernald and Pettigrew in 1851 and up to that time was the largest clipper ship ever built. It became famous by crossing the Atlantic in thirteen days and by making a record-breaking trip from New York to San Francisco in one hundred and four days. As I looked at the painting of this lovely, graceful vessel which hangs in the Athenaeum in Portsmouth, I did not wonder that she was the pride of her owners' hearts and the marvel of her times. The Athenaeum, by the way, which once housed the old Marine Insurance Company, has a collection of ship models said to be one of the finest in America.

After the Piscataqua leaves the shipbuilding islands it enters the Narrows, where, below Kittery Point, a powerful current piles up the waters to a great depth even at low tide. The river widens somewhat at Pull-and-Be-Damned Point, and farther on the backwaters wander in and out round small islands, making little bays and inlets, and then unite in one stream to flow by the Benning Wentworth Mansion at Little Harbor.

This house, the most elegant of its times, was built by Benning Wentworth in 1750 and originally contained fifty-one rooms and a cellar large enough to quarter thirty men and thirty horses in time of danger. Now some of it has been removed. Here the royal Governor married his housekeeper, Martha Hilton—an event which greatly startled the Reverend Arthur Browne, the rector of Queen's Chapel, and the other guests who were invited to dinner and the ceremony which they had not expected to attend. Longfellow has made the story the theme of one of his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, in which he described the old mansion in this way:

*It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,*

*Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,—
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.*

Jacob Sheafe bought the house for his daughter Nancy, who became the wife of Charles Cushing. It finally came into the possession of their grandchild, Miss Anne Cushing. She told many stories of being allowed to rummage in the attic as a child and of dressing up in cobweb laces, exquisite brocades, high-heeled satin slippers, ivory and sandalwood fans, and of playing house in the great council chamber where Governor Wentworth and his council considered the affairs of the Royal Province of New Hampshire. The house is now owned by J. Templeton Coolidge Jr., and is a private residence which is not open to the public.

To the Piscataqua in 1630 came the traders of the Laconia Company. They took over David Thomson's abandoned truck house at Pannaway, later built "the Great House" at Strawberry Bank and established the busy plantation of Newichwannock in the present town of South Berwick, Maine. Here Rebecca Gibbons, who as far as we know was the first white girl to set foot on New Hampshire soil, helped her mother care for the men at the truck house and tried in vain to make grapevines live in the improvised vineyard.

Three years later the company was dissolved, and in the re-organization of the holdings and the division of lands between Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason the Piscataqua

Plantations came to Mason. "The Father of New Hampshire" never saw his lands in the New World, but some years ago certain citizens of the New Hampshire Portsmouth put up a tablet as a tribute to his memory in the Garrison Church in Portsmouth, England.

Great Island divides the mouth of the river into two channels, with the main one between the north side of the island and the Kittery shore, and the other, known as Little Harbor, on the south side. Between the upper end of the island and the city is "the Pool," where the old mast-ships used to anchor. "It is a most noble harbor," the Earl of Bellomont said in the eighteenth century. It is still a noble harbor.

I do not think that Oliver Jenkins had the mouth of the Piscataqua in mind when he wrote "New England Coast," but it seems to me that the verses of the New Hampshire poet are especially applicable to the region. He says:

*Under the swirling of this restless sea,
Proud ships have dropped to rest in midnight graves.
Ended their quests; they are abandoned, free:
Theirs is the quiet any old ship craves.
Stern masters of the tempest, and its slaves,
They have deserved this unmolested sleep;
Far from the wind, the fog, the lashing waves,
Dreaming of glories. They will ever keep
Their luring spirits in the breakers' sweep.*

*People who live along this sturdy coast,
Revere the sound of water in their ears;
When they go inland they are spirits lost
Within a labyrinth of lonely fears
And forlorn yearnings. Oh, most bitter years
Away from water and its mighty thunder!
Only to gaze again at sea-worn piers
And look upon the waters swirling under,
Were better than a lifetime's golden plunder.*

*This, this, is my New England. And to me,
Always will come a dream of lights aglow
Down some dark harbor of my memory,—
Always the sound of water where I go,
And cry of startled gulls when East winds blow;
I must have jagged rocks and roaring seas,
The glint of sunlight on some schooner's prow,
Old quiet harbors and the noise of quays,—
But most, a rover's heart to match with these!*

THE HAND OF WATER



IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY at the map of southeastern New Hampshire, you will see that the Piscataqua River is the wrist of a giant hand of water sprawling over the region. This isn't an original thought of mine by any manner of means, but was conceived by the fertile imagination of Exeter's historian, the late Charles H. Bell.

"The River Piscataqua which forms the bound, next the sea, between New Hampshire and Maine, may, with its tributaries, be rudely represented as a man's left hand and wrist laid upon the table, back upwards and fingers wide apart. The thumb would stand for the Salmon Falls or Newichwannock river, the forefinger for Bellamy river, the second finger for Oyster river, the third for Lamprey river, and the fourth for Exeter or Squamscot river; while the palm of the hand would represent Great Bay, into which most of the streams pour their waters, and the wrist the Piscataqua proper," he said.

The palm of the giant's mighty hand is the largest body of salt water in New England to be so nearly surrounded by land. Great Bay, as the map shows you, is irregular in outline and is bordered by the towns of Greenland, Newington, Stratham, Newmarket, and Durham.

In Greenland, once part of Portsmouth, lived for a few years during the colonial period Captain Francis Champernowne, a nephew of Sir Ferdinando Gorges's wife. His large farm,

Greenland, gave its name to the present town. Later he moved to Kittery and was an influential leader in the Piscataqua region.

From that time on, Greenland has been a rich farming district. "This country presents the picture of Abundance and Happiness," said the Marquis de Chevellux as he traveled over the "wide and beautiful road" from Greenland to Portsmouth in 1782. Years went by and then Captain Champernowne's rolling meadows passed into the hands of Mark W. Pierce, who was the first person to import Durham blooded stock into the country.

Greenland people never would forgive me if I did not mention Breakfast Hill and the old Weeks House, for they both are traditions in the locality. "Breakfast hill in this town is remarkable as the place where a party of Indians (pronounced Inje-ans) were surprised at breakfast in 1696," an old New Hampshire geography published in 1829 tells us. One of the new murals on the walls of the Portsmouth Junior High School pictures the scene when Captain Shackford and Lieutenant Libby frightened away the raiders on Portsmouth Plains and rescued the captives. Breakfast Hill was also a landmark for seafaring folk and it is said that the Hampton fishermen bought a group of tall pines on the summit to use as a beacon to guide them in from sea.

As for the Weeks House, you'll find the plastered dwelling which has sheltered seven or eight generations of the family north of the main highway, about a half-mile beyond the village. Its thick walls are made of bricks which were burned in front of the house, and there's a tradition that the crack on the western end was caused by the Lisbon earthquake in 1755. I don't vouch for the story.

Ribs were taken out of Dover and Portsmouth to make Newington, which had a spurt of industry when shipyards were maintained there during the World War. Bloody Point on the Piscataqua was the scene of a spirited quarrel in the early days when Captain Thomas Wiggin, who was defending the

rights of the Massachusetts Bay Colony under the charter of 1628, and Captain Walter Neale, who was upholding the claims of the Laconia Company, waved sticks and shouted lustily at each other. The quarrel really wasn't bloody at all, but, as I once read in an old book, the point was named not so much from what really did happen as from what might have happened.

Captain Neale did not remain long in New Hampshire, but Captain Wiggin—everyone seemed to be called captain then—moved over into what is now Stratham and cleared a farm overlooking Great Bay. He built his first house in 1637 and afterwards replaced it with another one. Nothing remains of them now except the cellar-holes, but the third house on the place is still standing. Captain Wiggin's descendants have been outstanding people in Stratham. I once was told that so many of them lived in the region that if a stranger shouted: "Hello, Mr. Wiggin!" to a native, nine times out of ten the greeting would be returned.

The New Hampshire College Road leads from Stratham through Newmarket to Dover. This was part of the old King's Highway and over it the noted whip Sandy Mardin drove his great stagecoach which carried passengers and delivered mail twice a week along the way.

Newmarket is on the west shore of Great Bay. The Lamprey and Squamscot Rivers flow along its northeastern and southeastern edges. It was set off from Exeter and named for a town in Old England in 1727.

Newmarket was the birthplace of that seventeenth-century gentleman of fortune Henry Tufts, who has been so vividly described by Thomas Wentworth Higginson in *A New England Vagabond* and by Edmund Pearson in *A Yankee Casanova*. With the "notorious" Stephen Burroughs of Hanover and the sprightly Seth Wyman, who was born in Goffstown, he helped to make a triumvirate of picturesque but thoroughly immoral rogues who have established a definite place for themselves in our folk-stories. Should you care to continue your

investigations of our New Hampshire scoundrels, let me refer you to their autobiographies. Tufts's is called *A Narrative of the Life, Adventures, Travels and Sufferings of Henry Tufts*, Burroughs's is the *Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire*, and Wyman called his book *The Life and Adventures of Seth Wyman, Embodying the Principal Events of a Life Spent in Robbery, Theft, Gambling, Passing Counterfeit Money, etc.*

Up the Piscataqua, the Lamprey, the Squamscot, and the Oyster Rivers once glided gundalows carrying passengers and freight from Newmarket, Exeter, Dover Landing, and Durham to Portsmouth and back. The earlier type was shaped like the old-time wooden kneading-dishes in which our grandmothers made bread. It was broad and flat-bottomed and carried a large lateen sail bent to a long spruce yard fastened to a short oak stump with a chain. This allowed the sail to be raised almost instantly. Until 1850 a regular packet service was kept up between Newmarket and Portsmouth, and part of the cotton for the mills and all of the coal were brought up-river on the picturesque boats.

I have heard that the Lamprey River was named for the lamper eel, or lamprey. I can well believe it, for it turns and twists just like the eel which coiled around my arm when it was pulled into the boat from which my father and I were fishing. For instance, in the town of Lee, the river turns and runs in a southeasterly direction until it strikes a hill which forces it back again almost at right angles. Then it flows in a northeasterly direction to the foot of Lee Hill, where it loops in a large circle and then runs easterly out of the town into Durham. This is Lee Hook, and nowhere else in New Hampshire is there a winding of a river to duplicate it. Some of the finest farms in Strafford County are here.

The village of Durham—old Oyster River—clusters about the falls on the second finger of the watery hand. Oyster River rises in Wheelwright's Pond in Lee, but flows nearly its whole course through the town of Durham. A century and a half ago

Durham was a flourishing shipbuilding center and a "baiting place" for coach horses.

The late Ralph D. Paine, a well-known writer for boys who lived in Durham, said of it: "New Hampshire has no lovelier landscape to live with, a region of rolling green fields, and woodland suggesting English scenery, and a tidal river sweeping ten miles inland from the sea."

Now the University of New Hampshire with its agricultural experiment station is the most important thing in the town, but I shall tell you about that in another chapter.

The Bellamy River, or Bellamy Bank River as the older people call it, meanders through the north part of Madbury and joins the Piscataqua on the west side of Dover Neck. There's a picturesque old mill on the Bellamy in Dover. It's one of the few left in the state and is in Bellamy Park, which is administered by the State Forestry and Recreation Department. There's a modern "old swimmin'-hole" too, and a life guard who teaches you how to use it if you don't already know.

The country between the spread forefinger and thumb of the hand of water should unfurl a mammoth banner embroidered with spindles and shoe-lasts. It includes Dover, Salmon Falls in the town of Rollinsford, Somersworth, Farmington, and Rochester and was the earliest district in New Hampshire where manufacturing companies were incorporated.

I'd like to tell you something of the beautiful countryside which lies northwest of Rochester, but there really isn't room for it here. My personal interest is in Strafford's Bow Lake, which is bordered on the farther side by the farms of the old Province Road. Then there is Blue Job, the highest of the Blue Hills, with a sweeping view of Rochester, Somersworth, and Dover, and the northern hills and mountains rolling away in the distance.

The great hand's little finger—the Squamscot through its tidal ways, the Exeter River above the falls—is haunted by the smell of the sea mingled with the scent of apple blossoms and clover and sweet hay drying in the sunshine.

Exeter, the first capital of the State of New Hampshire, and the scene of stirring political life during the Revolutionary War, is hidden under a cool green awning of trees with a church spire showing here and there through the top.

In foggy weather "the sea comes to town," bringing with it the memory of those days when there were wharves and docks on the site of the Swazey Parkway and on Water Street, and Exeter carried on a lucrative trade with the West Indies.

It was a shipbuilding town too, as the young English traveler Joseph Hatfield noted in his diary in 1785. "This is a great place for building ships. We saw a beautiful one upon the stocks. Some of the American frigates were built here," he wrote.

Visitors like to walk leisurely along the streets to look at the fine old buildings for which Exeter is noted. It is true that some of them have had a disconcerting way of changing their locations, but the more famous ones seem to be stationary.

The Folsom Tavern has moved about a bit. It was on the corner of Front and Water Streets when Washington stopped there for breakfast. Now it stands on Spring Street.

Robert Lincoln boarded in a brick house on Hemlock Street while he was attending Phillips Exeter Academy and his famous father, Abraham Lincoln, visited him there. On Cass Street is the birthplace of Lewis Cass, one-time Governor of the Territory of Michigan and United States Secretary of War and Secretary of State during the middle of the nineteenth century.

Some of the houses of well-known local people were removed to make the triangular park at the intersection of Front and Linden Streets where the town raised the War Memorial designed by Daniel Chester French. Other old houses owned by the Academy and private individuals, however, are standing on Front, Cass, Park, and Water Streets and Newmarket and Epping Roads.

The Garrison House, on the corner of Clifford and Water

Streets, was built about 1650 by Edward Gilman. He deeded it to his brother John, and it remained in the family until the late eighteenth century, when it came into the hands of Ebenezer Clifford.

In 1796 Daniel Webster, a student at Phillips Exeter, boarded with the Cliffords. Webster came back to the fiftieth jubilee of the school and astonished his former classmates, who remembered him as a "shy boy who could not make a declamation," by the fluency of his glowing eulogy.

On one occasion, at least, the garrison was furbished up to house a governor. The owner, Peter Gilman, did not think it grand enough for Governor John Wentworth, so he built on a wing of two stories which included sleeping-quarters and a room for receptions and council meetings.

The most widely known of Exeter's homesteads is the Ladd-Gilman House, on Governor's Lane, now Cincinnati Memorial Hall. The New Hampshire Daughters of the American Revolution say it is the most historic house in the state. Nathaniel Ladd built it of fine brick in 1721. The Ladds occupied it for twenty-six years. Then it was sold to Colonel Daniel Gilman, who built an addition and covered the brick part with wood to match the new end.

Colonel Nicholas Gilman, treasurer and receiver-general of New Hampshire from 1775 until his death, in 1783, inherited the homestead. His son Colonel John Taylor Gilman succeeded both to his father's position and to the ownership of the house. In 1794 he became Governor of New Hampshire and he held the office for fourteen years. Another famous occupant of the historic house was Governor Gilman's brother, Senator Nicholas Gilman Jr., one of the framers and signers of the Constitution of the United States and a former captain and Senior Adjutant-General of the Continental Army on the staff of General Washington.

The Ladd-Gilman House was used both as the Continental and the State Treasury and you still can see the room where

Colonel Gilman signed paper bills of credit and received Meshech Weare, president of the Council and of the Committee of Safety.

The New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati acquired the house in 1902 and has restored it to its original condition as a memorial to the Continental Army. Each of the thirteen original states has a society, with membership composed of the descendants of commissioned officers who served America during the Revolutionary War.

Exeter has a present as well as a past. A goodly part of it revolves around Phillips Exeter Academy. Cotton goods are manufactured, but the industrial life does not interfere with the town's chief characteristics—a lovely place in which to live and an educational center of national renown.

If you happen to be interested in "Me and Plupy and Beany" those "up-and-coming" lads of the *Real Diary of a Real Boy*, you will like to know that Judge Henry A. Shute lives in the town and entertains his friends with his amusing stories and comments on the New Hampshire scene.

Another of Exeter's authors is Albertus T. Dudley. In *King's Powder*, one of his books for boys, you again can read the story of that powder which the New Hampshire patriots stored in the old Durham meeting-house. He is an authority on the history of the locality and his sketch *In Wheelwright's Day* made the wilderness which the Exeter settlers found very real to me.

As you probably know, Exeter's earliest pioneer was the Reverend John Wheelwright, brother-in-law of that Anne Hutchinson of Boston who dared to think for herself in a period when women accepted without question the opinions of their husbands and fathers. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson got into all sorts of trouble over the much discussed question of "covenant of grace" versus "covenant of works," and it resulted in their banishment from Massachusetts Bay Colony.

In November 1637 Wheelwright set off up the coast to the mouth of the Piscataqua in John Clark's schooner and then

went into the wilderness, where he probably stayed with some settler. That was a hard winter. Governor John Winthrop recorded in his journal that until early March the snow lay over three feet deep, and Wheelwright thought it was "marvellous that he got thither at that time by reason of the deep snow in which he might have perished."

But the man whom Oliver Cromwell feared meeting on the football field at Sidney College, Cambridge, did not give up to cold weather and snow. In the spring he was joined by his family and some of his friends. Sagamore Wehanownowit gave them a deed to the land and they began felling trees, breaking soil, and putting up cabins. Then they built their church and drew up a "compact" for government. Thus began the third settlement in New Hampshire.

THE BEAUTIFUL PLACE OF PINES



WINNICUNNET, "the beautiful place of pines," the Indians called those broad reaches of salt meadows, stretches of low, sandy beaches, and pine-clad uplands of the ancient township which mothered the present towns of Hampton, Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Kensington, and Seabrook and their children Kingston, East Kingston, Danville, and a part of Sandown.

Old Hampton is celebrating its three hundredth birthday this summer (1938) and the air is filled with stories of iron-willed Father Stephen Bachiler, who led the first settlers from Massachusetts' Newbury to the new grant and of the Reverend Timothy Dalton and his troubles in "seating the meeting" to the satisfaction of his flock.

The deacons, the elders, the tithing-man, and the constable with his long black staff tipped with brass are emerging from the mists of the past. The herdsman drive the cattle to the great Ox-Common, forbidden to horses; Robert Page erects his saw-mill on Taylor's River to be ready for business by "Michaelmas come twelve-month"; Robert Tuck opens the first tavern for the dispensing of "beare" and "cracks"; and the selectmen bid each man to doff his hat in town meeting.

You see, Hampton was a Puritan colony and the people brought all the religious and political traditions of Massachusetts Bay Colony to their Winnicunnet home.

The pioneers built their cabins on two streets "wheeling-off like a Flower-de-luce" from the Ring Swamp, in Meeting-House Green. This section, with the old Landing, became the important part of the town. But as the years went by, the business center moved away and left the Green to grow into a tangle of weeds.

Today there are no brambles on Meeting-House Green. It is lovely and well kept, for it is a memorial to Father Bachiler and the pioneer families who accompanied him over the blue waters in a shallop. Changing the historic site into Meeting-House Memorial Green was the idea of a Hampton visitor, the Reverend I. S. Jones. He worked hard to make the dream come true, and the citizens of Hampton and of the towns once included in the original grant developed the plan enthusiastically. The marked boulder which honors the first Winnicunnet settlers is surrounded by stones set by the descendants of each family. Across the road are a replica of a log cabin and Tuck Hall, given by Edward Tuck, in which is housed a small collection of historical items.

You can't say the word "Hampton" without someone capping it with "Jonathan Moulton." He was a bigwig of the town in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. As he was a very shrewd business man and an extreme individualist, many extraordinary stories and legends grew up about him.

One of the best-known is the story of the ox. As a soldier in the colonial wars, General Moulton had been awarded land for his services and was the principal proprietor of the towns of Moultonborough on Lake Winnepesaukee and of the near-by New Hampton. Later he discovered a triangular piece of land, or "gore," in the region and he wanted it very badly. So he set about getting it without paying "hard money." He selected a great ox—a beauty weighing fourteen hundred pounds—hoisted a flag upon its horns, and had it driven to Portsmouth as a present for Governor Wentworth. He wouldn't take pay for the creature, but did hint, I hear, that a charter to the "gore" would not be scorned by him.

The Moulton Mansion was the show place of Hampton. The first house was destroyed by fire, but the second one is still in existence. The ghost of the General's first wife was supposed to haunt it. When Lawyer Whipple and his fashionable lady, the daughter of Lord Gardiner of Maine, brought their colored servants there to set up a household on the "coach-and-four" idea, they had to get a clergyman down from Portsmouth to lay the spirit.

As years went by, the beautiful mansion passed from one hand to another and was used both as a tavern and the post office. Now it has been moved from the "flat-iron lot" where it once stood to Lafayette Road—toward Newburyport—and is the cherished possession of its present owners.

Another leading citizen of Hampton was Christopher Toppan, who was justice of the peace, lieutenant-colonel in the militia, and judge of the court of common pleas in the provincial period and served the State of New Hampshire for more than thirty years after the Revolutionary War. Among other things he was a shipbuilder and every year built one or more vessels. He lived eighty-four years and died in the house where he was born. It is said that the retinue of colored servants in the Toppan Mansion rivaled that of the Moulton household.

Coming from Hampton Beach, you pass the Pine Grove Cemetery with its marker: "1654-1800." It is just outside Hampton Village and is the resting-place of many men and women who lived their long and useful lives right in the area.

I like the village of Hampton for it's typical of New Hampshire—solid and in some ways unchangeable, yet filled with the spirit of hospitality for the many strangers who come over Brimstone Hill to visit it. And let me whisper something in your ear—it's a mighty fine place to get a good sea-food dinner.

Seabrook is both a Massachusetts boundary-line town and part of the seacoast. It makes me think of sweet damsels walking in gardens, for no other reason, I suppose, than the fact that there is a factory for making sandals for their slender feet and there are nurseries and greenhouses in which they can trip

around if they like. Perhaps you know that at the New England Gladiolus Society's 1937 show the exhibit of the Seabrook Nurseries won a gold medal in the professional class.

Going from Hampton Beach to Seabrook, you cross the famous mile-long wooden toll bridge over the Hampton River. In season you can see mowers cutting the salted grass on "the low green prairies of the sea" and men loading wains with the hay instead of carrying it away in boats as their ancestors did.

Seabrook is the section of ancient Hampton which was the stronghold of the Quakers when they were not accepted in other towns. The Quaker Society was formed in 1701 and people came from Hampton, Salisbury, and Amesbury to worship at the little meeting-house with Christopher Hersey, the Felches, Joseph Dow, Thomas Philbrick, and the Goves.

Will Cressy once said that New Hampshire specializes in distinguished sons and daughters, and I guess he's right. Anyway, it's true of Hampton Falls. The Goves upon the hill were descended from that Edward Gove who rebelled against the nefarious royal Governor Cranfield and languished in the Tower of London for some years to pay for it.

Up on the hill lived Meshech Weare, the state's first Governor, whose life was given to protecting New Hampshire interests during the Revolutionary period and who helped to set up the state government after the war was over.

New Hampshire was the first of the American colonies to adopt a constitution. When the Provincial Congress met in Exeter to set up its independent government, Meshech Weare was elected president of a council of twelve. He served in this office for eight years. He also was chairman of the Committee of Safety and chief justice from 1776 to 1782. Then, when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, in 1784, he was elected Governor of the state. He served for one year and retired because of poor health.

New Hampshire's first Governor is buried in the old cemetery near his home on the hill. Near by stands the marble monument which the state erected to his memory. In 1937 the

house where he lived was two hundred years old. There the Council met during the year that he was Governor. In 1817 President James Monroe was entertained in it, and during his visit to New Hampshire the Marquis de Lafayette spoke to a large audience from its front dooryard. The architecture is of the best colonial type and the pine paneling never has been marred by paint or varnish. It is now owned by Roger Birtwell, the New York sports writer.

Hampton Falls people are very proud of their old houses. In 1935 William Everett Cram, the naturalist, even gave his family homestead a party on its hundredth birthday.

Speaking of "distinguished sons and daughters," Ralph Adams Cram, the architect, was at that party. Some of our American colleges—Princeton, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley—owe much of their beauty to him, and his many studies written on various aspects of architecture are considered outstanding works in their field.

As a child Dr. Cram attended that little North School on the Exeter Road which really might be called "the Who's Who of American schoolhouses" because such a large proportion of its pupils became men and women of more than local repute. Among them was Warren Brown, the historian of Hampton Falls, the renowned chemist Professor George C. Caldwell of Cornell, and Clara M. Pike, assistant principal of Wheaton Seminary, now Wheaton College. From the Sanborn family came Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, the "Sage of Concord," of whom his biographer says: "He was a product of two hundred years of fine New England stock grafted from the Hampton Falls Homestead to the Concord life in its prime."

William Everett Cram, author of books like *Little Beasts of Field and Wood*, trotted off to school there. Recently I was reading how this New Hampshire naturalist has studied the soaring flight of hawks for the past sixty years. "Spring, summer, autumn and winter of each year of my life I have watched them both with and without field glasses," he said. Perhaps Mr. Cram acquired the patient and observing eye of the natu-

ralist while frolicking among Hampton Falls meadows "pranked with purple iris and whispering rushes, mingling each its sweetness with the good, rank smell of mud below" or watching the "eerie wonders" that lurked "within the mirror of those shallow brown waters" of the old swimming-hole.

Alice Brown has described them in "Number Five" in her collection of short stories *Meadow-Grass*. Yes, this author of numerous stories, poems, novels, and one-act plays was also one of the "aimless knights-errant with dinner pail and slate" who romped over the hollow which made the school playground and weedy garden. She has a long list of books to her credit and, as you probably know, wrote *Children of Earth*, the Winthrop Ames ten-thousand-dollar prize play.

In 1770 Hampton Falls was the leading manufacturing town in the Province of New Hampshire. Now, like North Hampton, "blue-hilled" Kensington and Kingston, it is a farming district. In the fall the pungent smell of ripe apples fills the air. The vast orchards of Applecrest Farm, the largest apple farm in New England and one of the few of this size in the East, can be seen from three different roads. It contains sixteen thousand trees and is owned by Walter B. Farmer.

North Hampton gives out an appearance of permanency most worthy of a child of Puritan Hampton. I spent a happy day there hearing of the Hobbs Homestead, the Dalton Farm on the old Brumble Road, and the Drake Homestead, which have not changed families since the lands were cleared. These North Hampton homesteads make me think of Madison Cawein's lines:

*Old Homes! Old Hearts! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter.*

There are descendants of the Hampton pioneers living in all parts of the United States. This summer they are taking "the Home Road" back to "the Beautiful Place of Pines." It is the trail of which Martha Haskell Clark of Hanover sang:

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*The road that beckons with slim white hands
To rock-set headlands and sun-swept sands,
The known road, and my own road that leads to the open sea.*

SWEEPING THE COBWEBS OUT OF THE MOON



THIS is an account of the things "folks say" when they whisper of strange flowers growing on leafless branches, of white shapes gliding along rotting logs, of black cats disappearing in the stubble of hillside cornfields, of huge bats gliding through the summer dusk, and of old crones mumbling by the roadsides.

It is a tale of the bewitching of cows, of drownings caused by invisible hands, of children groaning with pains like flaming fires, of witches riding broomsticks over the ridgepoles of weatherbeaten farm buildings.

Similar stories started back in 1656 when the people of Strawberry Bank gossiped about Goodwife Jane Walford and the way she could change herself into a great yellowish cat and disappear in the wink of an eyelash. Twenty-five years later they were chattering about the feud between Gammer Jones and George Walton, who indulged in all kinds of vitriolic counter-attacks on witchcraft.

And so the tales piled up until there was not a New Hampshire cross-roads corner which didn't produce at least one man or woman said to be in league with the Devil. You see, His Satanic Majesty had a most extraordinary way of putting in an appearance from time to time. While he was overseeing his earthly affairs, he once took a walk in Seabrook, where he distinguished himself as a huge giant twenty feet high. Folks who saw him said he kept two or three feet above the ground and

strode along as fast as a good horse could trot. He curdled their blood and gave himself considerable publicity by screaming: "Hoo! Hoo!" in a way so terrifying that a number of women fainted.

The Hampton people knew that General Jonathan Moulton sold himself to the Evil One in exchange for all the gold that his high boot could hold. But, with Yankee shrewdness, the General outwitted his master by cutting a hole in the toe and even Satan himself was not cunning enough to keep it filled after that. Lydia Blaisdell of Hampton Falls claimed she had seen the Devil flying away with the old man's soul, but nobody believed her. They said it was just her childish imagination.

A heavy thunderstorm rumbled up the Merrimack when the Prince of Darkness arrived some years afterwards in old Salisbury. He rambled into a barn where a woman had taken refuge and frightened her nearly out of her wits. So she immediately agreed to sell him her body and soul and sealed the bond with three drops of blood from her forefinger. At least, this is the story she told her friends. Then, for good measure, she added that the fiend was coming to claim her at a given hour some six days later.

Good Parson Searles, who officiated at the christening of Daniel Webster, made up his mind to snatch her from hell. He asked twelve clergymen from neighboring towns to assemble in Pettingill's orchard on the day of barter. They gave the victim a stiff nip of the toddy she liked and led her out. Then they formed a circle around her and strengthened the fortification by placing deacons and church members three-deep on the outer wall. The songs and exhortations were too much for Satan and he slunk away without anyone so much as catching a glimpse of his horns or getting a whiff of sulphur.

He also pursued a Sanbornton man who was carrying a keg of rum home on his ox-cart. The man ran like the wind, with Satan after him. If you don't believe it, there's a rock in the town with cloven footprints where the fiery hoofs made their imprint on good New Hampshire granite.

Stephen Vincent Benét believes that the Evil One hung around New Hampshire awhile near the corner where the state joins Massachusetts and Vermont. In his usual spectacular manner, he made one of his famous deals with a farmer, who came to rue his bargain and called on Daniel Webster to help him get out of it. Now, all New Hampshiremen will tell you that Black Dan'el was gifted with a golden tongue capable of convincing even the Devil that the moon was made of green cheese. The farmer was saved by the great orator's skillful argument and entered into no more contracts of the kind. You don't need to take my word for this; you can read it yourself in "The Devil and Daniel Webster."

Well, that was the end of the Evil One as far as we are concerned, for, as Mr. Benét assures us, "he hasn't been seen in the state of New Hampshire from that day to this. I'm not talking about Massachusetts and Vermont."

But the Devil left his minions behind him. There were plenty of witches in Plaistow. The greatest of them was Dame Bly, who rattled walnuts on Nat Tucker's hearth all night long and made them pile up in a neat pyramid before the fire because Nat's wife sold some against the old lady's wishes.

Rumors of witchcraft were circulated until the last New Hampshire witch trial was held in the Lyman meeting-house a little over a century ago. Mrs. Adam Gibson was the defendant. An enemy tried a witch test on her and it didn't work, so he influenced her daughter's rejected suitor to hale the old lady into court for practicing the black arts. People came from far and near to see the fun, but it was a disappointing affair. Mrs. Gibson cleared herself of all charges, and her accuser had to give her fourteen dollars and pay the costs of trial.

I must confess that New Hampshire really had a province law against witchcraft. "If any Christian, so called, be a Witch; that is, hath, or consulteth with a familiar Spirit; He or they shal be put to death," it said. This law never has been executed. We have slandered, persecuted, and tried our so-called witches, but not one has been killed and there is record of

only a single conviction and punishment of any kind. This was the case of Eunice Cole, the Witch of Hampton.

If you have been to school in New Hampshire, you know all about her. She is a thread of our folk-lore which Whittier has drawn into his poem "The Wreck of Rivermouth." "The bent and blear-eyed poor old soul" was sentenced to be whipped and imprisoned for life. But the term was shortened when the Hampton authorities grew tired of paying her board bill in the Boston jail, and she was sent back to her hovel on the edge of the Ring Swamp. Soon the gossips charged her with having the power to turn into a dog, an eagle, and a cat. When they brought her into court, the judges did not find her legally guilty. Perhaps the unpaid board bill had something to do with the decision. She died not long afterwards and her body was stuffed into a grave with a spike topped by a horseshoe to hold it down.

With the tercentenary of the town of Hampton, Goody Cole has come to life again. Members of the society for "the Apprehension of Those Falsely Accusing Eunice Cole of Having Familiarity with the Devil" have examined old records for evidence to exonerate her. Even the waters of the well beside which she sat have been analyzed by the state Board of Health to verify the truth of the legend that sailors carried them on long voyages because they did not grow brackish in the casks.

You are mistaken if you think the most interesting witches lived in the seacoast region. There were just as outstanding examples around the lakes and mountains. In proof whereof I present the Witch of Barnstead, who cursed a woman so she could not open a door, and Granny Hicks of New Hampton, who prophesied the manner of death of each of five young men who tormented her. Stories of Molly Burton and her dogs War, Famine, and Pestilence are told in Bristol to this day and natives of Hopkinton have not forgotten Witch Webber, who stubbed her toe on a barn on Dimond Hill as she rode over it on a broomstick. There were Dolly Spokefield of Campton, who whisked into the shape of a black cat and jumped on a colt's

neck, and the Witch of Peterborough, so heavy with her load of sin that she almost crushed the bearers of her coffin to the ground. *The New Hampshire Folk Tales*, sponsored by the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, tells about them all, and their escapades make very good reading indeed.

I have never understood why the town of Warren has produced so many witches, unless the shadows cast by Mount Moosilauke have fostered the legends.

Have you heard of Jonathan Merrill, who, after an evening's courting of a young damsel up the valley, was chased from a log by a witch who then skimmed lightly over the moonlit stream at his feet?

No harm was ever done by this tale, but it was most unpleasant for everyone concerned when Stephen Richardson, who was "a little touched in the head," told the neighbors that his own mother was a witch. "If you'd seen her coming over the ridgepole of the house in the air as many times as I have in the shape of a hog, you'd believe me!" he cackled.

Some people said that Mrs. Clifford who lived on Red Oak Hill was a witch. The shoemaker over in Wentworth proved it by leaving the point of an awl in her shoe. Naturally the old lady couldn't wear the shoe. But the shoemaker pursed his lips and nodded his head, for he knew that one of the surest ways to catch a witch was to put something sharp where her foot would touch it.

I could write an entire chapter about the broomstick wanderings of Dame Weeks. She crashed over rooftrees, bewitched horses, and persuaded a colt to reach over into the sheep pen and lift out two lambs and kill them. A Piermont woman was too cunning for her, however. She scalded a calf upon which Dame Weeks had laid a spell, and the witch was burned nearly to death.

These "night kiting" witches of Warren worked their charms over Robert Frost some years ago. One of them gave him an idea for his poem "The Pauper Witch of Grafton." I suspect, however, that many of the legends of the Asquam-

chaumke Valley were changed by the alchemy of his magic to produce the pitiful creature of his imagination. He went farther north for his pictures of the mother and son—"Two old-believers"—in "The Witch of Coös." To both poems he has given the inclusive title *Two Witches*.

And now I must tell you about the real witch garden near Littleton. It was designed and the details carried out by Mrs. Laurence W. Collins of Rock Pool. In it is everything that any witch could want and some things she might dislike. All the paths are crooked, for witches do not walk like other people. They lead by borders in which grow orchids for love charms, gentians for tonic, and thistles to make you merry as crickets. One winds about the horseshoe-shaped bed in which are planted simples beginning with *h*, like hormel, horseradish, horehound, and heartsease. There are nearly two hundred other witch plants, but I do not have time to describe them. However, I must speak of the kidney-shaped pool in the center of the garden and the traditional ducking stool which hangs above it. Nor must I forget the miniature Russian witch house, the gingerbread house, and the two witches who reign supreme over it all.

It is true that witches have vanished from New Hampshire, but one thing is certain—some of the cobwebs they swept from the moon still entangle us. To many of us a dog howling in the night means certain death for someone we know, and we do not like to hear the little insect we call the deathwatch ticking in the walls of our houses. We look for unexpected company if we drop dishcloths or let scissors and forks fall so they stand upright in the floor. If we stub our left toes as we enter our neighbors' houses, we are quite certain that our visits are unwelcome. And when we eat boiled eggs, we crush the shells so the witches won't go to sea in them and sink ships.

But a witch's sign which always comes true and for which we look unconsciously as we weed the gardens and drive along the back roads is

*One crow bad luck—
Two crows better,
Three crows good luck,
And four crows a letter.*

It never fails. I know, for I tried it this very morning.

THE HERITAGE OF LONDONDERRY



“AND A MAN shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

This was the text of the first sermon which the Reverend James MacGregor preached in old Londonderry on an April Sunday in 1719. The clergyman stood under the spreading branches of a huge oak tree on Horse Hill. Around him were gathered his parishioners, the members of sixteen families of straight-thinking, plain-speaking Scotch Covenanters—the James and Allen Andersons, the McKeens, the Barnetts, the Clendenins, the Mitchells, the Sterrets, the Alexanders, the Greggs, the Clarks, the Nesmiths, the Weirs, the Morrisons, the Allison, the Steeles, and the Stuarts. With their pastor they had left their adopted home in Ulster, Ireland, and had attempted to find suitable land for a settlement near Casco Bay. But discovering nothing that pleased them, they finally took up a grant in this tract of land, called Nutfield, about fifteen miles from the Haverhill settlement in Massachusetts Bay Colony.

For want of a better term, they have been known as the Scotch-Irish settlers of New Hampshire. In reality they were Scotchmen whose ancestors had gone to the north of Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century to escape religious persecution. With others of their faith, they now had left their Irish homes for America.

They brought with them a heritage of industry, thrift, and moral standards which made a lasting imprint on the communities where they lived. If, as people say, they were strong-willed and dogmatic, they also were persevering and progressive and were saved from becoming actually pigheaded by their wit and sense of humor. They handed these traits down to their descendants, many of whom grew up not only in Londonderry and Derry but also in Manchester, Windham, Bedford, Peterborough, Acworth, Antrim, Henniker, Deering, Dublin, and other New Hampshire towns.

The Londonderry settlers raised large families, and the stock increased so rapidly that Governor Bell, speaking at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town's settlement, estimated that about fifty thousand people had descended from the original group.

The sixteen families who listened so carefully to Parson MacGregor's first sermon built their first bark-covered cabins along that West-Running Brook the name of which Robert Frost has used as the title of a poem. They were a home-loving race and the women had great pride in the appearance of their houses. John Morrison found this out when he was putting up his cabin in the Double Range.

"Aweel! Aweel, dear Joan, and it maun be a log house, but do make it a log higher nor the lave" (than the rest), cried the goodwife who was helping him.

Just as soon as possible they built a church. It was of logs, but in two years' time they had erected a substantial meeting-house on the site of the present Congregational Church in East Derry. The Scotch-Irish were rigid in religious observances and in keeping the Sabbath. They depended to a great extent on fish for food—in fact, shad- and salmon-fishing were regulated by law on petition of Londonderry in 1759—but they never allowed fishing from Saturday at sunset until Monday at noon.

As I have said, they were an industrious people. In Ulster they had learned all the Irish secrets and tricks of spinning and

weaving flax into thread and linens. They brought the little flax-wheels with them and introduced the art of making fine linen to America. Prior to their coming there was only poor cotton wool from the West Indies to supplement the meager supply of New England wool. Before many years passed, however, the twinkling, blue-eyed flax was growing in beds beside the pasture bars on nearly every New Hampshire farm; braking, swingling, and hatcheling were parts of the annual farm routine, and the merry flax-wheels with their well-filled distaffs whirled in all the kitchen doorways.

Flax beds were tended with great care, for the failure of the crop was a calamity. Flax continued to be cultivated in New Hampshire until foreign competition made it impractical to raise the plants in rural communities and machinery took the place of human labor in fashioning it into thread and cloth.

As a crop, I am told, it never has vanished from America. Two or three years ago an experiment in raising flax was tried in Kingston under the eye of a research director of a great industrial plant. I never have learned the result. It's rather a difficult crop to raise, I believe, as the planting beds must be free from weeds, and just as soon as the shoots sprout they must be watched carefully and weeded often. Then, too, flax must be pulled instead of cut, and bundled by hand so that the stems will be parallel.

The professional weavers in Londonderry were men, not women, and the sale of their wares grew into a lucrative business, which was furthered greatly by the shrewd business ability of the vendors John and James Pinkerton. The business grew so rapidly that by 1766 Governor Wentworth reported to the Lords of Trade in London that New Hampshire was manufacturing annually from native flax twenty-five thousand yards of linen which found its way to local markets.

Those Londonderry weavers were a canny lot. When they discovered that linens made in other places were passed off as their superior wares, they decided to stop the fraud at once. As early as 1748 the town voted to purchase seals and to seal all

linens and hollands made in Londonderry, "whether brown, white, speckled, striped or checked," and to mark each end of the cloth with the words: "Londonderry, New Hampshire."

We New Hampshire people like to tell our children about James Montgomery, a Londonderry weaver who wove linen for the use of General Washington and other officers of the Continental Army. Montgomery was urged to go to Massachusetts and set up in business, and it was while living there that he received the commission. Congress gave him forty dollars and a bonus of a diamond ring for his work.

When linen-making became a household industry, it was the women who spun, wove, boiled, and bleached to bring the snowy fabrics to that standard of perfection required by good housekeepers. When I think of the long hours of work that went into the process, I do not wonder that they treasured their tablecloths, towels, and sheets and mentioned them as legacies in their wills. Certainly my heart goes out to a Peterborough woman who paid for four hundred acres of land with fine linen which was the work of her own hands.

When you break open a mealy baked Irish potato, you must give one thought at least to the Scotch-Irish settlers of New Hampshire, for it was the Londonderry people who introduced potatoes to America as a staple article of diet. At first the Massachusetts and New Hampshire housewives didn't know how to use them. In one town they planted the seed potatoes which the Scotch-Irish gave them, but after the plants blossomed and the balls appeared, they cooked the "fruit" and tried to eat it. Naturally, the taste wasn't good and everybody was quite disgusted about it all. Then accidentally a few potatoes were plowed out of the garden in the fall and someone remembered that they were the part supposed to be eaten.

Potatoes were considered a great rarity and were kept to eat with roast meat. They were planted like beets and carrots, and three bushels were considered a bumper crop for a family to raise. But gradually larger plots were given over to their cultivation and they finally became an important daily food.

Now potatoes constitute a staple farm crop throughout the state. In 1934 we produced 1,754,000 bushels, valued at \$1,070,000. One third of them were raised in Coös and Grafton Counties. The census reported 171 bushels per acre, though by the use of certified seed and excellent cultural methods, there have been yields of over 500 bushels per acre. Quite different, isn't it, from the three-bushels-a-family period?

If you believe that industry and thrift have their rewards, you certainly can point to Londonderry as an example to prove your argument. At the end of the century marking its settlement "the large and respectable town," as a gazetteer of the period calls it, was the second in size and importance in New Hampshire. To be sure, it had lost some of its area in 1741 when Windham was set off. Then it was divided again in 1827 when the town of Derry was incorporated. Londonderry has not been the town of second importance in New Hampshire for many years. Economic conditions and changes in methods of transportation have seen to that.

Its "distinguished sons and daughters" are many, as the descendants of those Scotch Presbyterians like to tell you. "Of those who have become eminent in New Hampshire, six have been governors of the state; nine have been members of Congress; five judges of the Supreme Court; two, members of the Provincial Congress and one of these was a signer of the Declaration of Independence," Edwin D. Sanborn said back in 1875. The signer of the Declaration of Independence was Dr. Matthew Thornton, a Londonderry physician. Later he bought the confiscated estate of a royalist and moved up to Merrimack.

The birthplace of General George Reid, a famous general of the Revolutionary War, is still standing. His wife was a remarkable woman, of whom Major-General John Sullivan said: "If there is a woman in New Hampshire fit to be governor, it's Molly Reid."

General John Stark, the hero of Bennington on that famous day when the British and Hessians were surprised to find "the

woods full of Yankees," was a native of Londonderry, though his father, Archibald Stark, moved to Derryfield, now a part of Manchester, to help prevent encroachments on the land by squatters. Turn back the pages of New Hampshire history and you will find the son of the Scotch-Irish emigrant an Indian captive, a Coös scout, one of Rogers' Rangers, and a general in the Revolutionary War. We remember him particularly for his spectacular leadership of the hastily formed New Hampshire troops who joined the Green Mountain Boys for the rout of Burgoyne at Bennington.

While on a trapping expedition young Stark, his brother William, David Stinson, and Amos Eastman were surprised by a party of Indians in the present town of Rumney on the Baker River. The lads had seen Indian signs and were preparing to leave when John Stark and Eastman were captured. William Stark escaped, but Stinson was killed. Stinson's memory is preserved in the place names of a small lake and a stream, and of a mountain which you can see from the state highway as you ride up the Baker River Valley.

While he was serving in the colonial wars, John Stark married Elizabeth Page of Dunbarton. She is the "Molly" of his much quoted remark that the British would be repulsed at Bennington "or Molly Stark sleeps this night a widow." The Molly Stark Trail, the splendid road leading from Brattleboro to Bennington, Vermont, is named in her honor.

When John Stark settled down after his many adventures, he bought a farm in old Derryfield, where he died at the age of ninety-three, the only survivor of all the officers of high rank in the American Army of the Revolution. The site of his homestead is marked and the old well has been preserved by the building of a high granite curbing about it. The tablet, a stone from the home farm, bears the inscription: "Stark Well, 1765." Some years ago the doorstone of the Stark home was found and placed in front of the boulder.

Stark Place, the burial ground of the General and his family, is now owned and preserved by the city of Manchester, and

one of the avenues in it, known as Daughters of the American Revolution Avenue, is lined with trees contributed by various chapters throughout the state.

Treasured mementos of those early days in old Londonderry are still owned by their descendants. I once spoke on home-spun handicrafts before the women's clubs of Derry and Londonderry, and as I looked at the exhibit of household linens, samplers, quilts, netted laces, and the many other items which nimble fingers of long ago had fashioned, I felt indeed that I was carrying the proverbial coals to Newcastle in a community which gave the linen industry to America over two hundred years ago.

POPULATION PATTERNS



IN WEAVING fabrics showing distinct patterns, the Londonderry weavers followed "drafts"—pieces of paper covered with dots and dashes—which to them suggested the designs that would appear eventually on the finished products. To carry a figure of speech rather far, I like to imagine that the population of our state is evolved from such a draft, with the dots and dashes changed somewhat from time to time, but forming in the end the present make-up of our people.

If the Scotch-Irish settlers and their descendants are represented by numerous heavy dots here and there, they really do not form the principal lines of the pattern. These were, as you know, made by the English settlers of the Piscataqua and by the pioneers of English stock who came up the river valleys from Massachusetts and Connecticut. As years went by, other dots were put on the original draft by the coming of the Irish, the French Canadians, the Poles, and other foreign-born people who were attracted to New Hampshire by the evolution of our industrial life. Today the population pattern of the state is of quite different design from that of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Analyzing the population make-up of a state is, of course, the task of the trained worker instead of the journalist. It has been done very successfully by the New Hampshire State Plan-

ning and Development Commission in a report which tells us many surprising things.

For instance, it seems that while New Hampshire has one of the smallest populations of any state, in density of population it is nearer the top than many of the others—twenty-third, to be exact. However, density of population varies greatly in different sections. Manchester is our largest city, so naturally it is our most densely populated political unit, with 2,182.8 people per square mile in 1930. On the other hand, at the last census Atkinson Grant, with 32.2 square miles, and Cambridge, with 45.9 square miles, reported only one person each. But I'll cap that statement with another—there was no population at all recorded in nineteen political subdivisions, "the whole townships named but without population" of Frost's "New Hampshire."

If you have pictured New Hampshire as a rural state, change your mental concept at once. The truth is it's among the most urbanized states in the Union and has one of the lowest proportions of rural farm population in the entire country. Yet urban centers are spreading out into the outlying suburban districts, and the country areas surrounding the cities are beginning to feel the effect of the movement. Still the fact remains that the sparsely settled rural towns are losing some of their population. The 1940 census, however, may show a reversal of the movement, for the telephone, electric plants, and the radio are contributing their share toward making country life exceedingly pleasant.

I wasn't surprised to learn that women outnumber men in our state, but I didn't realize that New Hampshire has a comparatively greater percentage of male population than has the New England region taken as a unit. On the whole the cities have more women than men, though the condition varies in individual instances. For example, Concord has 100 women to 91.2 men, Portsmouth maintains a rather even balance, but Berlin has more men than women.

The people of the state seem to be matrimonially inclined,

for in spite of the slow increase of the total population of the state, the number of families has been growing in a most astonishing manner.

The distribution of age groups is based primarily upon economic conditions and the means which certain districts furnish for earning livelihoods. It is disturbing to find that many of our young people between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine are leaving us for other states. Most of those who remain live in our larger towns, where they can find work more easily. The percentage of people forty-five years old and over increased from 25.9 per cent in 1890 to 30.3 per cent in 1930, but the group from thirty to forty-four years old has kept up a slow but steady decrease in the past thirty years. More of the older people live in the smaller towns and rural areas than in cities, I discovered. As for the much discussed problem of the birth rate, it really is falling, but the death rate has also decreased.

New Hampshire must bow to Vermont in low percentage of illiteracy, but with that exception it tops all the other New England states. We are told that the greatest amount of illiteracy is found in the foreign-born population and the least among native stock. This is the reason for New Hampshire's second-grade mark, as its foreign population outnumbers that of Vermont two to one.

Westward emigration was never so heavy from our state as from Vermont and Massachusetts, yet in the "Westward Ho" period New Hampshire people founded certain towns and institutions west of the Alleghenies and on the prairies.

There was a "New Hampshire Settlement" on Lake Prairie in Lake County, Indiana, in 1855, and of 642 voters listed that year in Peoria, Illinois, twenty-three were New Hampshire born. To Metamora, Illinois, went John Page, the prospector who picked out a tract of land for a Gilmanston Company in 1835. The New England Emigrating Company was formed by twelve Colebrook men. They settled at Beloit, Wisconsin, and were followed by six families from Bedford. And so I might go on, telling you, among other things, of the New

Hampshire people from Manchester, Haverhill, and Concord who sailed in 1848 for California under the noted Edward Everett Company and of the New Hampshire Free-Soilers who settled Denmark, Iowa. The remarkable thing about these settlements, as a friend of mine who has studied them pointed out to me, is the fact that they were replicas of New Hampshire communities, and the people clung to the traditions and ideals of their youth.

But to return to the present—we find that in 1930 there were 149,243 New Hampshire-born people living in other states, with 104,336 people born in other sections of the country now residing in New Hampshire. Today our people who leave us seem to go to Massachusetts, California, Connecticut, New York, and Rhode Island, while Vermont and Maine furnish our greatest exchange population. To sum it up, there are New Hampshire-born people making homes in every other state and a good number of our year-round residents are natives of every state in the Union.

The place names of the towns in New Hampshire's seacoast region show us at once that the people who settled them came from the south and west of England—from Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset. As we have seen, they were traders and business men, usually of the Church of England. Captain John Mason's plantations were busy places with beaver trading, fishing, and lumbering. Land was cleared and there was subsistence farming to supply the needs of the employees. Eight Danes came to build mills, saw timber, and make potash. The men who followed the Piscataqua pioneers were equally busy with Indian trading, fishing, the development of the coast trade, and farming.

The pioneers who came up the river valleys were more or less identified with the Puritan traditions. They were of pure English stock, as you will see if you glance through the *New England Historical and Genealogical Registers*, with their lists of generation after generation of unmixed English names.

After the treaty of Paris put an end to the colonial wars,

hundreds of pioneers, with others from our own seacoast towns, went inland and took up claims in the lake and mountain districts. So steady was the exodus that by 1812 practically all the land available for farming had been taken up. With the clearing of the land came New Hampshire's golden age of rural life—that half-century following the Revolution—with lands under full cultivation and with large and comfortable homesteads.

The pioneers discovered very early that New Hampshire was not lenient to the waster, and that the environment in which they lived called for hard and constant work. Before the first generation had gone, a strong and adventurous stock was bred. Henry Cabot Lodge once said of them: "They were the borderers of New England and were among the hardiest and boldest of their race. Their fierce battle for existence during nearly a century and a half left a deep impression on them. . . . These borderers from lack of opportunity were ruder than their more favored brethren of the south, but they were also more persistent, more tenacious and more adventurous. They were a vigorous, bold, unforgiving, fighting race, hard and stern even beyond the ordinary standard of Puritanism."

This propensity for hard work was handed down to their descendants, and many of our men and women were similar in thought to Mary C. Leonard of Laconia, who said: "When I go to heaven, I don't want to sit on a cloud, playing a harp; I want some anvil to hammer at!" People like to say that we New Hampshiremen are extreme individualists. Perhaps we are, for before the days of good roads and automobiles we *were* shut in our own little valleys by the hills and mountains which kept us from mixing with our neighbors. So our own affairs and our community interests became very vital to us.

Each of us has his own story to demonstrate our eccentricities. My favorite is that of Deacon John Garland of Barrington, who one night sternly commanded his son to go to the wood pile to get a backlog for the great fireplace. The lad returned with a small stick and the deacon rebuked him. "Go

back and get another and don't show up until you have a good one," he admonished him. The son did not return that night and it was nine years before his family saw him again. Then one evening the door opened and in he came bearing the backlog over his shoulder. "Here's your backlog, Father," he said crisply. That ended the incident.

Then there's the story of the Franconia deacon who hadn't seen his brother from Ohio for forty years and spent a long and happy evening with him talking over the past. The next morning after breakfast the good deacon arose from his place at the table and announced: "Well, James, we've had a good visit, you had a good supper, a good night's lodging, and a lot of corn cake for breakfast. Now you be about your business and I'll be about mine!"

And so I might go on, as any Yankee can always do with stories about the more individualistic members of our stock, but like the aforesaid deacon, I must be about my business of telling you something of our population patterns.

There was one group of people who came to New Hampshire through no wish of its own. At the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, Cromwell's army captured young Scotch soldiers who eventually were sent to America—some of them were put in charge of a lumberman who had sawmills at Durham Falls and on the Lamprey River. They were obliged to work out their passage money of a hundred pounds each in the mills. It took them about six years to do it and during the time they could not marry. When they had earned their freedom they could take up grants and make homes. Their blood is intermingled with some of our early English stock.

The building of Yankee factories opened the way for immigration. At first the mill-owners "hired village help" or "hitched up" and drove over the countryside looking for employees. Then coaches filled with the daughters of New Hampshire farmers began to roll down the turnpikes to the mill sites on the Merrimack. They came by the dozens, "a hardy, healthy, merry crowd of Yankee girls, full of a mixture

of boisterous fun and rural dignity, and clad in all manner of homespun garments. They worked fourteen hours a day six days of the week, but they found it less taxing than the endless heavy work on the farm."

Added spindles brought immigrants from other countries. The Irish came to build railroads and remained to work in the mills. The Irishman soon made himself a vital part of the New Hampshire scene. Sociable and lively, frank and generous, his charm melted the Yankee granite. As the late Lucian Tuttle, president of the Boston and Maine Railroad, once said of the Irish section hand: "He was absolutely dependable. . . . His Celtic charm and wit introduced a lively element into the serious communities which gave him shelter."

Irishmen, however, came to New Hampshire long before the days of mills. There was that first visitor to the White Mountains—Darby Field, "an Irish soldier"; and the provincial records are full of the names of the Duggans, the Dermotts, the Gibbons, the Vaughans, the Neals, the Patricks, the Buckleys, the Kanes, the Kelleys, the Brians, the Healeys, the Malones, the Murphys, the Corbetts, the McGinnises, the Sullivans, and the Tooles.

Among the early Irish immigrants were the schoolmasters like Edward Evans, who came over in 1760 and was the only teacher in Chester for seven years. Then there was Hercules Mooney, probably educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to America in 1733 and taught in Somersworth and Durham. The best-known of them is "Master Sullivan," father of Major-General John Sullivan.

General Sullivan's mother also was an immigrant and came alone to America when she was nine years old. It is said that during the voyage a passenger asked young Margery what she expected to do in America. "Do? Why, raise governors for them, sure!" the child replied. Well, so she did, a governor of New Hampshire and a governor of Massachusetts, and a number of her descendants held important political offices in this and other states.

The Irish were coming to New Hampshire all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the 1840's, the years of the great potato famine, they emigrated by the hundreds, and the number was supplemented by those who left Ireland thirty years later. The census of 1850 shows that in our state they led the foreign population with 8,811. Ten years later the number was 12,737. Then they dropped to second place, though the largest number of immigrants from Ireland—14,890—came in 1890.

When many of the Yankee mill-workers enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War, increased opportunities for labor and large wages developed. Then it was that our neighbors from the Province of Quebec began to migrate over the border to become some of our best and most useful citizens. Relatives and friends followed them and they settled in colonies together, established their churches, and still maintain their own social life, which centers in the family and is nourished by family gatherings on Sundays and holidays.

Today fifty per cent of Nashua's entire population is Franco-American and they occupy places of importance in the civic life. The Franco-American Society of Manchester is very active and has its own building and executive secretary. Both cities publish French newspapers.

In 1850 Canadians—including other than French-speaking people—in New Hampshire numbered 2,501. The peak of their immigration was reached in 1900 with 58,967. It is worthy of note that in 1930, of the 82,929 foreign-born people living in the state 51,220 were born on Canadian soil.

The last census shows that our third important foreign-born people is the Poles. From the executive secretary of the International Institute and the Polish Nationality Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Manchester I learned that most Polish people living in the state come from Galicia in southeastern or Lesser Poland. They learned in Europe to cling closely to their churches and language in an attempt to preserve their nationality and now keep to themselves and make few outside con-

tacts. They are very musical and one of the outstanding New Hampshire bandmasters is of their people.

The Poles like to own their own homes, and this has led them to spread into suburban districts and induced them to buy farms in some of the rural sections. In her novel *Heirs* Cornelia James Cannon has woven the picture of these men from Galicia working in the mills by day and after hours helping their women cultivate the New Hampshire farms they have taken over.

With Canada, Ireland, and Poland at the top of the list of the ten leading countries sending us immigrants, we find the next ranking seven are England, Italy, Scotland, Sweden, Germany, and Russia. A glance at the churches of our large New Hampshire cities tells the story. In Nashua, for instance, besides the French, Irish, Polish, and Lithuanian Catholic churches, there also are a Greek Orthodox church and a Hebrew synagogue. It is true that the New England area has a slightly greater proportion of foreign-born population than any other section of the country. New Hampshire has a slightly smaller proportion than New England as a whole, although in 1930 it was 53 per cent greater than the United States average.

Everyone seems to agree, I think, that the coming of the foreign-born people has been a good thing for the population pattern of the state. To quote the *Biennial Report of the New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission* (1936-7): "The immigrants have brought a virility to the old New Hampshire stock and a cosmopolitan industriousness that has insured the future progress of the state to come."

In the last lines of "From a Land and a People," Shirley Barker, one of New Hampshire's younger poets, expresses her idea of what happens eventually to the population patterns of the state. Miss Barker says:

*The country will not let this people die;
Their dust strikes deeper than the mountain root,
Their inarticulate gulf swells in its rivers,*

*Their tartness sets the flavors of its fruits
While there are stars—by this I mean forever—
Who takes this land may climb
With wooden shoes or silver up the stairs
Of generations, but his look will grow
In climbing, like the look of Alden's heirs;
Myles Standish will be in him ere he know;
When all you loose-lipped seers have talked with time,
And turned away, admitting it is so.¹*

¹ *The Saturday Review of Literature*, April 3, 1937.

A THOUSAND LAKES AND PONDS



A THOUSAND LAKES AND PONDS, did I say? The phrase is wholly inaccurate. If I use exact figures, I must add three hundred and one more of them to make up the grand total of New Hampshire's bodies of fresh water.

Even at that, another plus sign should be inserted in the equation, for ten additional lakes, the largest of which is Umbagog, extend over the boundary lines into Maine and Massachusetts. But with the rivers, smaller streams, tide waters, and lakes bringing the water area of the state up to 190,862.18 acres, New Hampshire can spare its neighbors a few square rods of water and not notice the loss.

From the region of Unnamed Pond Number 6, hidden far to the north among the pointed firs of Pittsburg, to the place where Pelham's southern pond, known to the Indians by the unpronounceable and almost unwriteable name of Pemmettequonnirt, these hill-rimmed bowls of water are pressed everywhere into the wrinkled surface of the state.

It isn't strange that Pittsburg, with an area of about 360 square miles, should have thirty-six more lakes and ponds than any other town, but it is rather amazing, I think, that Washington, which is only a sixth of that size, runs its great competitor a close second and boasts of twenty-four bodies of fresh water, with Ashuelot and Island Ponds taking the two leading places.

Two towns, Temple and Plaistow, and fourteen of the locations and purchases in the White Mountains haven't a single tiny pool within their borders. I console myself for their lack of advertising material by remembering the Lakes of the Clouds in the depression between Mount Washington and Mount Monroe, technically Sargent's Purchase. An elevation of 5,060 feet is enough of a publicity stunt for any lake to stage, isn't it?

If I begin talking about the miniature lakes tucked away under the mountain cliffs, I may write an entire chapter about them. I am especially fond of Lonesome Lake, which has been known both as Moran Lake and Tamarack Pond. It lies in a high, flat area south of Profile Mountain. On the northeast shore are Appalachian Mountain Club cabins, which are reached from the Daniel Webster Highway by a trail leading up the mountain from Lafayette Clearing in the Franconia Notch Reservation.

In 1876 Dr. William Cowper Prime and another enthusiastic angler, William F. Bridge of New York City, built a cabin of spruce logs on the lake. Dr. Prime wrote the entire manuscript of his book *Pottery and Porcelain* and parts of *I Go A-fishing*, *Among the Northern Hills*, and *Along New England Roads* in this cabin. The memory of his sister, Annie Trumbull Slosson, author and naturalist, is perpetuated also in the locality by Fishin' Jimmy Trail, named for the outstanding character of one of her delightful stories about Franconia. The trail leads from Lonesome Lake to Kinsman Pond, in case you'd like to follow it.

You probably know that there are two Echo Lakes in the White Mountain region. One lies beneath Eagle Cliff in the Franconia Notch Reservation and the other is near White Horse Ledge in North Conway. Profile Lake probably is seen by more tourists than any other small pond in New Hampshire. An elderly neighbor of mine always spoke of it as "the Old Man's Washbowl," and other local people tell me it once was called Ferrin's Pond. I can remember when boathouses owned by the Profile and Flume Hotel Company stood on the shore,

but now the state has taken them down and nothing mars the beauties of the deep shadows and play of lights across the surface of the lake.

Forest Lake is another lovely body of water in the mountain region. The state owns more than four hundred acres extending from Dalton Mountain to the shores of the lake in the town of Dalton. Here are a bathing beach, a bath-house, and a picnic ground, administered by the Forestry and Recreation Commission.

Among the other smaller New Hampshire lakes with state-controlled recreation areas are Kezar Lake in North Sutton and White Lake in Tamworth. White Lake Park is larger than Wadleigh Park on Kezar Lake, but both of them have splendid beaches with caretakers and life guards, and there are opportunities for that great family institution, the picnic.

The Forestry and Recreation Commission administers twelve recreation areas with beaches or swimming-pools. Among them are the John Clough Reservation of wooded hills and river land on the Piscataquog River in East Weare, and Moose Brook Park, two miles west of Gorham. The first out-of-doors concrete pool was constructed at Peterborough State Park. It is equipped with up-to-date facilities for cleaning, purifying, and circulating its capacity of 275,000 gallons of water.

Geologists tell us that the great ice sheet of the glacial period scoured out the hollows and lake basins of New Hampshire. They vary greatly in size from the tiny one in Wentworth, with its .15 of an acre, to Winnepesaukee, which is the third largest lake lying wholly within the boundary of any one state.

There are just as many different shapes as there are sizes. With its bays and inlets, Lake Winnepesaukee resembles a huge crab sprawled out on the map. Newfound Lake looks like a ski mitten for the right hand with the forefinger beginning to unravel. Bow Lake in Strafford, Bullet Pond in Rindge, and the six Spectacle Ponds scattered hit-or-miss over the state take their names definitely from their shapes, and certainly it calls for no imagination at all to fathom the reasons for the

naming of fifteen Round Ponds, seventeen Long Ponds, and four Horseshoe Ponds.

Like Pennichunk Lake in Hollis, Pawtuckaway Pond in Nottingham, Potanopa Pond—a contraction of Muscatanipus—in Brookline, and Baboosic Lake in Amherst, Winnepesaukee retains a form of an old Indian place name. Opeechee and Winnisquam were given their Indian names by the white man, and Newfound has abandoned the liquid syllables of Pasquaney, which the Pemigewassets applied to it.

If we were playing twenty questions, I'd ask you how many forms of the word *Winnepesaukee* have been used since colonial days. Did you know that Major Otis Grant Hammond found one hundred and thirty-two forms of it, including *Winnipiscokee*, *Winepesocky*, *Winepiseoka*, *Winnepeseocke*, and *Nikisipsque* in old documents, maps, and historical writings? His report showed the need of a uniform spelling for the lake's name, so in 1933 the present form of *Winnepesaukee* was made legal by act of legislature.

It's simple enough to understand why the name Carding-Mill was bestowed upon a pond in Canterbury and why the people of Grafton called one of their lakes Three Thousand Acre Pond. The name of Barbadoes Pond in Madbury is handed down from the days of the West India trade; Batson Pond in Wolfeboro was named for a town proprietor, and Blow-Me-Down in Cornish is a namesake of a brook mentioned in the town charter. But how the Pea Porridge Ponds and the Hity-tity Ponds got their names I cannot tell you.

The name of the last royal Governor of the Province of New Hampshire has been bestowed on beautiful Lake Wentworth in Wolfeboro and there's also a hint of early history in the name of its Stamp-Act Island. We New Hampshire people like to say that the great estate which John Wentworth built near it in the midst of old "King's Woods" was our first summer resort.

Neighborhood legends are told to this day about that farm. According to custom, Governor Wentworth received a share

of the original grant of Wolfeboro. Then he bought land of the other proprietors until he was the owner of six thousand acres. Six hundred of them he turned into a park like those he had seen while he was being educated in England. He stocked it with deer and unsuccessfully tried to make pheasants feel at home.

The great mansion, flanked by stables, coach-houses, barns, and tool-houses, stood on a plain about a quarter of a mile from the lake. The buildings were made of trees felled in the forest, but the interior finish, hangings, and furnishings for the house were brought from Portsmouth to Lake Winnepesaukee by pack horses. Then they were put on gundalows, taken over the great lake and into Lake Wentworth, where they were unloaded on the Governor's landing.

Stories about the manor house, with its magnificent East India Room and Queen's Room, were told all over New England. Even the Governor's wife, Lady Frances Wentworth, who was homesick in the wilderness, was proud of the house and wrote to her friend Mrs. Woodbury Langdon: "The great dancing-room is nearly completed, with the drawing-room and begins to make a very pretty appearance."

John Wentworth loved this estate better than anything he owned in New Hampshire, but because of his loyalty to the King he had to leave it and never saw it again. It was a strange coincidence that the buildings burned in 1820, the year of his death. The Governor's spring, the cellars, and the double row of elms lining the mall which leads to the lake are all that is left of its former grandeur. The glamour of the opulent eighteenth century is gone. Slender Benjamin Thompson, the future Count Rumford, no longer walks in the walled garden and the click of Lady Wentworth's billiard balls is heard no more. But the lake is as sparkling and gay as it was when it lured the royal Governor into the New Hampshire wilderness.

In 1933 Dean Lawrence Shaw Mayo of the Harvard Graduate School, the biographer of John Wentworth and himself a summer resident in the region, presented this historic site to

the State of New Hampshire. It is controlled by the State Forestry and Recreation Commission. This department also administers Wentworth Beach Park, one of the most beautiful recreation areas in the state.

The name of Joe English Pond in New Boston is associated with an incident in our early colonial history. Joe English was an Indian scout who was friendly with the white men. Some of the Indians never forgave him for his alliance with the settlers. He was killed by a war party as he was guiding Captain and Mrs. Butterfield from Dunstable to Chelmsford, Massachusetts. His death was mourned as a public calamity and the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony granted a pension to his widow and children because he had "died in the service of his country."

Up in the very northern point of the state, miles away from Joe English Pond, lie the four small lakes in which the Connecticut River is born. The First and Second Lakes are the best-known, for the state highway leads directly to them and they are surrounded by hunting and fishing camps like Eastman's, Varney's, John's, Reynolds', and Camp Otter at First Lake, and Camp Idlewild at Second Lake, which have more than a New England reputation.

In 1935 the New Hampshire-Vermont Lumber Company, which had carried on extensive lumbering activities in the region, gave the state a tract of land about nine miles long and a thousand feet wide for a State Forest Reservation and Park through which a road could be made to the Canadian border. This new road is one of the most attractive scenic highways in the state and is opening to the public a wealth of wilderness beauty unknown in regions which have been developed.

I think one of the most enjoyable events that take place in New Hampshire is the August water show which the New Hampshire Guides' Association puts on at Camp Otter. For three days the members revel in turkey shoots, rifle competitions, fly-casting for distance, moose-calling, and all kinds of canoe races. It's great fun but a rather startling experience to



ABOVE: *Lake Winnepesaukee from Roberts's Cove, between Wolfeboro and Alton Bay. Rattlesnake Island at Left*

(Photo by Guy L. Shorey)

BELOW: *White Lake State Park, Tamworth. Sandwich Range in Background*
(Courtesy State Forestry and Recreation Department)



watch the canoe tilts in which two well-known guides, Stewart Young and Long Tom Currier, play leading roles. The cheers of the onlookers are called forth principally, however, by the log-rolling contests, reminiscent of the days when the big lumber companies held sway in the Pittsburg forests and the lumber kings—Bowman, Estabrook, Van Dyke, and Merrill—with the influence of dictators, lived in West Stewartstown. The first log drive was made in 1869 and thereafter was an annual dramatic event each spring until 1915.

There's a young woman up there on the Connecticut Lakes who can show some of the men a thing or two about sports. She's Alice Reynolds Converse, daughter of one guide and wife of another. At the first water show she won her laurels as the world's champion woman log-roller and she's also the only licensed woman guide in the United States.

The town of Enfield claims the greater part of Mascoma Lake, which is a summer resort for the entire Mascoma Valley. When you visit it, you certainly must go to see the old Shaker Bridge, which is "half-way down the lake." It was built in 1849 under the direction of Elder Orville Dyer of the Enfield Shaker Colony. Great piles were driven into the mud bottom to make a foundation across the lake, and the bridge of logs, stone, and earth was laid over it. The Shakers finally sold the bridge to the town of Enfield.

The Shaker settlement was situated midway between the two extreme ends of the lake and was a model of community life at its best. A few years ago the Shakers sold their lands and buildings to the Lasolette Brotherhood of Montreal for a school for training priests and missionaries of the Roman Church. The brotherhood has remodeled some of the buildings and has erected a beautiful church, but it still uses the "Stone Building" which the Shakers built of stone taken from their quarry in Canaan. At the time it was completed, it was said to be the second-costliest building in the state.

Next to Winnepesaukee, Squam is the largest lake in New Hampshire. Its shore line of over forty-three miles borders

Center Harbor, Holderness, Sandwich, and Moultonborough. Three counties, Grafton, Carrol, and Belknap, come to a point in the center of it.

The Indians called it Kees-ee-hunk-nip-ee, "the-Goose-Lake-in-the-Highlands." The white men could not twist their tongues around the word and it gradually was shortened to the Kumspy, used on some of the older maps. But on Philip Carrigain's map of 1816 the Lake was called Squam, which is a contraction of the Indian word *asquam*, meaning water. The general lay of the lake is northeast by southwest, with the northeast extremity tapering into a picturesque fiord. Starr King maintained that it was the most beautiful sheet of water in New England, and Whittier described it as a beautiful lake, "green-gemmed with islands, until it loses itself in the purple haze of the Gunstock Mountains, whose summits redden in the setting sun." Translated into poetry it was expressed:

*Before me stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled Squam.
Like green winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam.*

There is an outstanding view of the lake and the mountains from the turn-out on the Daniel Webster Highway. In the foreground is Red Hill, which Timothy Dwight, president of Yale and one of the most daring travelers of his day, climbed on horseback in 1813. It is flanked by the other hills of the Squam Range. Beyond is the gorgeous back curtain of the Sandwich Mountains—to the east, the sharp thorn of Chocorua; to the west, Paugus, with the gigantic sheep's head on its upper crest. Then comes Passaconaway, guarded by the gnashed forehead of Whiteface, Lucy Larcom's "mountain monarch." It is connected with Sandwich Dome by Felt Mountain, a neighbor of old Mount Israel, Center Sandwich's own exclusive property.

Winnisquam lies to the south of Lake Winnepesaukee. The

older people still refer to it casually as "the Bay," though really there were three bays. Great Bay makes up the upper part. The chief point to catch the eye on Middle or Sanbornton Bay is the Sanbornton Bay Meeting-house across the lake from Laconia. Little Bay lies below "Mosquito Bridge" at Winnisquam Station. When the early settlers came they found a six-sided Indian fort in the region, but the stones which marked it out were carried away years ago to make stone walls and foundations for houses.

Someone spoke of Newfound Lake to me as "a picture-post-card lake." Of course this is much more beautiful than any picture postcard, but I understood that what was meant was the spirit of calm serenity which characterizes the lake on a summer day. Two thirds of its area is in Bristol, but the towns of Hebron and Alexandria also border it. Its location and lovely scenery, including Mount Cardigan, make it one of the most popular resorts in the state, and the surrounding country is full of cottages and camps for boys and girls.

On a wooded peninsula on the westerly shore is one of the finest fresh-water bathing beaches that I ever have seen. Wellington Beach has been under the supervision of the Forestry and Recreation Commission since 1931. It is estimated that 38,000 visitors came to it during one season and that the greatest attendance for a single day was 5,000 people.

Sunapee, the Soo-nipe or "Wild-Goose-Water," is one of the highest larger lakes in New England. It lies at the base of its own mountain five miles east of Newport. It is bordered by birch-fringed drives and is especially noted for the golden trout, seldom found in other waters, which are native to it.

In *Along New England Roads* Dr. Prime called it a large, wandering lake. He spoke of the bold, rocky headlands and the deep, shadowy bays which lie between them. "I never yet have got to knowing which way is up and which way is down the lake or how it stretches its chief length. Properly speaking, the principal inlet, the only one of any account, at George's Mills ought to mark the head of the lake; but a long, narrow

arm which goes far away to the eastward, and which heads at Newbury, always tempts me to consider that the upper end of the lake. However, there is no mistaking the outlet at Sunapee Harbor. Here Sugar River plunges down a steep declivity and finds the valley through which it winds with clear and swift flow to Newport and thence to Claremont and the Connecticut," he said.

Ossipee people tell us that their oval-shaped lake is the only body of water of its size without an island. Ossipee Lake is six miles long and three miles wide and is bordered by silvery beaches. When I visited it the last time, I had just reread Harriet Martineau's description, in which she said: "Lake Ossipee looked like what I fancy the wildest parts of Norway to be; a dark blue expanse, slightly ruffled, with pines fringing all its ledges; and promontories bristling with pines jutting into it." Miss Martineau saw no signs of life and no dwellings in that visit of years ago. She would be surprised to see the cottages and camps in the vicinity and the boats cutting across its waters. Personally, I like the cheerful note much better than the dreary, dark descriptions which some of the early travelers wrote about our New Hampshire scenery. I must admit that the forests were heavier and the settlements more isolated then than they are now, but the sun must have shone brightly as it touched the mountains and lakes in the early nineteenth century just as it does today. However, we have few records of the fact.

I wish I could tell you something of all of New Hampshire's thousand lakes and ponds. But I must omit even Lake Massabesic, five miles east of the city of Manchester, Silver Lake in Madison, where William James found "simplification of life," exquisite Chocorua, Great East Lake, where the Salmon Falls River rises, the Eaton Lakes—but here I am writing on and on. I'll end the chapter here.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE



VARIOUS ORNATE PHRASES have been used in describing New Hampshire's largest lake, Winnepesaukee. "The first among our lakes," one writer called it; another said it was "an opal which under no two skies or winds is the same"; a third saw it as "a liquid sheet of burnished silver"; and a college president journeying into the wilderness on horseback many years ago termed it a "thing of inimitable beauty."

John Greenleaf Whittier wrote of "The Great Lake's Sunny Smiles," and Lucy Larcom used it as the theme of an entire poem. It has formed the background for some of Ben Ames Williams's vivid short stories of New England life, and recently its legends and history have been gathered in one delightful volume, *Three Centuries on Winnepesaukee*, by Paul H. Blaisdell, a lover of the lake region.

But written words form the smallest testimony to "the Great Lake's" charms. Even more eulogistic are the concrete examples furnished by the admirers who return season after season "to spend a summer at the lake" either in the inns in the neighborhood or in the summer cottages clustered around its sheltered coves, headlands, and islands or hidden away on the wooded peninsulas.

I passed my childhood in the vicinity of Lake Winnepesaukee and my natural inclination in writing of it is to burst into a string of descriptive adjectives twice as long as any nineteenth-

century author ever used about New Hampshire's scenic wonders. I shall restrain myself, however, and mention only a few of the more outstanding facts about the lake. As a child I was taught that its length is eighteen miles and that it has an island for every day in the year. Neither of these statements is correct. People do not agree exactly about the length and it would be necessary to tabulate every rock which shows an inch above the waves if we bring the count of islands up to 365. Paul Blaisdell says that the distance of the longest direct trip on Winnepesaukee from the dock in Lee's Mills in Moultonborough to the Downing Landing at Alton Bay is 21.65 miles and that there are 274 habitable islands, with a few others which support vegetation. This is good enough for me and I certainly shall not argue with a man who knows the lake as well as he does.

Lake Winnepesaukee covers an area of 44,586.35 acres in Alton, Center Harbor, Gilford, Laconia, Meredith, Moultonborough, Tuftonboro, and Wolfeboro. It lies from northwest to southeast across parts of Belknap and Carroll Counties, and long arms and bays indent its shores. Meredith Bay, Moultonborough Bay, Tuftonboro Bay, Wolfeboro Bay and narrow Merrymeeting Bay, with Alton Bay at the end, are the largest of them.

Paugus Bay extends from the outlet of Winnepesaukee at The Weirs to Lakeport. It really is a lake by itself, and until a channel was dredged for steamboats, was connected with the larger lake only by a small stream.

All the bays are scalloped by innumerable and delightful coves, like Tommy's Cove, Maiden Lady's Cove and Loon Cove. You may have heard more about Robert's Cove, on the highway between Alton Bay Village and Wolfeboro, than any of the others, for it received considerable publicity when a photograph of the lake taken from the spot was awarded a prize as the loveliest New Hampshire view.

Between Meredith and Wolfeboro Bays the indentations are more than "coves" and become deep inlets, though they can be used only by small boats. Moreover, the little harbors

are dotted with islands, for, strangely enough, three quarters of Winnepesaukee's islands lie either within them or at their entrances.

We New Hampshire people call the peninsulas on the northern and northeastern shores "necks" rather than by the true geographical term. The four largest are Meredith Neck, Moultonborough Second Neck, Moultonborough Neck, Tuftonboro Neck, and Wolfeboro Neck.

Back in 1813 Timothy Dwight spoke of them as "spacious peninsulas, fitted to become rich and delightful residences of men." He spoke truly and his predictions have been fulfilled, for today they are dotted with summer residences and beautiful estates far exceeding any dreams of the cultured traveler from Connecticut.

As Meredith Neck is especially characteristic of these peninsulas and my space is limited, let me tell you a little about it. Then at your leisure you can visit the others, which are equally beautiful. The end of this long and narrow neck is divided into three fingers. The tip of the middle finger is Stonedam Island, which is cut off from it by a narrow strip of water known as Sally's Gut.

From the rock on "the Pinnacle," which slopes down to Spindle Point, is a view of the lake and mountains including the entire horizon, with Rattlesnake Island in the foreground and Copple Crown, Winnepesaukee's own special mountain, at the end of the long axis. Many people think this is the most beautiful of all lake pictures. But I know I am treading on dangerous ground when I say this, for everyone has his own special favorite which thrills him more than any of the others. I shall, moreover, logroll my own in and hint that it is seen from a dirt road leading over the hill from Gilford Village to the Winnepesaukee Shore Road.

Starr King described Winnepesaukee's islands as "a fleet of islands riding on the bosom of the lake." In the old days they were a no-man's-land and except for the larger ones, like Long, Bear, Guernsey, and Rattlesnake, were uninhabited. Now, as

I have said, there are only a few small rocks on which no summer cottage perches. Even Becky's Garden, the smallest charted island in the lake, boasts of a miniature house, complete in every detail, which is placed there each season to show it is "inhabited."

Long Island, the largest, lies off Moultonborough Neck and is connected with it by a bridge. For years it was noted for its fine farms, which now are summer estates. Here at one time lived the family from which came Captain Harry Wentworth, who spent forty years on the lake, first with his father, Clark Wentworth, on one of the old horseboats and later as purser and then captain of the steamer *Mount Washington*.

Bear Island, which boasts of a post office, a church, and of course a steamboat landing, has the largest summer population. Once there was a permanent settlement with a schoolhouse on the island, but later the children walked across the ice to attend the winter term at Meredith Neck. Some of the older people around Meredith and Laconia remember when it furnished summer pasturage for sheep and cattle which in the fall were brought back to the mainland in flatboats towed by small steamers.

The great folk-story about Bear Island concerns Aunt Dolly Nichols, who eked out an existence by fishing, getting meals for stray travelers, and ferrying them from the Neck to the island. Although a very small woman, she had great muscular strength. It is said that she rowed from The Weirs with a barrel of rum which she loaded into the boat alone. When she reached home she beached the cask and, pulling it over her knees, drank from the bung-hole.

Another of the large islands is Governor's or Davis Island, which is reached from the highway leading from The Weirs to Gilford Station. You see it at the right as you come down the hills from Meredith to The Weirs on the Daniel Webster Highway.

In this same view is included Rattlesnake's mound of

piled-up ledges rising nearly four hundred feet above the lake. From these hills it appears only as a small wooded mountain, but if you look at it from the shore directly opposite, it somewhat resembles a rattlesnake, with the east end representing the flat head and the gorged body extending toward the west. This is not the reason for its name. That comes from the rattlesnakes which once lurked in the clefts of the ledges. None has been seen for years, I am told. At one time this beautiful island with its seventy-five feet of inland cliffs was inhabited. Now it is visited only by woodcutters, berry-pickers, and naturalists. It is interesting to note that rattlesnake plantain, which the Indians thought was an antidote for snake bite, flaunts its striking deep-green leaves, veined with white, in profusion there.

Guernsey Island was settled as early as 1812. The name was changed from Cow Island because the first Guernsey cattle in America were kept there on a farm then owned by the Pillsbury family. In 1833 the captain of a sailing vessel stopped at the island of Guernsey in the Channel Islands and was so impressed with the quality of the cattle he saw there that he brought a bull and two heifers to Boston and sent them up to his brother on Cow Island in Lake Winnepesaukee. The first gristmill on the lake was on the Pillsbury farm, and as a memorial to the fact the windmill which ran it was rebuilt in the original form and size and dedicated in 1935 as a New Hampshire historical site by Governor H. Styles Bridges.

The steamer *Mount Washington* is one of the old traditions of the lake region. It was launched at Alton Bay in 1872 and is perhaps the oldest boat running today on the inland waters of the United States. To quote Paul Blaisdell, "her original one-cylinder engine still sends her over the water at a speed which ranks her among the fastest of side-wheel craft."

My mother, then a small child, went to the celebration of "the *Mount's*" launching. I never tired of hearing her tell of the great occasion, for which the countryside for miles around

turned out. In charge was Captain Wiggin, attired in a loose-fitting black suit and soft felt hat instead of the conventional blue uniform.

Captain Harry L. Wentworth succeeded Captain Wiggin, and then Captain Herbert A. Blackstone controlled the destiny of "the *Mount*." For many years the historic steamboat was owned by the Boston and Maine Railroad, but in 1922 the Public Service Commission allowed its sale to Leander Lavallee of Lakeport. He in turn transferred it to Sidney F. Baker of Laconia, but now it is again owned by Captain Lavallee, who guides it on its daily summer trips and makes it his home all the year round. The old boat has carried thousands of people as its passengers. It has plowed its way through hundreds of miles of water, which Paul Blaisdell believes must equal at least 250 transatlantic crossings.

The *Chocorua*, rebuilt from the *Dover*, was the direct predecessor of the *Mount Washington*, but she was an unwieldy craft and was dismantled in 1875. This old boat might well be called the "great-grandmother of overnight camps," for the apartments of its upper decks were sold to the Camp Meeting Association and were set up near the railroad station at Alton Bay and used as extra rooms for lodgers.

The *Belknap*, the first lake steamboat, was financed by a company of which Attorney Ichabod Bartlett and Stephen C. Lyford were prime movers. This lumbering, awkward craft was making regular trips from Lake Village (Lakeport) to Meredith, Center Harbor, and Alton Bay by 1834. In a good breeze it could make the trip from Center Harbor to Alton Bay in six hours and the exhaust from its engine could be heard for ten miles. It was wrecked one windy October day near Steamboat Island while towing a raft of logs down the lake between Six Mile and Birch Islands.

The old *Red Hill* blew up and the *Senaca* went aground on treacherous Goose Egg Rock in Moultonborough Bay. Lake navigation has its hazards. The dangerous reef Witch

Rocks is still to be reckoned with when navigating boats between The Weirs and the southern and eastern parts of the lake. Everything possible is done to aid pilots. In 1899 the New Hampshire Legislature authorized the placing of buoys on rocks and reefs in the lake. Today the Public Service Commission has marked three hundred hazards in Winnepesaukee by means of flashing electric lights, steady lanterns, and spar buoys. But the Great Lake is not the only one marked, for buoys are kept up on twenty-three bodies of fresh water where boating is a pastime. All motor boats and outboard motors are licensed and the fees are used to maintain buoys already up and to mark new places in other lakes. Last year 3,424 craft on ninety-six of New Hampshire's lakes, ponds, and streams were licensed, and as the fee for each is three dollars, you can figure the sum out for yourself.

The strong northwest winds which sweep across the open water of "the Broads" can pile up rollers which are extremely dangerous to a boat not completely seaworthy or piloted by an inexperienced person. Back in 1880 in one of these storms the *Winnepesaukee*, which was carrying an excursion party from Alton Bay, started to break up just beyond Little Mark Island. It was a frightful experience for the passengers and resulted in the beginning of the present-day legislation for the inspection of public boats.

Some ten or twelve years later the *Mount Washington*, piloted by Moses Warren, successfully buffeted the worst storm ever known on the lake, when a large part of the port wheel-house was torn away by wind and waves.

There was a slight storm one day as John Greenleaf Whittier came up the lake from Alton Bay on his way to Holderness. "The wind shifted to the north-northeast and blew a gale, scattering the clouds, and by the time our steamer passed out of the bay into the lake, the water was white-capped, and waves broke heavily on the small islands, flinging their foam and spray against the green foliage on the shores. It was pleasant to see

again the rugged mass of Ossipee loom up before us—and the familiar shapes of the long Sandwich range came into view,” he wrote to Annie Fields.

I cannot list all the old steamboats which once plowed through Winnepesaukee’s waters. Some of them were the *Ossipee*, the *Gazelle*, the *Union*, the *Mayflower*, the *James Bell*, and the swift and expensive *Maid of the Isles*, which was a loss to its owners. Among the steam yachts were the *Pinafore*, the *Bristol*, and the *Nellie*, on which was the first propeller used on the lake.

One of the most famous of the steamboats was the *Lady of the Lake*, operated for years by the old Concord and Montreal Railroad. The figurehead represented a girl wearing a black hat with a blue ribbon set far back on her head. A black girdle bound her white bodice and she carried an oar in her hand. The *Lady’s* figurehead is now preserved in the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society. In 1892 the *Lady* made her last trip and about two years later her hull was towed to the middle of Glendale Bay and sunk near Locke’s Island.

The first public boat on the lake was not a steamboat but a great scow propelled by square sails and known as the *Gundalow*. At present there seems to be considerable interest in the history of horseboats, which were propelled by paddle wheels and supplied with power by a pair of horses tramping in a treadmill.

In an interview given to the *Laconia Evening Citizen* Mrs. Linda Buzzell of The Weirs says she remembers perfectly when her father, George W. Brawn, “drove a horseboat on Lake Winnepesaukee.” She recalls just how the broad, flat-bottomed scow looked and how the treading of the horses set the paddle wheels in motion as the queer-looking craft moved ahead into the lake. Little Linda Brawn frequently went on trips with her father when he moved logs, lumber, and wood between points around the lake. One of them was most unpleasant when in a heavy wind the boat was blown ashore on Three Mile Island, where it was beached for three days.

Even before the days of horseboats Governor John Wentworth made ambitious plans for developing Lake Winnepesaukee as part of a great waterway to cut off trade from Boston and New York and send it into Canada. His vision included a navigable canal from Portsmouth Harbor to the lake and then on to the Connecticut River. But the dream never was realized.

There are many other interesting things about this Beautiful Lake in the High Place that are worth recalling—the Indians who fished in its waters and camped in their great village near its outlet—the pioneers who cleared the land around it and developed their fertile farms. I wish I might describe that famous race from Three Mile Island to Center Harbor between the *Mount Washington* and the *Maid of the Isles* or tell of the first Harvard-Yale crew race at Center Harbor, in 1852.

This race is only one of a number of *first* things which happened at Lake Winnepesaukee, as you may have noticed in reading this chapter. Rural free delivery on the lake started back in 1903, and in 1907 the *Uncle Sam* began its twenty-five-year career as a mail-boat. In 1933 the *Marshal Foch* received the contract, but now the *Uncle Sam* makes its trips again. It might be well to add here that Winnepesaukee was the first lake to have rural free delivery by air.

OLD INDIAN DAYS



LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE was the Indians' largest storehouse for fish. Aquadochtan, the village which extended along the north bank flanking the ancient stream connecting the great lake with Paugus Bay, is thought to have been the largest encampment in New England, for the various tribes of the Pennacooks and some of the Abnaki came and went at will with the running of the fish.

From the region came many valuable relics of old Indian life. For years farmers plowing their lands near The Weirs were constantly unearthing arrowheads, stone knives, and household implements, and forty or fifty Indian graves were discovered across "the Narrows," opposite the ancient settlement, when excavations were made for building some lake cottages.

The Weirs itself received its name from the remains of the fish traps in the lake not far from Endicott Rock. It was built in the form of the letter *w*, and the rocks forming its lower points extended beyond the present Weirs Bridge on the state highway. Sad to relate, however, this reminder of the days when the Indians took thousands of tons of fish from New Hampshire waters has been partly demolished, for many of the old stones were taken away to make the channel deeper for speedboats.

Another relic of those ancient fishing days is located just

below Bristol on the Pemigewasset River where it falls into a natural pool. The channel of the river is partially filled with rocks and ledges and one of them forms a natural resting-place. I never have seen it, but people who know it well say that it is worn smooth by the moccasined feet of the red-skinned fishermen who dipped their nets for salmon coming up the stream to spawn.

A number of New Hampshire people have been interested in the life of these Indians. Among them was Judge Chandler E. Potter of Manchester, who wrote extensively and rather romantically concerning them. Erastus P. Jewell, a well-known Laconia attorney, was an enthusiastic collector of Indian relics which he found in the lake region. Many of his valuable items were lost when the Masonic Temple in Laconia burned, but a few are preserved in the city Library.

Dr. C. S. Copeland of Rochester assembled an interesting collection of two thousand objects including two or three gouges of the gray stone used by the Red Paint people. Dr. Harry L. Watson began his collection as a boy of fifteen when he found a slate ornament in a small sandbank on the west bank of the Merrimack River at Amoskeag Falls in Manchester. He accumulated many things in the immediate vicinity, among them a good number of red jasper objects. Most of the material in the C. P. Wilcomb collection, found at Franklin, Laconia, and The Weirs, is housed in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mary Proctor, however, not only left a collection of over 500 large tools, 63 grooved axes, 30 celts and pendants and charm stones, but also made a record of her experiences in obtaining them in a book which she wrote for the school children of Franklin. It is called *The Indians of the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset Valleys* and is dedicated to her father, "who taught his children the romance of Indian relic hunting."

Town histories usually contain more or less reliable accounts of the Indians. Some people always go to William Little's *History of Warren* when they wish general information of the

Pennacooks, and Richard Musgrove, the historian of Bristol, really went out and hunted up the sites of the villages. In 1901 he discovered an Indian arrowhead workshop on a point of land in Newfound Lake and unearthed some Indian fireplaces with the remains of ashes burned from their fires of long ago.

There is an excellent small group of stone implements in the Library at Griffin, and the Manchester Historical Society's collections include one of the finest examples of steatite dishes ever found in New England. The items owned by the State Historical Society, including a dugout found embedded in the soil near Lake Ossipee, are displayed in the old building on North Main Street in Concord.

But the Society's most treasured Indian possession is the so-called "Mystery Stone." When my young son and I asked to see it, Major Hammond, the director, took it from the safe and carefully unwrapped it from its guarding folds of cotton. And no wonder, for it is one of the most beautiful objects I have ever seen! The stone is the size of an egg and is shaped like one. It is perforated from end to end, and pictures of a human face, a wigwam, a crescent, arrows, a spiral, an ear of corn, a deer's leg, and a circle are etched on its highly polished surface. It was discovered many years ago in Meredith by some workmen who were setting fence posts for Seneca Ladd on a piece of land where Lake Waukewan emptied into Lake Winnepesaukee before a canal was made. Experts on Indian lore have advanced theories about it. No one really knows, but it is thought it may have commemorated a treaty between two tribes. It has more than local fame and agents of the Smithsonian Institution have tried from time to time to buy it.

One of the most characteristic implements of the Indians' daily life in old New Hampshire was the corn mill, examples of which have been found in Dunbarton, Bedford, Haverhill, Raymond, Barnstead, and Franklin. The one in Franklin is the best-known and can be easily seen, for it has been preserved by the local women's club. It is on the main highway as you go from Franklin to Tilton.

These corn mills really were glacial boulders scooped out by the grinding of the great ice sheet. The Indian women simply appropriated them and wore them down still further as one generation after another used them for pounding corn.

The most important archæological survey ever made in New Hampshire was made in 1929 when the Merrimack Archæological Survey, sponsored by the Peabody Museum and directed by Warren King Moorehead, investigated the valleys of the Merrimack and some of its tributary streams. The party covered 1,000 miles on foot and about 900 miles by canoe. About 420 sites were examined and over 2,000 specimens were secured. The results of this expedition are recorded in a short preliminary report.

We do not know exactly how many Indians were hunting in the New Hampshire forests when the white men came. Probably the number was small, for many of them died in the mysterious plague which swept over New England just prior to the coming of the Pilgrims. Moreover, there had been wars with the people to the north in which the mysterious and powerful Bashaba, who lived in the Maine wilderness, was killed. His death wrought havoc among the tribes who were allied with him, and many of them were annihilated by the fierce "Tarratines."

The New Hampshire Indians belonged to the great Algonquin Division. Their origin is a matter of guess work, but archæologists tell us that they were preceded by the Red Paint people, who made tools of a peculiar gray or bluish stone and received their name from the red oxides found in their primitive burial places. Their tools have been found in New Hampshire, and the presence of their culture is indicated strongly in the Winnepesaukee-Ossipee region, which they probably reached by coming up the Saco and Ossipee Rivers.

The Algonquins of northern and southern New England differed somewhat in their customs and dialects. To the north was the Abnaki-Micmac group, which included the Micmac of Canada, the Abnaki of Maine, northern Vermont, and north-

eastern New Hampshire, and the Pennacooks, who occupied a very small section of northeastern Massachusetts, eastern Vermont, and central New Hampshire.

The Abnaki, or "People of the Sunrise," were attached to the French, whose missionaries had great influence with them. Among the New Hampshire Indians associated with the Abnaki were the fierce Anansagunticook, "people of the narrow fishing place," who made their planting places up and down the Androscoggin Valley as far as Gorham, New Hampshire. The Pequawkets, "those living at the hole in the ground," roamed around the headwaters of the Saco River and about Lovell's Pond in Carroll County. They had a village at Fryeburg, Maine, not far from the present New Hampshire boundary line. The Sokoki, "the People at the Outlet," hunted along the banks of the Saco, but their planting places were near the mouth of the river.

We know the Pennacooks as a loosely formed but rather strong confederacy under the leadership of the great Passaconaway and his son Wonolancet. The confederacy took its name from "the People of the Crooked River," who occupied both sides of the Merrimack Valley above and below Concord. Their cornfields were planted on the intervals, and their fort was situated on the east side of the river on Sugar Ball Bluff, northeast of the village. Here they fought a bitter battle with their deadly enemies the "Man-Eaters" or Mohawks of New York.

Another of their villages stood on the peninsula in Franklin where the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset Rivers unite to form the Merrimack. The people of old Sanbornton knew it as "Crotchtown," but the Pennacooks called the place P'skeodanak, "the forked settlement." It was within easy access of the river and of the carrying place which connected the Ox-bow on the Winnepesaukee River with the Pemigewasset above the falls.

Another family of the Pennacooks was the Amoskeag, "One who Takes Small Fish." The village Namaoskeag was an im-

portant fishing place at Amoskeag Falls. It was about a half-mile back on the bluff and extended north and south along the river. A number of Manchester's great mills stand on the site, and the falls and surrounding banks where the Indians fished have been greatly changed by the building of dams.

The Nashaways, "People of the Land Between," hunted up and down the Watananock or Nashua River, a part of which flows into New Hampshire, and there were Indian villages on the Merrimack where it flows through the present city of Nashua.

As we have seen, the Winnepesauki lived near "the shining lake," and their neighbors the Pemigewassets gave their name to the river where they fished. The Pemigewassets also roamed up and down the Asquamchaumke, and their most important village was located at the place where it empties into the Pemigewasset. You know this stream today as Baker River, for it was renamed in memory of Captain Thomas Baker, who demolished the Indian settlement. A battle took place between the white men and the Pemigewassets on a plain in Bridgewater below Plymouth, and Captain Baker shot Waternomee, their leader. We are told that the Indian was richly attired and that Baker snatched his blanket, which was covered with silver brooches, and that it was kept in his family for many years.

The Coosucs, "the People of the Pines," planted corn on the Cowass Meadows along the Connecticut River in Haverhill. They had a village near the spot where the Ammonoosuc flows into the larger river. Few Indians lived below them, for they were in constant terror of the Mohawks. But there are records of a tribe known as Squaheags who lived in the valley of the Ashuelot River, while the Souhegans hunted along the river to which they gave their name.

The Ossipees, "People of the Lake Formed by the Enlargement of a River," lived around the lake and river of their name and in Oxford County, Maine. Have you seen the so-called Indian Mound? Years ago Jeremy Belknap, the New Hampshire historian, received a letter from Wentworth Cheswell call-

ing the mound to his attention. The letter said: "In a piece of intervale land near Ossipy pond is a tumulus, or mound of earth, overgrown with pine, in which, at the depth of two feet several skeletons have been discovered with the face downward."

The Squamscots, whose village was near the present site of Exeter, the Winnicowet, the Piscataqua, "People of the Dark and Gloomy River," and the Newichwannock were some of the families of the coastal region. Their names and those of their sachems are frequently found in old deeds and documents.

Trails led from one Indian village to another and into the interior. One came from the Piscataqua region up the Salmon Falls Valley and then to the east of Lake Winnepesaukee, where it swung west of Ossipee and on to the lands of the Pequawkets. Another followed the Merrimack River and then wound up the Pemigewasset. It divided at Plymouth. One part went through the Franconia Notch and the other followed the Baker River Valley as far as Wentworth Village. It passed Mount Moosilauke on the right and probably continued by the way of Lake Tarleton through Piermont in the Connecticut Valley.

A famous trail led from the village of the St. Francis Indians in Canada to the lands of the Penobscots in Maine. It followed the valley of the Nulhegan River and met the Connecticut River at Brunswick, Vermont. Then it came down through the settled part of Maidstone and crossed the river to the opposite bank in Northumberland, New Hampshire. From that point it went westward along the upper Ammonoosuc River. It was in use at the time of the Revolutionary War and is shown on old maps.

The Indians had to fight to protect themselves and their families, and war was upheld by public opinion. The Pennacooks, however, were a simple people who spent much of their time hunting and fishing. Although they were dignified and had a childlike fondness for ceremony and display, they really were gay and fun-loving. They spent many hours in amusing

themselves and in playing gambling games like "dish and platter" and rolling disks.

They taught the white men how to raise corn, beans, and squashes. Dr. Belknap says that the Indians planted their corn when the leaves of the white oak were as large as a mouse's ear. The planting rule seems to have been handed down from one generation to another, for my own grandfather followed it and told me that his father did before him.

At first the Indians had little trouble with the settlers, but as the years went by, bitter dissensions came up between them. We cannot go into the right and wrong of the matter here. One thing, however, must be mentioned, and that is the different feelings that the two races had in regard to land. The Pennacooks looked upon their lands as something belonging to the group and not to the individual. They thought that when they deeded land to the English they were giving them the use of it for a time only.

"We cannot sell our land, for it belongs not to us, but to all our people, to our children and our children's children as well as to us. We cannot sell what is theirs," they maintained.

The settlers did not agree with them and forced them into giving up their hunting-grounds. Even Passaconaway finally had to beg for a plot large enough to place his wigwam on and make a garden.

This great chieftain lived to be over a hundred years old, and throughout his life he worked hard to keep his people on friendly terms with the white men. At the last of his life he gathered the Pennacooks about him and told them again that they must not antagonize the settlers or they would be annihilated. He is supposed to have made a long speech which ended with these words,

*The Pennacooks are few and powerless before them,
We must bend before the storm,
Peace, peace with the white men is the command of the
Giver of Life!*

Peace, peace with the white men is the last wish of Passaconaway!

His eldest son was Nanamocomuk, the sachem of the Wachusetts. The white men treated him badly and he led his people into the Maine wilderness. His son Kancamagus succeeded Wonolancet as the leader of the Pennacooks, but by that time they had been driven from the Merrimack.

Wennunchus, whose story has been told by Whittier in *The Bridal of Pennacook*, was one of Passaconaway's daughters. She married Winnipurket, sachem of Saugus. She came home to visit her father and never returned to her husband's lodge. Whittier, who found the germ of the poem in *New England Canaan*, written by the dashing Thomas Morton, who so shocked the Massachusetts Puritans, made a number of changes in the real story. He called his heroine Weetamoo and said that she was drowned in the Merrimack when she tried to go to Saugus. The historians, however, tell us Passaconaway and Winnipurket quarreled and that Wennunchus decided to stay with her own people.

The Pennacooks always told remarkable stories about Passaconaway, and many of them were believed by the white men. "Hee can make water burne, the rocks move, the trees dance and change himself into a flaming sun," William Wood recorded. Evidently the sachem was one of the great powwows of his times, for there are stories of the changing of a snake skin into a writhing serpent and the forming of ice in a bowl on a midsummer's day.

The legend of his death was even incorporated by our great-grandfathers into a poem called "Winter's Evening." It was based on the Indians' story that Passaconaway mounted a stout sledge drawn by twenty-four large wolves and drove them from the meadows of the Merrimack across ice-covered Lake Winnepesaukee and through the mountain passes to Mount Washington. On the summit the sledge burst into a car of flaming fire, which disappeared in a cloud of great glory as

the sachem of the Pennacooks was translated.

Wonolancet tried to follow in his father's footsteps, but when he found that his people would keep peace no longer, he led them away to Canada. His nephew Kancamagus, called John Hodgkins by the English, became thoroughly embittered, and led the first attack of the Indians against old Cocheco, now Dover.

Then came the horrors of Indian warfare, which were to haunt the New Hampshire forests for years. Crops were burned, cattle killed, buildings destroyed, and orchards demolished. Many people were murdered and captives were carried to Canada, some of them never to return. New Hampshire literally became a land of garrison houses, and the horror did not altogether cease until the last Indian raid in the Androscoggin Valley in 1774.

BORDER TALES



THE BORDER TALES of old New Hampshire are as wild as any ever sung by minstrels of the Scottish border. Between 1675 and the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the wilderness beyond the frontier extended from Deerfield to Haverhill in Massachusetts, from ancient Dunstable to old Cocheco in New Hampshire, and from Berwick to the Penobscot River in the Province of Maine was shadowed by the menace of the northern Indians unloosed like a nest of hornets upon the English settlements taking root along the Connecticut, Merrimack, and Piscataqua Rivers in New Hampshire and the Kennebec in Maine.

The sparks which ignited the trouble started from many things—the purloining of land, cheating at half-civilized truck houses, stealing firearms, pillaging cornfields, ravaging fish weirs, insulting personal dignity, and betraying trusts. The flames were fanned by the French, who treated the Indians like human beings, offering them their protection and their religion, and then used them for the attempted glory of New France and the annihilation of New England.

To the south, Metcacom—King Philip, as most of us know him—gave up his life in a vain attempt to keep his lands from the white men. His vanquished warriors found refuge among the diminishing people of Kancamagus of the Pennacooks, of Squando of the Sokoki, of Mugg of the Anansagunticook, and

of Madockawando, whose daughter had become the wife of the French nobleman Baron de St. Castine.

The Indians began to destroy cattle and burn corn and then they massacred the family of John Wakeley near the present city of Portland, Maine. Only eleven-year-old Elizabeth escaped death to become the first of the many children of Maine and New Hampshire who were taken captive. The child's hard winter journey, including visits to all the tribes from the Sokoki to the Narragansetts, did not end in Canada, however, for she was returned one sweet June day to Major Richard Waldron's garrison in old Dover.

Another of these real children of the border was Margaret Otis. She was three months old when her father, Richard Otis, was killed at his garrison in Dover. With her mother the infant was taken to Quebec to be christened Christine and to be mothered by the Roman Church. The little girl grew up in the stronghold of New France and married a Frenchman. He died and left her a young and attractive widow. In 1714, when there was an exchange of prisoners, she went back to New Hampshire and married Captain Thomas Baker, the Indian-fighter.

Kancamagus led that attack on Dover when Margaret Otis was carried away. Old Richard Waldron, trader with the Indians, lumberman, magistrate, member of the council and great man in general of the Piscataqua region, was killed at this massacre. The story is told in every New Hampshire history and collection of folk-tales. The Indians believed that Major Waldron betrayed them at a sham battle held at his truck house, but they waited twelve years before they demanded blood payment from the old man. It is an eerie and gory yarn, characteristic of Indian vengeance at its worst.

For years afterwards New Hampshire verse-makers used these border stories as material for their ballads. One of them concerns the massacre of the young sweethearts George Chesley and Elizabeth Burnham as they were returning from church one Sabbath day in 1725. The stanzas were published first in

an 1828 issue of the *New Hampshire Republican*. The unknown author tells us that

*Returning from devotion warm
Thro' Durham's forests dark and rude
The pilgrims pass'd, no thought of harm,
To seek their home of solitude.*

*No sound was heard along the waste,
Save once the pine-tree's lofty frame
Receiv'd a hollow sounding blast,
And in that blast a demon came.*

*The vengeful Indians lurking near,
Soon felt the wrath-inspiring power:
They list, the white man's step to hear,
They laugh—it is his final hour.*

*Their aim was deadly; from the dell
The murd'rous death-shot whistling broke:
A man and lo! a maiden fell:—
And thus the taunting Indian spoke;*

*“Go, son and daughter of that race
Who of our tribe such havoc made;
Go, and in other worlds appease
The murder'd Indian hunter's shade.”*

And so the stanzas continue with appropriate allusions to life and death and the cruelty of the Indians and their unjust treatment by the white men.

A century ago Mary Clark wrote a ballad which told of the slaughter of Samuel Bradley, Obadiah Peters, John Bean, and John Lufkin, who were going on horseback from Rumford, now Concord, to Hopkinton to get corn ground. The doleful story begins:

*I sing a song of days of old
When Penacook was young,
A tale that often has been told
But never yet was sung.*

*The settlement at Penacook
Was girt with forests then,
Where savage beasts a shelter took,
And still more savage men.*

*In Rumford, alias Penacook,
The people all alarmed,
Themselves to garrisons betook
Nor ventured out unarmed.*

*A hundred Indians, near about,
Blood-thirsty, fierce and strong,
Seen now and then by straying scout
As they had passed along;*

*In August '46 came down
Direct from Canada;
Bent to destroy the embryo town,
If in their course it lay.*

So, verse by verse, the tale unfolds until it ends with the massacre, which is said to have made the people of old Concord weep aloud when the mutilated bodies were brought back to the garrison on an ox-cart.

No border tale of old New Hampshire has been related or sung so many times as has that of "Lovewell's Fight," the battle between John Lovewell and the scouts of Dunstable and Chief Paugus and the Pequawkets in May 1725. Large rewards for Indian scalps were offered by the General Court, so Captain Lovewell and Lieutenant Josiah Farwell started out to get some and to protect the frontier beyond Lake Winnepesau-

kee. After hunting Indians all the spring, Lovewell and his men were ambushed near Fryeburg, Maine, and all but eighteen, including Lovewell himself, were killed.

The ballads written about this battle were sung, to quote an old history, "at all the parties and merry-meetings in New Hampshire and in some parts of Massachusetts." One variant relates:

*'Twas Paugus led the Pequ'kt tribe;
As runs the fox, would Paugus run;
As howls the wild wolf, would he howl;
A huge bear-skin had Paugus on.*

*But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the waterside,
And shot him dead upon that day.*

The thirty stanzas end by saying:

*With footsteps slow shall travellers go,
Where Lovewell's pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid,
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight.*

*Old men shall shake their heads, and say
"Sad was the hour and terrible,
When Lovewell, brave, 'gainst Paugus went,
With fifty men from Dunstable."*

Another version is said to have been written during the year of the fight, but no one knows the author. For many years afterwards it was the most popular song in New England and we can imagine the gusto with which the closing verses were sung:

*Come all ye men and maidens, and listen while I sing,
Let the fame of Captain Lovewell around the land to ring;
The gallant Lovewell and his men, who the Indian rogues
did fight,
Who killed the savage Paugus, and put the rest to flight.*

One variant tells us that "they killed Lieutenant Robbins and wounded good young Frye." Chaplain Jonathan Frye of Andover begged his companions Eleazer Davis and Lieutenant Farwell to leave him and save themselves, and Nathaniel Hawthorne used this pathetic incident as the germ of his story "Roger Malvin's Burial."

This chapter is in no sense a record of the Indian wars in New Hampshire and I have not attempted to place border stories in chronological order.

Along the Connecticut River Colonel Benjamin Bellows and John Kilburn bravely defended their garrisons. There were but six persons about the Kilburn blockhouse when four hundred Indians descended upon it with a demand for its surrender. In the house Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter Hetty were preparing the noon meal. John Kilburn and his son and a farm hand and his boy were returning home for this dinner when they saw a line of Indians crawling up the bank. The men managed to reach the house and barricade the doors.

Outside there was a demand for surrender and a cry from an Indian whom Kilburn had sheltered on another visit: "Old John! Young John! I know ye! Come out here. We give you good quarter."

The request was indignantly refused and the assault began. We have glimpses of the men picking off the Indians through the portholes of the blockhouse, of the women loading guns, of Hetty Kilburn stretching blankets in the upper part of the roof to catch the enemy's bullets as they came through one side. The skirmish lasted all the afternoon, but at dusk the Indians withdrew and the six tired souls in Kilburn's garrison could stop for a well-earned rest.

No less dramatic is the story of old Fort Number Four, now Charlestown, where thirty Englishmen pitted their wits against seven hundred French and Indians and turned the tide of invasion from the Connecticut Valley. The fort was commanded by Captain Phineas Stevens, an experienced Indian-fighter, and he and his scouts needed all their experience to withstand the wall of fire made of old fences, the fire arrows hurled against the roof of the fort, and the heavy assault of the Indians, which went on for many hours. None of the scouts was killed and only two were wounded, but many of the French and Indians were slain.

There were no settlements within forty miles of Charlestown, and its position as an outer post of the frontier made it a center of military activities and a point for Indian attack. One August morning in 1754 a band of Indians entered the settlement and captured seven members of the family of Captain James Johnson and hurried them away to Canada. The pitiful story has been told by Susannah Johnson in her *Narrative*.

Although she was the mother of three children, she was only twenty-four years old and her sister, Miriam Willard, who was taken with her, was a girl of thirteen. Two hired men, Ebenezer Farnsworth and Aaron Hosmer, lived with the Johnsons. Susannah's journal tells of an evening party, with watermelons and flip for refreshments, given in honor of Captain Johnson's return from a trading trip down the Connecticut. It tells of the coming of the Indians at dawn and of the birth of her daughter Captive in the forest on the way to Canada. It tells of the white horse, Old Scoggin, on which the weakened mother rode and which later served as a meal when famine threatened the party. You'll find Old Scoggin as one of the characters in *A Cold Journey* by Grace Zaring Stone. The other characters are composite pictures drawn from many sources, but you can't mistake Captain Phineas Stevens's old white horse.

There are hundreds of these border tales, including the stories of Jemima Howe, the "Fair Captive" from Hinsdale; the

Meloon family of Salisbury, who were in captivity for three years; the tragic massacres at Oyster River; the murder of Madam Ursula Curt, widow of John Curt, first President of the royal province, at her farm near Boiling Rock on the Piscataqua; of the Rawlings boy of Dover who remained with the Indians; of Mary Brewster of Portsmouth, scalped and left for dead, who always wore a golden plate under her cap; of Rachel Meloon of Boscawen, who married an Indian, and of the women who protected the garrison fronting on Little Bay.

No history ever has been written about the New Hampshire Indians from their own viewpoint. If it had we might feel differently about Assacumbuit the Sokoki, "the Knight of the French King." At the sound of his name mothers gathered their children into their arms and men glanced at their muskets. In 1706 Assacumbuit was taken to France and presented to King Louis XIV, who made him a knight, gave him a sword, and pensioned him for life for his services with the French. It is true that he tried to exterminate the English because of their cruelties to the Indians. He led his warriors to Lake Winnepesaukee to join the French for that famous attack on Haverhill, Massachusetts, in which the French officer Hertel was killed. For twenty years Assacumbuit wore the insignia of France, and his death was noted in a newspaper. It is said that he is buried somewhere in the Ossipee region.

The Province of New Hampshire and the General Court of Massachusetts made use of all their resources to protect the frontier. Ten scouts were employed constantly to patrol the seacoast from Hampton Beach to Odiorne's Point, and people at the garrisons took their turns "to watch and ward." The first of the scouts to lead a war party to the Coös Country was Captain Benjamin Wright, who had been an Indian fighter since he was fifteen years old.

In 1754 Peter Powers of Hollis, "a brave and experienced officer," was sent by Governor Wentworth to learn if the French were building a fort as rumored. His scouts went up the river along the Fifteen Mile Falls to Northumberland in

the upper Coös. They found no fort and returned home unmolested, though they felt that the Indians were close at their heels.

Our New Hampshire Rangers recently have received great publicity in Kenneth Roberts's novel *Northwest Passage*. In it he has painted a vivid picture of the greatest of the scouts, Robert Rogers of Dunbarton, who with two hundred men destroyed the stronghold of the St. Francis Indians. An outright adventurer by temperament, his best traits were those of the Indian. "All the elements of high tragedy are present in the life of this unusual man. He was a specialized being who shone gloriously in emergencies and yet failed miserably in humdrum activities," says Arthur Pound in *Native Stock*. "He might buy your furs with counterfeit money, but he would risk his scalp rescuing you from the Indians a week later." He helped to make the protest of the tomahawk useless and was an important factor in opening the New Hampshire wilderness to the white man.

WHITTIER'S NEW HAMPSHIRE



YOU CANNOT WRITE a book about New Hampshire without discovering that John Greenleaf Whittier is our state's own particular poet. He has been truly called Hampton's historian in verse, a title which does him scant justice, for he wrote also of the Isles of Shoals, the valleys of the Piscataqua, Saco, and Merrimack Rivers, the lake region, the Bearcamp country, and the Conway interval.

On the walls of the study in the poet's residence in Amesbury, Massachusetts, hung water-colors and oil paintings of the Bearcamp and Ossipee neighborhoods, the Saco Valley, and the Isles of Shoals. Some of the last group were painted by his gifted friend Celia Thaxter. There hung also a study of fringed gentians by Lucy Larcom and a large photograph of Starr King, author of some of the greatest descriptive essays ever written about the White Mountains. In his bedroom, above the parlor, was a fine marine view of the Isles of Shoals and a portrait of Hawthorne, who found the folk-lore of New Hampshire as absorbing as did his Quaker friend.

Whittier especially liked the water-color of the beautiful spot in the White Mountains where the Swift River meets the Saco. While staying at Conway in 1889, he had written to a friend: "My cousins and I have been here for the past week, with some other friends of ours. The weather has been most delightful and Chocorua and Moat are looking their best. We

have just returned from the banks of the Saco where it is joined by Swift River—a very fine bit for a painter.” He mentioned his own idea to one of the guests of the inn, and soon the artist presented him with a study of the “bit” he admired.

From the day of his birth Whittier possessed a vital part of New Hampshire's innermost spirit. It was “born and bred in his bone.” From Job's Hill, rising abruptly above the brook that rippled by the Haverhill farmhouse where he was born, he could see the Pawtuckaway Mountains. If he took a short walk and climbed another hill, he could distinguish in the distance

*Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.*

The Merrimack River,

*Child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,*

flowed placidly through his native town, bringing with it something of “the green repose of Plymouth meadows, the gleam and ripple of Campton rills,” and

*The winding ways of Pemigewasset
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.*

Only a few miles away was the restless ocean. A little to the north lay the Isles of Shoals, where he was to spend many happy summers at the Appledore Hotel during its early seasons. Driven away finally by the throngs of people who visited the increasingly popular summer resort, he was always to retain his deep affection for the Loughton family and for the windswept little islands which had appealed strongly to his quiet, solitude-loving spirit.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BUILDS A COVERED BRIDGE



NEW HAMPSHIRE HAS just built a covered bridge over the Contoocook River where the stream crosses the Hancock-Greenfield town line. If you'd like to see it, follow the Forest Road about two and a half miles southeast of the village of Hancock.

As the people of Littleton said about the latticework covered bridge which Elias Nichols threw over the Ammonoosuc River in 1839: "It's a Jim Dandy!" Naturally, this new bridge differs somewhat from those of the early nineteenth century, and all the improved methods of construction known to modern bridge engineers have been used to make it strong enough to withstand the heavy traffic of the present day. It's made of wood, to be sure, but almost three tons of structural steel are out of sight beneath the floor. It is designed like a steel truss bridge and is supported by sturdy concrete foundations. The sides are of matched fir boards and the roof is sheathed with asphalt shingles.

All the old covered bridges were not made after the same pattern, as you will see if you examine a number of those still standing. The simplest type was the single tunnel with sides boarded up and constructed as cheaply as possible to save the town money.

The latticework bridges patented by Ithael Towne in 1820

Moses Cartland, the son of his mother's cousin Elizabeth, inspired the lines:

*In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day,*

and it was with Joseph and Gertrude Whittier Cartland that he lived during the last years of his life.

There is a strange coincidence in this fact. In *Snow-Bound* there is a character whom Whittier described in eighty lines beginning:

*She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest.*

This erratic wanderer was Harriet Livermore, a granddaughter of Judge Samuel Livermore of Holderness. She was the child of his son Edward St. Loe Livermore, who was at one time a justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court and later as a resident of Newburyport, Massachusetts, a representative to Congress from that district. You will find his grave, not in Newburyport, but in the private burial plot of his family beside the Holderness church. Shortly before Whittier went to live with his Cartland cousins, they bought Judge Livermore's Newburyport home. Thus, in his old age the poet lived in the very house once occupied by the strange woman who so strongly impressed him in his childhood.

The Cartlands were Quakers and Abolitionists. So was Whittier, but he had watched the career of his friend William Lloyd Garrison for five years before throwing in his lot and his talents with the group whose protests against slavery made them the objects of much persecution even in the northernmost states.

After joining them he had a most unhappy experience in Concord, New Hampshire, when he and George Thompson, one of the English reformers who had secured the abolition of



John Greenleaf Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cariland, and Friends
(Photo taken at Sturtevant Farm, Center Harbor, by F. W. Fowler)



Salmon Pool on the Pemigewasset River, from a painting by Abbott Cheever
(Courtesy Warren King Moorehead)

slavery in the British colonies, tried to hold an antislavery meeting in the courthouse. By dragging them into his house William A. Kent saved the young men from the rotten eggs, stones, and mud of the furious mob.

The real object of the trip was to visit the Plymouth home of Nathaniel P. Rogers, the brilliant editor of the *Freedom Herald*, a strong Abolitionist newspaper. The Rogers House is still standing. It is the red house with a cupola on North Main Street opposite the Methodist Church.

In 1881 Whittier was to send a birthday greeting to Mrs. Rogers in which he mentioned this stay at her "beautiful home in the village of Plymouth." To her daughter Mary Rogers Kimball he wrote: "I have a happy recollection of the visit thee speaks of at the farm, a little out of Plymouth, and also of my visit at thy father's house in the village with George Thompson in 1835."

The visit to the farm was made in 1853. Mary Kimball liked to tell of it. "We all loved Mr. Whittier, and before we left our home near Plymouth, N. H., for the West, he spent a week with us. With what delight we wandered, talked, read, and played with him!"

Another daughter, Ellen, was a singer. One evening the poet wrapped her in a white shawl, put a Quaker bonnet on her head, and asked her to sing some of the songs he loved. "A Memory," a real Plymouth poem, was written about the occasion. It begins:

*Here, while the loom of Winter weaves
The shroud of flowers and fountains,
I think of thee and summer eves
Among the Northern mountains.*

*When thunder tolled the twilight's close,
And winds the lakes were rude on,
And thou wert singing, Ca' the Yowes,
The bonny yowes of Cluden.*

Rogers called the farm Undercliff. It is about two miles out of the village on the north side of Baker River west of the Fair Grounds. A big barn sits on the south side of the road and the story-and-a-half house snuggles beneath a cliff which protects it from the northwest winds.

In the spring of 1865 Whittier went to Campton, where he boarded at the farm owned by Selden C. Willey, where James T. and Annie Fields and Celia Thaxter stayed. He had written the first stanza of his "Mountain Pictures" at Lovell's Pond in Fryeburg, Maine, and while he was in Campton he rewrote one of the two, improving "Franconia from the Pemigewasset." Local people still show you the spot where the poet is supposed to have found the inspiration for:

*They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain: for where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods,
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.*

This was the kind of quiet holiday that Whittier loved, with congenial and sympathetic friends in some restful spot. He found many such places in New Hampshire and remembered them in his poetry.

In the southeastern corner of the state on the northern part of Salisbury sands just beyond the mouth of the Hampton

River, he once spent a vacation in a tent with Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields. There, as he says in *The Tent on the Beach*, he listened to the tales of a fisherman "salt as the sea-wind."

*Strange tales he told of wreck and storm,—
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old Spain!*

He wrote "The Wreck of the Rivermouth" while he was at the Isles of Shoals and read the manuscript aloud to his friends by the light of a kerosene lamp. It was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Besides the legend of Goody Cole he used material concerning the drowning of a fishing party which he found in the old records of Hampton.

The marriage of General Moulton to his former wife's companion and the tale of the removal of the bride's rings by a ghostly visitor was incorporated in "The Old Wife and the New." The germ of the story came, he said, from the account of an elderly woman who once spent a summer in the Moulton house. She said that strange noises were heard in the rooms, the steps and rustling gown of a woman unseen on the stairs.

Perhaps it was that first trip to Plymouth which introduced Whittier to the lakes and their guarding mountains, that region which Ethel Arnes has described in her delightful, privately printed book *Midsummer in Whittier's Country*. Of it she says, "The valley where Sandwich Center sleeps is encircled by the hills as by a vast coronet of ever changing colors, purple and rose and red and gold—Israel, Black Mountain, Sandwich Dome, Red Hill, Ossipee, Whiteface, Paugus, Passaconaway, Wonalancet, and, stirring in the distance, the horn of Mount Chocorua. Mightier ranges tower to the north, but none is more strange or beautiful than the mystic Sandwich Range, guardian of Asquam and Winnepesaukee—Smile of the Great

Spirit—of Bearcamp Water and Lake Chocorua. Here was the beloved ground of Whittier—here where Indian legends float in the breezes.”

The poet came season after season to the Bearcamp House in West Ossipee, where

*A shallow stream, from fountains
Deep in the Sandwich Mountains,
Ran lakeward Bearcamp River.*

The valley of the tree-fringed river of Whittier's dreams, whose waters rise in Plummer's mill pond in Sandwich, flow into the Ossipee and thence through the Saco to the sea, has become identified with Whittier's name. One hamlet is known as Whittier; the highway from West Ossipee to Meredith is the Whittier Road; and a mountain is called by his name. There is some confusion as to whether the north or east peak of the Ossipees is Mount Whittier. A good authority tells us that it is the north summit, named at a party given there in the poet's honor.

From an open ledge on the north slope of the mountain, known as Whittier Ledge, Larcom Ledge, or Sheepnose, there is a magnificent view of the Sandwich Range and the lake. The path leaves the highway just south of the covered bridge that spans the Bearcamp, over which Whittier must have passed many times.

In a letter written to his cousin Gertrude Whittier Cartland in 1875 Whittier said of the Bearcamp Inn: "We have been here for the past three weeks. It is a quiet, old-fashioned inn beautifully located." Around the fire on rainy days gathered his friends, including Lucy Larcom and Gail Hamilton. In 1876 the poet and Miss Larcom brought their manuscripts and worked on *Songs of Three Centuries*, which they were compiling.

Sometimes the inn would be filled with members of the Whittier party, especially the Amesbury friends of the poet's

young nieces. He tried to have Edna Dean Proctor, the Henriker poet, join them. When she did not come he wrote her: "We had a pleasant company at Bearcamp House—my nieces and half a dozen of their friends and we should have made you at home at once."

He entered into the activities of the young people, pleasing them with his gay stories and nonsense verses written on rainy days. One day Jettie Morrill, an Amesbury girl, said to him: "Mr. Whittier, you never wrote a love song. I do not believe you can write one. I would like to have you try to write one for me to sing." The next day he handed her "The Henchman's Song" and she sang it to the company.

It was Miss Morrill who inspired the gay poem "The Voyage of the Jettie." The first boat ever put on the Bearcamp River was named for the lively young lady, and Whittier wrote the verses about the event.

He composed "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," and "Among the Hills" before the open fire at the old inn. Later someone asked him the identity of the woman in the last poem. He replied that she was purely imaginary. "I was charmed with the scenery in Tamworth and West Ossipee and tried to call attention to it in the story," he explained. "My old haunt the Bearcamp House is burned down much to my regret— With the long range of the Sandwich Mountains and Chocorua on one hand, and the rugged masses of Ossipee on the other, it is really one of the most picturesque situations in the state."

After his niece Elizabeth was married he wrote to her: "Thee must come up now; don't disappoint us. Come and help eat our bear, which was killed two or three days ago on Chocorua."

As I have said, this neighborhood is full of memories of Whittier and stories about him are told to this day. At a triangular fork of the roads at West Ossipee, on the right as you come from Center Ossipee, stands the Whittier Elm, under which he used to sit. Herbert O. Warner, a summer resident of

Center Sandwich, has photographed the scenes connected with the poet's summers in the Bearcamp Valley.

During the 80's the poet spent part of his summers at the Asquam House on Shepherd Hill in Holderness, a spot that his sister Elizabeth and he discovered long before it became a popular summer resort and which he described in "The Hill-Top." From the hotel he wrote to Annie Fields describing "Such a sunset the Lord before never painted." It was while he was on one of his vacations here that he heard of the death of Longfellow. Taking a volume of his friend's poems belonging to Mrs. Martha Nichols, he wrote on the fly leaf some verses beginning with these lines,

*As clouds that rake the mountains here
We too shall pass and disappear.*

Another spot loved by Whittier was the Sturtevant Farm, the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sturtevant on Sunset Hill about a mile beyond Center Harbor. Usually on his way to the farm he stayed a few days in Center Harbor at the old Senter House, a very prominent hotel in stagecoach days. It was destroyed by fire in 1887.

The Reverend Julius A. Atwood has left us a vivid description of a typical day at Sturtevant Farm. Beginning with prayers and discussion after breakfast, it continued with much good conversation and long pleasant hours under the great white pine behind the farmhouse.

One of the guests gave an interesting interview to the *Portland Transcript* in which he said: "One evening at Sturtevant's we were talking of the immense pine we had seen in the pasture and Mr. Whittier said he had just written a 'little ditty' about it. His cousin Gertrude asked if he would not let us hear it, and without hesitation he read his noble poem *The Wood Giant*." Since then the tree has been known as "the Whittier Pine."

Another noted tree stands on the crest of a high ridge called

Garnet Hill, to the west of the road leading up to Sunset Hill from the village. Pious Deacon Sturtevant named it Old King Saul after the King who, according to the Bible, "stood head and shoulders above his brethren." Before this it had been known as the Pilot Tree because its great height made it a guide for the boatmen of Lake Winnepesaukee.

The Wood Giant has an impressive girth. Mrs. Henry Sturtevant told my good friend Judge Frederick W. Fowler of Laconia that she and Lucy Larcom, standing on opposite sides close to its trunk, were just able to touch fingers together by reaching as far around the trunk as possible. Under this enormous tree Whittier and his friends spent many happy hours.

It was on a matter connected with the great pine that Judge Fowler met the poet. He had taken a picture of the Wood Giant which he showed Whittier, who gave him permission to use it with the recently published poem.

"It was while I was engaged in photography in Center Harbor in the summer of 1885 that I learned that Mr. Whittier was a guest at the Sturtevant Farm on Sunset Hill, and I was anxious to get a picture of New England's Quaker poet, especially as his poem about the great pine on the farm had just been written," Judge Fowler told me. I might add here that the Whittier Pine is on the grounds of Camp Pinelands, which is private property, so you must get special permission if you wish to see it.

Whittier studiously avoided publicity, and the young photographer might have had difficulty in accomplishing his purpose if Mrs. Sturtevant had not come to his aid. Saying that she wished a picture of all the guests at the farm as a reminder of the happy summer they had spent together, she asked Whittier as a special favor to join them. He naturally agreed, and was unobtrusively placed in the center of the group. This gentle conspiracy resulted in a photograph which is still one of Judge Fowler's most prized possessions.

I asked Judge Fowler how he remembered Whittier. He replied: "I was most impressed with his wonderfully expressive

and penetrating dark eyes, deep set under heavy brows, and his modest and unassuming manner." These dark eyes have been described elsewhere as "flashing," and it is said that they were a characteristic of the Bachiler family.

Judge Fowler told me that he last saw Mr. Whittier at Wakefield in August 1891. The poet was staying at the Elmwood Inn with his cousins Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cartland. "The town and the inn were very quiet that day," the judge continued. "Sitting in the parlor reading was a tall, slim man with white hair and beard, and his dark eyes shaded by heavy brows. It was John Greenleaf Whittier. He was then eighty-four years old and quite feeble. His failing eyes allowed him to write but little, and it was difficult to talk with him because of his deafness. He still arose at five o'clock in the morning and walked about the grounds. He liked to visit the swallow-haunted barn of the inn, and at sunset walked out near the great barn where he could see the western sky.

"I was allowed to look into his room. On the table was a vase filled with goldenrod, writing material, a piece of manuscript, and an unfinished letter with a pen dropped beside it."

This was Whittier's last visit to the locality. The Cartlands had chosen Wakefield as a vacation spot for him because of its accessibility, bracing air, and beautiful scenery.

Whittier's name is, of course, identified with other places around the lakes and among the mountains. It is found on the registers of the Crawford House, and with the Cartlands he passed some weeks at Intervale, where he spent part of each day among the lovely pines. Watching some streaks of snow on Mount Washington, he wished that he might see it snow-covered.

In the summer of 1892 he was eager to go to Center Harbor, but the trip was considered too tiring for a man of his age and health. Instead he went to visit his friend Sarah A. Gove at Elmfield, her beautiful home on Hampton Hill, seven miles from Amesbury. He had known the place from

his boyhood, as the house had been occupied for generations by friends of his family.

As he grew stronger he liked to take long walks to the post office and along the river path. Sometimes he would visit the Meshech Weare homestead, where he enjoyed examining the paneled staircase and the heavy wallpapers, which were covered with hunting scenes and fastened on the walls with hand-made nails instead of pins.

At Elmfield he spent many hours on the wide balcony and worked occasionally on the volume of *Sunset Poems* he was compiling. Here it was that he wrote his last verses, to his genial friend Oliver Wendell Holmes on his birthday.

He died at Elmfield early in September 1892. The village church bell in Hampton Falls tolled the knell of his passing. As his body was carried to his home in Amesbury the church bells of the border towns of Seabrook and Salisbury took up the refrain.

His grave overlooks the river that rises in his beloved New Hampshire mountains. His affection for them was expressed in a letter written to Grace Greenwood in 1886. "I spent last summer among the New Hampshire hills, as I have done for several years. Nature never disappoints me."

CRAFTSMEN AT WORK



THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE along the Bearcamp River or were born under the shadow of old Mount Israel are "up-and-a-coming" individuals. They're forehanded, they're industrious, and they're ingenious.

A century ago some of the Sandwich men made sturdy furniture, there were Ossipee folks who knew how to weld strong ox-chains; and I've heard that there was once a goldsmith in the region. The names of the basket-makers like Benich Whitefield of Brookfield and Daniel Hall Sanborn of Wakefield, who could make anything from a bushel basket to those "lazy husband baskets" in which protesting wives picked up chips, are mentioned to this day in hillside farmhouses.

As for the women who lived where they could see the mists from ghostly Indian pipes rolling over Israel, they knew all the secrets of "piecing up" square and swallow patchwork, weaving a lover's-knot coverlet, hooking a "welcome" rug, and knitting winter armor for their husbands and children.

It was exactly the right neighborhood in New Hampshire, I think, for an organized arts and crafts movement to come to life, as it really did in the little village of Center Sandwich when the Sandwich Home Industries started. Nobody dreamed then that this beginning was to grow into a state-wide movement which eventually would help hundreds of men and women stay on their own land and earn money in their own homes. No-

body saw the day when the League sign of a white house topped by a red chimney would swing over shops in every part of New Hampshire.

This is the story of how it all came about. Sandwich, as you know, is a delightful township with beautiful scenery, and the country population is supplemented by summer residents and other citizens who are making it an all-year-round home. Among them were the architect the late J. Randolph Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge. They entered into the civic life of the community, and Sandwich's problems became their problems.

As time went on, Mrs. Coolidge had the dream of helping her neighbors find some way by which they could use their inherited knowledge of handicrafts to make marketable commodities to supplement their incomes. She talked the idea over with her husband. He was as enthusiastic as she. Then she discussed it with a group of Sandwich people and finally a plan of procedure was worked out.

Sandwich happens to have an active town historical society and from it came a committee to work with Mrs. Coolidge in developing the plan and advertising it. They discovered at once that some of the things people made, except a few hooked rugs, were dull and uninteresting, so they decided to use those rugs as the starting-point.

The first step was to visit every home in the locality to invite everybody, old and young, to a rug exhibit and talk by a craftsman in the village library. The people who came were enthusiastic. Some of the men revived their memories of woodworking and basket-making, and the women experimented with wools and dyes and tried out their treasured recipes for cakes, cookies, and jellies. Nor were the children forgotten, for teaching young people handicrafts was one of the important points of the program. A nine-year-old child made a pincushion and a man set up a furniture shop in his shed and began to teach the boys the fascinating craft of working with wood.

The next summer there was more enthusiasm than ever. Carpenters who were finding their own line of work rather dull

that year made small pieces of furniture like camp tables and attractive benches. A blacksmith used his knowledge to produce pieces of wrought iron, and two men started making baskets of hand-split ash. Another man who didn't have tools of his own, not even a lathe, developed a table of his own design though he had to whittle the legs and top and was obliged to borrow a plane to smooth it down.

A shop was opened in a deserted building during the second summer. Its unattractive walls were covered with burlap, and gay chintz curtains hung at the windows. Then a tea room run by volunteer workers was added. At the end of the summer in that town of a little over seven hundred inhabitants a thousand dollars' worth of goods had been sold. Tourists heard about hand-made products over in Sandwich, and business progressed at a most heartening rate.

But the shop was burned in the fire which swept through the village street a few years ago. As I have said, Sandwich people are "up-and-a-coming." They started right in rebuilding. Today as you come into the center of the village you will find another shop, set in the midst of an attractive green and dedicated to the memory of Joseph Randolph Coolidge, "servant and citizen of Sandwich."

While these things were happening, a teacher of weaving and needlework had been secured to bring to the New Hampshire workers a supplementary knowledge of the fine points developed by Swedish craftsmen. The women improved their needlework designs, and looms for weaving green and gray homespun, the colors of the surrounding hills and mountains, and the now famous Sandwich blankets were set up in a number of farmhouses.

Some years ago there were flocks of sheep on the Sandwich hillsides. Now sheep are grazing there again and a real pioneering experiment in preparing wool from the time of shearing until the finished yarn is ready to use in handicrafts has been undertaken.

"We are working up an industry from the wool of a large

flock of sheep. The wool is dyed with local vegetable dyes, carded, spun on old village wheels, and made into yarn for knitting and weaving into dress materials and into couch and motor lap-ropes," is the way I heard Mrs. Coolidge explain the project to a group of women.

Those Sandwich sheep are state-famous now and have traveled about a bit. I saw them for the first time at the Craftsmen's Fair held at the Crawford House in the White Mountains.

I have gone into detail about the growth of the Sandwich Industries because it explains how a thing like this handicraft movement is developed. Mrs. Coolidge is very modest about her share in the work. "It's been a miracle to me, the unfolding of the whole idea," she said. "I haven't done very much. The Sandwich people themselves have made it a success. Perhaps I brought in ideas, inspiration, and initiative and found ways of teaching them. But, after all, they haven't had a great deal of teaching and they've learned from each other."

It was this spirit of co-operation that caught the eye of Governor John G. Winant and convinced him that the revival of home industries like those carried on at Sandwich would help the economic conditions of New Hampshire home-staying people. In 1931 Governor Winant and his Council appointed the Arts and Crafts Commission, which sponsors the New Hampshire League of Arts and Crafts.

Thus New Hampshire was the first state to subsidize handicrafts. Certain large regions in the United States and successful individuals and village organizations have accomplished remarkable things in the line, but our state really is the first one to set up a commission like any of the other state departments.

One of the first things the commission did was to get the services of a trained director and executive to help organize and develop the plan for a state-wide program. The League really began to function in 1932. Offices were established in Concord, with Frank Staples as the first director. Groups were started in a number of towns with the idea of working during

the winter and opening shops in the summer. The main object is not for the League to make money for itself, but to help the local groups to do so by providing the necessary marketing plans and means of distribution. Wherever traces of them can be found, old industries are revived and groups are encouraged to concentrate on some one craft. For instance, the flock of sheep in Sandwich has become a symbol of that organization's specialized handicraft.

Let me tell you about one group in Hancock. The shop is set among fine old trees, and its dooryard is sweet with myrtle and lilies-of-the-valley. It is run by volunteer workers under the leadership of Mrs. Foster Stearns, who has made intensive studies of designs on old needlework and on earthenware. This shop specializes in needlework done in artistic, vigorous patterns. One design worked on napkins was copied from oak leaves seen on a floor in Barnstable, Massachusetts; another effective pattern copied on hand-sewn centerpieces was inspired by three rosebuds on a child's gravestone. Quilts in intricate patterns are fashioned, and one woman designed pillow tops with patterns copied from quilt designs like the Rose of Sharon, Wandering Foot, and Rob Peter to Pay Paul. Hancock is in the apple-growing country of New Hampshire and another worker capitalized the idea by covering bricks with cloth and working a gay design of ruddy apples upon them to be used as doorstops.

Of course the members of the group do not confine themselves to needlework. Each does what she can best carry out. One sells home-canned chicken put up in glass; another takes orders for real old-time netted fringe. Then there are the Hancock bags with the trick bottoms—the designer can't make them fast enough to supply the demand.

Andover, located in the valley between Franklin and Lebanon, specializes in weaving. This group puts great emphasis on the work of young people.

Some years ago Governor Winant had a survey made of mineral resources and mines of New Hampshire and the

League has found it especially helpful in developing its work with native stones and gems. A number of groups make jewelry in which they use rose quartz, garnets, topazes, and aquamarines and green and blue beryls. Inkstands and ash-trays are made from Francestown soapstone.

The group at Walpole has developed woodcarving. Wolfboro is noted for its metal-work, and Dover has given its name to the pottery seen in the various shops.

The development of native pottery has been one of the most interesting things about the League work. When the idea of making it was first proposed, some people objected to it, saying that our clays were not right for the work. Research, however, showed that New Hampshire once had many potteries, such as the one outside Concord and those at Exeter, Gonic, Keene, and Marlboro. Milk-pans, cream-pans, and jugs were made in Boscawen, and an entire family worked on milk-pans, beanpots, and mugs in another locality. In fact, there is a folk-story that Jarman Hill in Peterborough got its name because the "man who made jars" and sold them at the farmhouses lived there.

What is to prevent the same thing being done again in New Hampshire was the question the League members asked one another. It has been done and with success. The Engineering Experiment Station co-operated with the League and worked to discover how to perfect glazes and how to make the pottery watertight. It is a long story and from a technical standpoint very interesting. I shall not attempt to tell it here. After long experimentation and study, the glazes were prepared and the brown, yellow, green, pastel blue, blue-green, gray, and a shade of warm pink tan now used on Old Dover pottery, are as lovely as anything of the type made in the country. Each piece has its own individual characteristics, for New Hampshire potters, believing that fingers are always more intelligent and sensitive than the wheel, give their casseroles, pitchers, beanpots, and flower-holders final touches that make them truly handmade in appearance.

From the very first the actual making of pottery took a firm hold on the imaginations of the people in the Piscataqua region. This was demonstrated by the fact that on the March day set for the class to begin there was one of the worst storms known in 1933 and twelve would-be potters from Dover, Durham, and Rollinsford enrolled.

The Concord League boasts of a woodcarver who learned his art in Sweden and whose skill can't be duplicated in New England. His work ranges all the way from exquisitely wrought candlesticks and picture frames to an assortment of miniature animals, replicas of New Hampshire's "little beasts of field and wood."

Reproductions of the birthplaces of Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, and Mary Baker Eddy are also made by members of this branch. The work is carved out with minute attention to details. The Greeley Birthplace, for instance, has a real brick chimney surmounting the sturdy brown house. There are a woodshed and a cider barrel, and on the back porch are a grindstone, a tiny mop, and even a dish-towel hung out to dry.

One of the members of the Concord group whose wife needs his care at home makes hooked rugs and is proud of the fact that people like to see them. A blind worker puts rush bottoms and cane seats in chairs. But the prize story of all is, I think, that of the "Grandpas" and "Grandmas."

One July day the Concord director was looking for articles to stock the shop when it first started and went to call on a young woman out in the country who made hooked rugs. The girl was out in the hayfield helping her father, so her mother displayed her handiwork.

"While I was there, I spied a couple of small dolls whittled out of wood," the director said. "They were very lifelike and well done. The girl had made them as a pastime during the long evenings.

"Then as I left I saw in the dooryard among the shrubbery a miniature house of old New England design. It was furnished completely, even to hooked rugs done with a steel

crochet-hook. There was a square piano, a four-poster bed, a Boston rocking-chair, and a ladder-back chair. As for the barn, it had horses and cows, a hayloft, and there was a broken chain and a saddle stowed away just as natural as in real life. That girl had whittled out everything with her grandfather's jackknife!

"Thrilled with it all, I went back to Concord. Over in Sandwich Mr. Staples had seen portraits—the kind that hang in oval frames in parlor bedrooms—of an old New Hampshire man and woman. Hoping that sometime our country people might be portrayed in the same way as were the peasant figures found abroad, he had made a drawing of them. I carried the sketches and some Swiss figures to that girl and gave her a few simple directions.

"In about a week, on a hot midsummer day, she 'biked' into Concord to deliver her first 'Grandma' beautifully carved from a stick of pine wood which she had found in the woodshed. The arms were jointed, but the feet were set on the body so it could stand alone. 'Grandma' wore a dress of old fashioned black and white print with the basque buttoned primly down the front and a tiny lace collar. Later 'Grandpa,' an old man in shirtsleeves, vest, and trousers, was made. This quaint old couple is one of our best sellers."

Very early in its history the League discovered that to reach the standards it had set for design, workmanship, and choice of material, there must be instructors to supplement native knowledge. So as rapidly as it could, it began to use teachers of weaving, needlework, leatherwork, woodcarving, and wrought iron and they are sent out from the home office to communities who ask for them. One summer the instructors taught for some weeks at the School of New Hampshire Craftsmen held at Plymouth Normal School.

Sometimes a town is fortunate enough to have a master craftsman living in it who will help in teaching. Such was the case in the Plymouth branch, where courses in weaving were taught in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Blake, both of

whom have had twenty years of practical weaving experience and have studied under the well-known Mary Meigs Atwater and at the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences.

The League also sends traveling exhibitions to the various groups to show them really fine examples of handwork. It has discovered that if an article is useful, beautifully made, and of fine design and reasonably priced, it will almost sell itself. An example is the very popular "pie basket," a square covered basket of split ash with a removable tray, designed especially for two pies or two cakes. "Where but in New England would a pie be so honored as to have a basket all of its own!" a woman exclaimed. But visitors from all parts of the country buy them!

Then there are those finely made iron andirons and hinges hammered out on a forge that once was used to shoe many horses a day. A list of products—I probably shall omit some without meaning to do so—includes furniture, fire irons, baskets made of split ash and wood, needlework, woodcarvings, and mirrors, every kind of weaving, bottles of pewter and copper, ski mittens, snowshoes, quilts, dolls, knitted articles, pottery, rugs, wooden trays, book ends, bows and arrows, canoe paddles, smocks, home-cooked food and jellies.

The present director, Edgar A. Keene, is responsible for the administration of the League. Each local group has its own supervisor and store manager, and every member has the privilege, provided his work has passed the standards set by the League, of marketing through any of the shops.

The state administrator tries to find out where certain articles will market best, for if they do not sell in one display room, they may in another. A weekly inventory is kept in small shops, each of which is in touch with the state office. In this way products do not become shopworn. The organization also has a registering system which prevents one member from copying the work of another; to be registered the idea must be original and of excellent workmanship.

The records at the end of the first year showed that approxi-

mately \$9,000 worth of business had been done. The second year ended with a \$15,000 business, and in 1934 the figures jumped to considerably over \$20,000. There was a gain of nearly twenty per cent over past records in 1937, with a sales volume of nearly \$30,000.

The League has held four fairs to bring its work before the public. The first, "Craftsmen at Work," was held in an old coach-house at the Crawford House in 1934 and was preceded by weeks of careful planning. It was a great success and was followed the next summer by another at Hancock. Here the exhibits were housed in the lovely old church, with the town hall on the ground floor, and the near-by vestry and horsesheds were used by the craftsmen. Hundreds of people attended this fair; more came the next summer to the one held in Rye and there were still more at the 1937 exhibit in the lake city, Laconia.

Among the craftsmen who came were an ironworker from Francestown who had been a blacksmith for over a half-century, potters from Dover and Somerworth, weavers from Sandwich and Andover, a woodworker from Sandwich who turned out wooden plates and cups on his lathe, woodcarvers from Concord, a designer of glorified milking stools and sleigh seats for children from Antrim, needleworkers from Hancock, knitting experts from South Acworth and metal-workers from Wolfeboro.

It was thrilling to watch them at work and to think that here were New Hampshire people making New Hampshire products out of New Hampshire materials. Then I thought of something I once heard Mrs. Foster Stearns say over the radio: "A person who can take the raw material like the wool on a sheep's back, or a tree in a forest, and see it through to its finish as a useful article with pleasing decoration is a master craftsman."

WHEN NEW HAMPSHIRE MADE GLASS



ONE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS of the Commission of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts would like to see the art of glass-blowing revived in New Hampshire. She has visited the sites of some of the old pot-works and talked with any persons she could find who remembered anything at all about the days when glass-making was an industry important enough to be listed in the business directories.

Her dream seems a wonderful idea to me, and I don't see why eventually hand-blown glass articles as well as pottery can't be added to the list of things sold in the League shops.

The starting of the first New Hampshire glass-works on the north side of Kidder Mountain in Temple isn't always told in the same way, for there are few records left and its history is obscured by a misty veil made by the passing of time, with no one left to tell what really happened. It was back in 1780 that Robert Hewes, variously listed in the old Boston directories as a tallow chandler, manufacturer of soap and glue, late hog-butcher, fencing master, surgeon, bone-setter, starch-maker, teacher of sword exercise, and maker of Hewes's liniment, left Boston and came up into the hills of southern New Hampshire when land, wood, and labor were cheap, to set up pot-works.

It was early in the spring when the versatile Mr. Hewes arrived in Temple and by fall he had put to work his skilled Hessian and Waldecker glass-blowers that he brought with him.

There was a good chance for such an industry. The Stiegel and Wisterburg plants were closing because of business conditions caused by the Revolutionary War, and there was a great demand for glass because of the embargo on imports. In fact, the good people of Groton were greatly upset when they were trying to repair their meeting-house, for they couldn't buy glass anywhere and had to ask the General Court to let them have some out of the common stores.

Nevertheless, Robert Hewes's venture wasn't altogether successful. Even with small wages it was expensive for him to pay the glass-blowers and the sums he had to give the Temple people for hauling the cords and cords of wood needed to feed the furnaces was eating up the legacy left him by his father. Then his small plant burned down.

It was quite time, Hewes decided, that he should leave New Hampshire and engage in another business which he could add to the list of his accomplishments. But some of the Temple citizens persuaded him to stay by promising to form a "society" to furnish money for rebuilding the glasshouse and furnaces. So the works started up again, and once more the farmers began to cut wood and haul it with their ox-teams to the waiting furnaces. But business did not progress as it should and on March 30, 1781 the legislature authorized a lottery to raise two thousand pounds "to enable one Robert Hewes to carry on the manufacture of glass." However, though the tickets were printed, they seem never to have been sold.

The following winter the glass-works underwent another calamity. The frosts shattered the furnaces and there wasn't enough money to repair them. This time Hewes really left the town and the first glass-works in New Hampshire, which some people claim were the first in the country to be carried on by Americans, were abandoned. Several specimens of window glass, the principal product of the Temple pot-works, are preserved at Harvard University.

A little over thirty years after Robert Hewes left Temple, the New Hampshire Glass Factory started in Keene. "The act

to incorporate certain persons by the name of *The Proprietors of the New Hampshire Glass Factory*" was approved by the General Court in June 1814 and the names of some of Keene's most prominent men appeared as stockholders. In 1820 it was employing twenty men and five boys and was making window glass which was valued at thirty thousand dollars yearly. That year the legislature voted to exempt the capital stock of the factory from taxation and to exempt some of the workmen, including one calciner, two wood-dryers, one master, and two common stokers and eight blowers, from military duty. Later the word "company" was substituted for "factory" in the name, which again was changed completely to the Keene Window Glass Company.

The first factory was on old Prison Street, now Washington Street, and the sand used in making the glass came from a slope near Beaver Brook. The stockholders wanted an experienced superintendent, so they sent to Albany for Colonel Laurence Schoolcraft, who had managed glass-works there.

When the first company was a little over a year old, two of the stockholders, Daniel Watson and Captain Timothy Twitchell of Dublin, and Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, son of the superintendent of the Prison Street glass-works, withdrew to start in business for themselves on Marlboro Street. If you are interested at all in the history of the Indians, you will recognize in young Schoolcraft's name that of the man who afterwards wrote volumes, profusely illustrated, about them. This company did not make window glass, but launched out into the blowing of flint glass tumblers, decanters, and bottles. In less than a year Daniel Watson had left the Marlboro Street Company, and Nathaniel Sprague, later a clergyman, had come into it. In 1816 bottles were being made under the name of Schoolcraft and Sprague.

But the lifting of the embargo on foreign goods put the two glass companies in sorry straits, and the New Hampshire Glass Company was taken over by the firm of Appleton and Elliott, while Justus Perry bought the Marlboro Street factory. He

built a large stone building and began to make flint glass bottles.

Justus Perry was an astute business man and, for the times, accumulated a large fortune. His son Horatio Perry was educated at Harvard and in 1849 was secretary to the legation in Spain, where he married the poet laureate Carolina Coronada. When Perry bought out the glass company he began at once to advertise his wares as a "complete assortment of glass bottles at the Flint Glass Factory, Keene, and at much lower prices than the Hartford bottles." In 1822 he took John V. Wood into the business and the firm carried on a store and the glasshouse. Then a little more than a year later Mr. Perry's half-brother Sumner Wheeler joined them and until 1827, when Mr. Wheeler took over the company, the firm was known as Perry and Wheeler.

Sumner Wheeler left a distinct impression of integrity on the life of Keene which was remembered for years. The story is told of him that a bitter-tongued cynic once declared that there wasn't an honest man in the town.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I can name one," a neighbor interrupted.

"Well, you leave Sumner Wheeler out and I'll take you up!" the cynic replied.

Both the New Hampshire Glass Factory on Prison Street and the Flint Glass Factory on Marlboro Street were doing business in 1840. Ten years later the Prison Street works still was making window glass under the name of J. D. Colony and Company, the last firm to use the building, which was destroyed by fire in 1855.

As for the Flint Glass Factory, it again changed hands and was moved to Stoddard, where it was operated by Joseph Foster for a short time. This change accounts for the similarities which collectors have noticed in the materials, methods, and molds of Keene and Stoddard bottles.

Three flasks well known to glass-lovers were made at the Marlboro Street factory, the Keene Masonic bottle of greenish amber glass made from 1816 to 1820, a variant of the same

flask from which some of the finer impressions are missing, and the so-called Keene Sunburst bottle, which was manufactured from 1822 to 1827. On the reverse side of the Keene Sunburst bottle are the letters *P & W* meaning either Perry and Wood or Perry and Wheeler. The word "Keen" without the final *e* which is found on some of the flasks is merely the way the older generation spelled the word. Besides the greenish amber color of some of the Keene bottles, many articles produced in the factories were of a dark, characteristic green color now called "Keene green." It is found in old inkwells, patent-medicine bottles, whisky flasks, and decanters.

I suppose it is "Stoddard" which really put New Hampshire on the map for collectors, though probably some of the so-called Stoddard glass was made in the Keene pot-works, and, as I have said, Keene molds were taken to Stoddard by Joseph Foster. His glass-works, "a furnace of stone principally," only ran for a short time and then failed. Again he tried to establish a business, with the same results. Then in 1846 Gilman Scripture, John M. Wheton Jr., and Calvin Curtis started making bottles at South Stoddard, but their large factory burned. It was rebuilt, however, and in 1854, to quote the history of Stoddard, "they are making annually about \$2,500 worth of bottles of various sizes and descriptions."

New Hampshire as It Is, a gazetteer of 1855, says: "There are two glass factories, each of which contains eight pot furnaces, which are kept constantly heated during six months of the year. The value of the products amounts annually to about \$10,000, and consists of window glass and glass ware of various kinds. The whole number of hands employed in the glass-works, including both sexes is 200." *The New Hampshire Business Directory of 1868* lists three glass factories, and the town history speaks of a fourth, which ran but a short time.

Glass was made in Stoddard up until late in the 1870's and there are men living in the vicinity today who served as apprentices to the glass-blowers. One of them who held the pontil rod when he was twelve years old, says that besides the pint and

quart whisky bottles, wicker-covered demijohns, ink bottles, and flasks of the usual dark amber-green, some fine red amber decanters and jugs were made in the town. He also says that the superintendents of the pot-works allowed the workmen to use the residue or liquid glass remaining in the kettle at the end of the day's work as they liked. This accounts, I suppose, for the lily-pad pitcher of deep red which a collector found on the site of one of the old factories when he carried away four truck-loads of "discoveries," and for the "toppers," or glass hats used as toothpick-holders, vases, and glass men which were sold as novelties over the countryside.

Lyndeborough was another glass-making town, though the first company was not incorporated until 1867. It was known as the Lyndeborough Glass Company. The next year the New Hampshire Silex Company "to establish, manage and carry on the manufacturing of silex into sand for glass and fire brick and other articles" was incorporated. Both companies were parts of the same organization and until 1886 made all kinds of bottles from the ounce size to great carboys holding fourteen gallons, which were distributed all over New England and Canada.

The Chelmsford Glass Company, with William Parker as agent, began to do business on Glass Street in Suncook in 1839 and continued working until the Civil War. The principal product was window glass, but the workmen were allowed to make novelties like glass pens and cones. The Currier Art Gallery in Manchester has a few pieces of the Suncook glass.

In *The White Hills* Cornelius Weygandt has included an excellent chapter on New Hampshire glass which he calls "Stoddard, Stoddard and Keene." You should read it, for it brings out a point which I think makes any collection of old handicrafts valuable. "You cherish your specimens of choice glass for their intrinsic beauty; but cherish the humbler bottles, too, for their association with the generations of men," he says.

It's the last clause I like, for it conveys that zest for living characteristic of the real New Hampshireman—that spirit

which Rae S. Hunt described in a review of "Midsummer in Whittier's Country," written for *The Granite Monthly*.

"In each New Hampshire town there have lived men and women whose forgotten lives are chapters of picturesque and heroic achievement. The labor that went into the making of some rose-grown cellar-hole, the lure of ancient Indian ways and trails;—it is impossible to travel far in New Hampshire without passing silent records in every town that would make golden reading if the glamour of actuality were thrown over them.

"Men lived in each town, real men and real women, struggling, toiling, loving, aspiring, and yet, in the embalmed records of the town histories only once in a blue moon is there any hint that the pioneers of New Hampshire were real characters of flesh and blood; men who swapped yarns and horses, who cleared forests, ploughed fields, trapped muskrats, went fishing—who did anything, in fact, except read the Bible and Shakespeare."

MEMORIES OF THE MERRIMACK



I DO NOT WONDER that Governor Rollins called New Hampshire the *Mother of Rivers*. As Jeremy Belknap pointed out in his history, "New Hampshire is so situated that five of the largest rivers in New England either take their rise within its limits or receive much of their water from the mountains."

These five rivers—the Piscataqua, the Merrimack, the Androscoggin, the Saco, and the Connecticut—are fed by countless streams bringing the total area for river and stream drainage in the state up to 32,225.46 acres.

From the standpoint of industrial history the Merrimack is the state's most interesting river. It leads from the sea right up into the Franconia mountains by way of the Pemigewasset branches and to the lake region by way of the Winnepesaukee. Moccasined feet, ox-carts, pod-teams, stagecoaches, steam railways, and automobiles have followed the valley into the north country as one generation of people has made way for another.

Including the Pemigewasset and the Winnepesaukee Rivers and the principal tributaries, the Contoocook, the Suncook, the Souhegan, the Piscataquog, and the Nashua, it has furnished water-power for mills and industrial plants since the early nineteenth century. Over fifty years ago the *Report on Water Power in U. S. Census* stated that the "Little Merrimack is the most noted water-power stream in the world." This of course

includes also the river's Massachusetts reaches. The last *Biennial Report of the State Planning and Development Commission* (1936-7) gives the total existing horsepower of the Merrimack River drainage basin as 109,868 with 24 plants owned by electric utilities and 61 generating power for industrial users on the sites.

I can't tell you who first saw the waters of the Merrimack, but I do know that in 1614 Captain John Smith had heard of it, at least. He called it a "great broad river or bay" and said: "The river's name is Merimack as I take it."

There are conflicting stories about this early name. One writer maintains that it was Kaskaashadi, "the place of broken waters." Personally, I think this must have been applied to the upper part of the river and was the Indians' way of describing the joining of the Pemigewasset and the Winnepesaukee branches at Franklin. Another gives Cabassauk, "the place of the sturgeon," and a third suggests that it was Morôdemak, a word which is made up of old Abnaki syllables meaning a "deep or profound river."

One theory is as good as another, I think. My only suggestion is that you now spell the name *Merrimack* and do not leave off the *k* above the Massachusetts boundary line.

Anyone who writes the story of the Pemigewasset-Merrimack drainage basin will find that he is pulling aside a curtain to reveal one of the most picturesque pageants in New Hampshire history. Its four main threads are the Indian days, the settlement period, the era of industrial development, and the changing problems in transportation.

He sees the "peaceful Pennacooks" raising corn on the intervals or fishing for salmon and shad at the falls of the Amoskeag. He catches a glimpse of the advance party of thirty-two men penetrating the wilderness to start the settlement at the Pennycook Plantation. He discovers Indians creeping through the forest toward some lonely and unprotected cabin. He finds farmhouses set in the midst of orchards, fields, and pasture lands. Then the shriek of a mill whistle cuts the morning fog,

and trails, muddy roads, river boats, and turnpikes give way to railroads and state highways. Finally the era of a new industry dawns—that of summer and winter recreation in its various aspects.

The great Indian story of the river is that of Hannah Dustin, who with the help of Mary Neff and a lad, Samuel Leonardson by name, scalped her Indian captors and paddled a canoe down-river from an island just above Concord to the home of John Lovewell on Salmon Brook in old Dunstable.

Cotton Mather told the story with dramatic effect, but I like better the description as Thoreau presents it in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. He really brings those desperate white women and that terrified boy to life again with his vivid phrases. They handle "the paddles unskillfully, but with nervous energy and determination," as they try not to look down at the ten bleeding scalps in the bottom of the canoe.

"An Indian lurks behind every rock and pine, and their nerves cannot bear the tapping of a woodpecker—they do not stop to cook their meals upon the bank, nor land, except to carry their canoe about the falls—the ice is floating in the river—deer gaze at them from the bank—the fish-hawk sails and screams overhead, and geese fly over with a startling clangor—they do not smile or chat all day."

There's a monument to Hannah Dustin's memory on that island at the junction of the Contoocook with the larger river and where she killed the Indians and returned again for the scalps because she feared the General Court of Massachusetts would not believe her story.

The region extending from old Dunstable to Pennycook was surveyed as early as 1638. One August day about twenty years later the expedition to find the source of the Merrimack started upstream "in botes." The members of that party were quite distressed when they came to the "Forks" in the present city of Franklin and found two streams instead of one leading into the wilderness.

"But taking notice of both these rivers and knowing that we

must make use of but one I called the Indians to inform us which was Merrimack; their answer was the river which was next to us—that came from the easterly point, which river we followed unto the Lake,” Jonathan Ince recorded in the report he handed over to the commissioners.

I’ve often wondered where Massachusetts Bay Colony would have set its boundary marker if the surveyors and their Indian guides had followed the salmon up the Pemigewasset instead of the shad up the Winnepesaukee River.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers is the outstanding book about the Merrimack. It was written by Henry Thoreau, that gentle and highly civilized philosopher and naturalist, the hermit of Walden Pond, and tells of a journey which he and his brother John began in “a boat shaped like a fisherman’s dory” and which finally ended on the summit of Mount Washington.

They set out on Saturday, the last day of August 1839, and on Monday at noon passed between Nashua and Hudson and rowed up Salmon Brook far enough to see “the dents in the earth” and the “wrecks of ancient apple trees” which marked the sites of the first settlers’ homes.

Thoreau’s keen eyes noted every detail of the landscape and of bird and animal life, and he located the important historical sites by the aid of a gazetteer he carried with him. The brothers camped “near Penichook Brook by a deep ravine under the skirts of a pinewood, where the dead pine leaves were our carpet, and their tawny boughs stretched overhead.” They drank the waters of Naticook Brook, and Henry wrote some verses about the Souhegan or “crooked river” in which he called it an “experienced river.”

After passing Cohass Brook they came to that “sparkling water” the Piscataquog and soon heard the rumble of the falls of the Amoskeag. On Thursday it rained and through the mist they caught a glimpse of Hookset Pinnacle. At this spot they left their boat and tramped up the river bank to Concord, where they were treated well.

On the 6th of September they proceeded by stage to Plymouth and then walked to Tilton's Inn in Thornton. The next day they set out for the Franconia Notch. "Suns rose and set and found us still on the dark forest path which meanders up the Pemigewasset, now more like the otter's or marten's trail, or where a beaver had dragged his trap, than where the wheels of travel raise a dust." That was the way the road through the notch looked to those trampers of a hundred years ago.

I wish I had the space to tell you of the return trip from Hookset to Concord, Massachusetts—of "the first russet tinge on the hills by the rushing river," of the "gold-finch on the willow," of "the shore so coolly fresh and shining with dew."

Thoreau has left us one of the best descriptions ever written about the coming of autumn to New Hampshire. He said: "We heard the sigh of the first autumnal wind, and even the water had acquired a grayer hue. The sumach, grape and maple were already changed, and the milkweed had turned to a deep rich yellow. In all woods the leaves were fast ripening for their fall; for their full veins and lively gloss mark the ripe leaf, and not the sered one of the poets; and we knew that the maples, stripped of their leaves among the earliest, would soon stand like a wreath of smoke along the edge of the meadow."

For many years ferries were the only means of crossing the river and when someone suggested bridging the Merrimack there was great consternation up and down the valley. The shad would be frightened away! Navigation would be obstructed. There would be an interference of the normal movement of the tides. How Enoch Worthen of Kensington laughed at the absurd statements! Then he wrote some verses in which he poked such fun at the dire forebodings that people really began to think a bridge might be built after all.

I must not forget to tell you of the mammoth pines floated down the river for masts for the King's Navy. Some of the largest and most valuable were cut in Goffstown and New Boston and were barked, or hauled, over the mast roads to the river banks by teams of six or eight yokes of oxen. One of

them cut on the farm of Jonathan Bell of Goffstown in the valley of the south branch of the Piscataquog was so huge that you sometimes hear stories about it even now.

Lumber for masts, spars, and bowsprits was rafted down the Merrimack or was allowed to drift down the Contoocook during high water. From the very first settlement of Boscawen, getting out ship timbers and rafting them to Medford was the town's chief industry.

There was shipbuilding on the river, too. In fact most of the timbers of the largest ship ever built in America—the four-mast clipper ship the *Great Republic*—were prepared in the Nashua shipyard of Luther Robey, who furnished the material for more than one of the famous “ocean flyers.”

Of course the river valley was a real artery for trade and provided a thoroughfare over which the pod-teams, the ancestors of the modern trucks and motor vans, hauled loads of cheeses, apples, tubs of butter, turkeys, chickens, dressed hogs, and all the other products of northern New Hampshire for the markets at Salem, Newburyport, and Boston. They returned with loads of goods needed for the country stores. In winter many of the farmers drove their own “pungs” down with farm product and returned with staple goods that could not be raised on their land.

That was a great day in the Merrimack's industrial life when the Middlesex canal opened in 1803. Dams and locks were put in the river and short canals built round the falls. Later there were short side canals with locks built where the Nashua and Piscataquog Rivers join the larger river.

Major Caleb Stark of Dunbarton, son of General John Stark, and Isaac Riddle of Piscataquog really opened up the river navigation by starting the first freight boat, the *Experiment*. Its arrival was hailed with great excitement, and the days on which it left for its down-river trips were filled to the brim with the activities of loading and getting the boat off. From then on for forty years during the months that the Merrimack was free from ice, boats carrying freight thronged the stream.

Thoreau tells us that each boat was managed by two men who in ascending the river used poles about fourteen feet long and pointed with iron to pilot the craft along. When they went down, a man at each end used an oar, and if the wind was favorable they raised the boat's broad sail. "With their broad sails set, they moved slowly up the stream in the sluggish and fitful breeze, like one-winged antediluvian birds, and as if impelled by some mysterious counter-current," he said. But in Thoreau's day this method of freighting was beginning to die out. He noticed that the locks needed repairing, for railroads were being built and he predicted the end of the river trade.

The Merrimack's principal headwater stream rises in Profile Lake, right under the chin of the Old Man of the Mountains. As it dashes along—a swift mountain brook—through the Franconia Notch Reservation, it plunges in cascades through deep rock ravines by some of the most beautiful scenery in the White Mountains.

"At first it comes on murmuring to itself by the base of stately retired mountains, through most primitive woods whose juices it receives, where the bear still drinks it." All of this description is as true as it was a century ago, even to the bear, which still is seen in the forests.

After the Pemigewasset leaves the reservation and the town of Lincoln, it flows through North Woodstock and Woodstock—old Peeling—Thornton, Campton, and Plymouth. On the way it passes the Indian Head, the rocky profile which thousands of tourists stop to see each year either from the ground or from the tower put up for its better observation.

Like many other New Hampshire streams, the Pemigewasset's name is of Indian origin and means "the river of the narrow and shallow swift current." As Frances Frost says in her poem "Indian Country," first published in the *New Yorker*,

*Over New Hampshire now the snow is falling;
softly the snow comes down on Indian rivers—
Souhegan, Contocook, Wild Ammonoosuc,*

Pemigewasset, Merrimac, Mohawk, Saco.

*Black runs the water between the broken ice banks;
the feathers of snow are drowned in the little rivers
where once lean hands were fierce on the soundless paddles.*

At Plymouth the "Pemmi," as it is known locally, is joined by the Baker River, named for Captain Thomas Baker, the Indian-fighter. It rises on the eastern side of Mount Moosilauke and flows through Warren, Wentworth, Rumney, and Plymouth. I like its old name, Asquamchaumke, "the mountain water place," much better than Baker River and I've been told that many people living in the locality are of the same opinion.

With Holderness on its east bank, the Pemigewasset flows into Ashland and then, dividing New Hampton from Bridgewater, cuts Bristol into two almost equal parts and winds along the eastern edge of Hill to join the Winnepesaukee at Franklin. The Bristol people make use of the river in their winter sports program and keep the ice from Bristol to New Hampton cleared for skating.

Nearly everyone I know has a different idea about the meaning of the word "Winnepesaukee." Many people won't admit anything less than "the Smile of the Great Spirit," and others are just as firm in saying it is "the Beautiful Lake in the High Place." A third and much smaller group think it comes from Winiwininebesaki, meaning "good water discharge" and was applied originally to the outlet and not to the lake itself. Anyway, the Winnepesaukee River flows through Paugus Bay, Lake Opechee and Lake Winnisquam and passes through the towns of Laconia, Belmont, and Northfield on its way to the "Forks."

Sometime you may read that Meredith is on the Winnepesaukee River. So it was once, for the original township was very large and part of it which now is a section of the city of Laconia lay on the west bank of the river. The east bank was Gilford and they were connected by Meredith Bridge, which

gave its name to the village clustering about the falls before it was incorporated as Laconia.

Edna Dean Proctor, the Henniker poet, called the Contoocook River "Monadnock's child of snowdrifts born" and wrote a long poem about it. Unlike other New Hampshire rivers of its size, the Contoocook flows northward. As it crosses the corner of Hillsborough it turns northwest, flows through Henniker and Hopkinton into Concord and meets the Merrimack at the Boscawen line.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BUILDS A COVERED BRIDGE



NEW HAMPSHIRE HAS just built a covered bridge over the Contoocook River where the stream crosses the Hancock-Greenfield town line. If you'd like to see it, follow the Forest Road about two and a half miles southeast of the village of Hancock.

As the people of Littleton said about the latticework covered bridge which Elias Nichols threw over the Ammonoosuc River in 1839: "It's a Jim Dandy!" Naturally, this new bridge differs somewhat from those of the early nineteenth century, and all the improved methods of construction known to modern bridge engineers have been used to make it strong enough to withstand the heavy traffic of the present day. It's made of wood, to be sure, but almost three tons of structural steel are out of sight beneath the floor. It is designed like a steel truss bridge and is supported by sturdy concrete foundations. The sides are of matched fir boards and the roof is sheathed with asphalt shingles.

All the old covered bridges were not made after the same pattern, as you will see if you examine a number of those still standing. The simplest type was the single tunnel with sides boarded up and constructed as cheaply as possible to save the town money.

The latticework bridges patented by Ithael Towne in 1820

were more interesting and were so fashionable in the 1840's that nearly every town tried to raise money enough to construct at least one or two of them. The less expensive kinds had no sidewalks, but the "best in the line" were made with a double track for teams with the roof raised high enough to allow a loaded wain of hay to pass under. The latticework was held together by treenails, commonly known as "trunnels." Usually the contractor furnished them, while the town or bridge company provided the abutments, floor planking, and hand-hewn shingles for the roof. Vertical vibrations were prevented by the addition of wooden arches, supported by piers.

The early bridge-builders ran up against a serious problem when they attempted to make piers which could withstand the spring ice jams and freshets of the swollen rivers. Someone worked out a scheme in Bristol to keep the covered bridge in place when the Pemigewasset went on a rampage by using a chain to anchor it to a rock on the river bottom. Then came the serious question as to who should "bell the cat." A bath in the icy water wasn't the least bit appealing to anybody. Finally the country doctor Enos Brown dived down and accomplished the deed to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

There has been considerable discussion lately on a metropolitan radio program concerning the reason for putting a roof on a covered bridge. The answer is obvious. It was done to protect the great timbers and flooring.

The idea came from Switzerland, according to Sir Charles Lyell, one of the numerous British travelers in America. He spent an October night in Plymouth on his way from the White Mountains to Boston and while taking a walk passed the time of day with the toll-keeper at the old Lafayette Bridge. "In the evening I walked on a roofed wooden bridge, resembling many in Switzerland, which here spans the Pemigewasset," he said.

¶ The shapes of the roofs vary, as you will notice if you compare them. The most picturesque of all of them was on the Canterbury covered bridge, which was taken down years ago.

Its style was quite different from any other ever used in this country, for it curved in two "camel's back" spans rising from either end in wide sweeping curves, verging at the center and meeting at the level with the starting-point. This gave the bridge a quaint Old World appearance.

Some people think the Bath Bridge, which was built in 1839 at a cost of \$3,500, is the finest covered bridge in the state. My favorite, however, is the lovely little Flume Bridge in the Reservation. Probably no other one of our covered bridges has had more visitors or has been more photographed. Pictures of it have appeared in many periodicals, ranging in variety from the *National Geographic Magazine* to a house organ published in the midwest.

Another much photographed covered bridge is the Barnet Bridge between North Monroe and Barnet Village, which should not be confused with the old Lyman Toll Bridge, taken down when the dams were constructed at Fifteen Mile Falls and which was described fully in *The Turnpikes of New England* by Frederic J. Wood. The North Monroe bridge has been condemned, so if you wish to photograph it you must do it soon.

John Pratt Whitman, the artist, thinks Durgin's Bridge, not far from the Quaker Meeting-House in Sandwich, is especially "paintable" and he has made many sketches of it. Horace Berry built it and he was very proud of his work, saying that the bridge was so strong you could fill it full of wood without breaking it down.

Pittsburg might be called "the town of covered bridges," for you run into them in unexpected places on the infant Connecticut and there is one over Indian Stream as you enter the town. Other covered bridges in the North Country cross the Connecticut at Colebrook and Columbia and Clear Stream in Errol. The Stark Village Bridge is very picturesque and forms part of a picture of a real New Hampshire hamlet.

There are other covered bridges in Coös County and a number in Carroll County, where public opinion favors their pres-

ervation. Have you ever heard the story of Joel's Bridge at Conway, which is located between Center Conway and North Conway on Route 302? Conway people are proud of this longest bridge over the Saco River and in 1933 they saved it from destruction. The old bridge had withstood the wear and tear of ninety years of constant service and to some of the citizens it seemed wise to tear it down and put up a concrete bridge. But the majority of voters at town meeting objected.

They secured the aid of Frank G. Broughton, who as a lad had helped his father, Charles Broughton, and Horace Berry in building six covered bridges over the Saco and its tributaries and in repairing twenty others. As the work progressed, the question came up as to what should be done about the diagonal braces supporting the roof, which had been knocked out of place by the swinging of heavy trucks against them.

"Ships' knees," said Mr. Broughton, and sent men out to find tamaracks or spruces shaped so the lateral roots formed right angles with the trunks. Nineteen of these "ships' knees," just like those used in the old-time Yankee sailing vessels, were brought back to become a permanent part of "Joel's Covered Bridge."

Like many other early New Hampshire bridges, those on the Connecticut were kept up by the income from tolls received from the public. One of them is the Cornish-Windsor covered bridge, at which tolls are still collected. In the 1935 session the New Hampshire legislature authorized the State Highway Commissioner, with the consent of the Governor and Council, to buy it for a sum not to exceed \$20,000. The tolls are used for operating expenses and for maintenance, and any balance left over is turned into the highway fund to grow into a sum equivalent to the purchase price.

The Cornish Bridge is made of two spans with a central pier and is 468 feet long. The first covered bridge on the site was swept away by an ice jam. The second one was framed on the meadow to the north of Bridge Street in Windsor, Vermont, and was built by James F. Tasker of Cornish and Bela J.

Fletcher of Claremont. Mr. Tasker constructed many of the bridges in the western part of New Hampshire and in Vermont. He could not read, write, nor "do sums," but his eye for exact measurement was perfect and he was one of the best local bridge-builders of his day.

The first bridge to span the Connecticut was the Tucker Toll Bridge. It was financed by Enoch Hale, and everybody laughed at his idea of bridging the mighty river. In 1826 it became the property of Nathaniel Tucker, an eccentric but kindly man who lived in the Tucker Mansion at the New Hampshire end of the bridge. In 1840 a covered lattice truss bridge built by Sanford Grainger took its place.

Finally the Tucker Toll Bridge passed into the hands of the state and a new and expensive structure was put up on the site. It was dedicated on April 16, 1931 by Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire and Governor Stanley C. Wilson of Vermont. The Governor of New Hampshire crossed the bridge to meet the Governor of Vermont at the west entrance. There they spoke to a crowd of more than three thousand people. A few weeks later the late Charles N. Vilas of Alstead presented the State of New Hampshire with the large sum of money which the bridge had cost.

I once attempted to make a list of our standing New Hampshire covered bridges, but found that it could not be done satisfactorily. Before I completed my list some of the bridges had been taken down for reasons of highway safety. Then came the floods of 1927 and 1936 and many more were swept from their moorings.

There are some of the old bridges which were so well known that they will be remembered by local people for years. One of them was the Republican Covered Bridge at Franklin. It was built in 1839 and after it had stood for forty years a freshet washed out the eastern abutment. Twenty-five feet of the bridge fell, but it was raised and repaired with stones taken from the old State's Prison in Concord.

Perhaps the best loved of them all was the Ledyard Bridge

crossing the Connecticut River from Hanover to Norwich. It became unsafe and had to be taken down, but according to the "Observer" in the *Milford Cabinet*, "We're glad there is to be a new bridge. We shed a tiny tear at the memories of the old one.

"Ledyard Bridge holds memories for generations of Dartmouth men who used it before the motor busses carried all students to and from the railroad junction at White River. Dark, redolent with odors of Hamp Howe's and Cris Master-son's horses, swaying under the tramp of feet, the bridge was one of the landmarks, one of the traditions of the college town," he said.

The Ledyard Bridge was named in memory of John Ledyard, who in the spring of 1772 drove to Dartmouth College over the rough roads in a sulky drawn by a horse, but who suddenly gave up his idea of training himself to be a missionary to the Indians and left college in a canoe which he hollowed out of a fifty-foot pine tree.

It's an interesting hobby to collect pictures of covered bridges, and many people are engaged in it. They also can relate stories of love letters hidden in their timbers, of children dancing and playing in their shadows, of caravans with polar bears, camels, and cages of chattering monkeys passing over them. One man told me that his father had seen Hetty Green, at that time the wealthiest woman in America, helping to collect tolls at the old Tucker Bridge; another spoke of the elephants which crashed through a covered bridge in Cheshire County; a third speculated concerning the origin of a mysterious fire which destroyed the only one in his town.

Another favorite type of bridge of the nineteenth century, quite different from the covered bridges, was the stone and earth bridge with one or two archways in the center. They were very popular in the Contoocook Valley, and the town of Henniker constructed eleven of them at various times. They were copied from the stone bridge built in Ipswich, Massachusetts, by Colonel John Choate, who was thought to be

crazy when he advocated making them. Herman Monroe, active Henniker town official, admired the Choate bridge and it was through his influence that they were put up over the Contoocook. It is one of these bridges which Edna Dean Proctor describes in her poem "Contoocook River" when she says,

*And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,
By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans the tide—
The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through.*

There's an old double-arch stone bridge in Hillsborough on Beard Brook Road which was financed by counterfeit money. It was built by Captain Jonathan Carr, who was one of a gang of counterfeiters, and he paid the bridge workmen with fraudulent bills. A hundred and thirty years have passed since the counterfeiter was caught and sent to prison for twenty years. The story goes that he would not tell the names of the other men involved and no one else suffered imprisonment. He owned a fine brick house in the Lower Village and after his arrest one of the walls was torn down and several hundred dollars in paper money were found. More bills were discovered later in a cave near the bridge, but the plates from which they were made never came to light.

Flood control is the outstanding water problem of the state. After the flood of 1927 both Federal and state agencies surveyed the river drainage basins, and since the 1936 flood there has been increased study of the situation.

New Hampshire lost many of its older bridges—among them a number of fine old covered types—during these floods, but two of the reinforced stone arch bridges successfully withstood the whirling water and crashing ice. In the *Engineering News Record* Waldo G. Bowman paid special tribute to Bridge Engineer John W. Childs for his success in preserving them by

means of reinforced concrete inner structure. The Henniker and Hillsborough stone arch bridges are still as strong as they were a century ago.

Because of the flood and the grade-crossing elimination program introduced by the Federal Government, 1936 was a three-star year in bridge-building in the state. On the trunk lines alone, thirty-five bridges were constructed with seventeen more on the state-aid roads.

The newer bridges not only are characterized by stability and skillful construction, but in many cases they are really beautiful. An outstanding example is the structure spanning the Lamprey River at West Epping, with sidewalks and facings made of New Hampshire red brick. Another is the stone-faced masonry bridge on the campus of the State University at Durham, which has been studied to make it fit into the landscape.

Engineers of the State Highway Department have brought all their knowledge and skill to the planning of modern bridges, with the result that in the 1936 flood only one of newer design was damaged badly. Destroyed older bridges were replaced quickly and efficiently, proving beyond a doubt that New Hampshire is a successful builder of bridges.

THE STORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CAPITAL



MANY CHANGES have taken place in Concord since the ordination of young Timothy Walker in a blockhouse in the New Hampshire wilderness. In 1730 the Reverend John Barnard of Andover, Massachusetts, came on horseback to the plantation of Pennycook to officiate at it. He firmly believed the place was the former seat of Satan and he admonished the audience who had assembled for the service "to rejoice and strengthen the hands of their minister by their *concord*."

Years afterwards old Pennycook, later known as Rumford when it was incorporated as a town in 1734, became Concord, and the name clung to it until 1853 when it was chartered as the City of Concord.

To New Hampshire people "Concord" not only means a city on the Merrimack River, but also stands as a symbol of the state, where every two years the members of the ponderous General Court assemble to meet formally in the State House and informally in the Eagle and Phenix Hotels.

Someone told me that no man from any section of the state, however remote, can walk down Main Street on two consecutive days without meeting at least one of his neighbors from home. If, as a party leader has declared, politics is one of our major industries, the pivot around which it revolves is this city of churches and elm trees.

Concord's heart is Main Street, which was laid out formally

in 1735. It still has reminders of the city's past history in the Timothy Walker House, said to be the first frame house put up north of Massachusetts, and still owned by the Walker family, the building where the General Court first assembled in Concord, the Old Building of the State Historical Society, once the law office of President Franklin Pierce, one of his three Concord homes, the Swedish Baptist Church, the Eagle Hotel, built on the ashes of the famous Eagle Coffee Shop, and the Rolfe and Rumford Home for Orphan Girls, the former residence of a New Hampshire countess.

The Old North Meeting-House, which stood for a century on the site of the Walker School, was the center of the town life and it was not until the railroad station was built in the early 40's that shops were erected toward the south end of the street.

From the time of his ordination until his death fifty-two years later, the community was "as the apple of his eye" to Timothy Walker, first pastor of the church. His daughter Sarah, widow of the wealthy Benjamin Rolfe, married nineteen-year-old Benjamin Thompson, later made a count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Elector of Bavaria. This versatile man chose for his title the name of the place where he started his career and was known as Count Rumford. His daughter, Sarah Countess of Rumford, died in the Rolfe homestead.

The first minister's great-granddaughter became the wife of Samuel F. B. Morse who gave the Concord people three big surprises: by painting portraits of them which they could recognize, winning the hand of the most beautiful girl in town, and giving the officiating clergyman at his wedding the largest fee received up to that time.

Timothy Walker's sons and grandsons and their descendants were men of influence in Concord. Their works and names are remembered to this day, for they were identified with many of the civic improvements—one of them the Walker Lecture Course, which gives pleasure to so many people.

The Old North Meeting-House was used not only for re-

ligious services but also for civic and political gatherings. Its raising took three days, and the women of the parish cooked the food for the workers on the spot. From it on the Sunday before the Battle of Bennington went out volunteers, dismissed by Parson Walker to join the New Hampshire troops which were to help cut off Burgoyne's march to Albany.

The United States of America really was born in this historic church, for on June 18, 1788 the convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States met there. The hundred delegates included the most distinguished men of the times. They spent four days in debating whether or not they should accept a measure giving so much power to a central authority. Nine states were needed for ratification and when New Hampshire, the ninth state, finally made its affirmative decision, mounted riders waiting outside the church sped away to carry the great news to the New York convention in session at Poughkeepsie and to the Virginia convention assembled in Richmond.

The legislature was supposed to meet in the church in March 1782, but there was no way of heating the meeting-house. So it adjourned to a building now standing on the west side of North Main Street, nearly opposite the Timothy Walker homestead. In 1782, however, the house was located on the east side of the street, about four rods south of the first minister's residence.

Although the Reverend Timothy Walker was an old man—he died in September of the same year—he still kept his interest in political affairs and offered his house for the use of the state. "President" Meshech Weare and the Council occupied the north front bedroom, Ebenezer Thompson, the secretary of state, used the living-room, and Nicholas Gilman, the treasurer, was established in the south front chamber.

The Timothy Walker House is, I think, the most historic private dwelling in the Merrimack Valley. It has stood on the site of the first minister's farm ever since 1733, when the Inhabitants and Freeholders of Pennycook voted that "there

should be fifty pounds given to Mr. Timothy Walker for building of him a dwelling house." There have been many changes made in it to meet the changing conditions of living, but the original framework is the same as it was in 1764 when Deacon Webster came up from Bradford, Massachusetts, to build the beautiful stairway.

For years the life of the household revolved around the great kitchen, with its red woodwork and mammoth fireplace which was governed by Mrs. Walker's colored slaves Rose and Violet.

Although still owned by the Walker family, as I have said, the house recently served the uses of the state again, for during the time that Frank Staples was director of the New Hampshire League of Arts and Crafts the administration offices occupied some of the rooms.

A gay crowd gathered in the meeting-house on June 22, 1825 to listen to the oratorio given by the New Hampshire Musical Society in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette's visit to the capital. Concord entertained the "Nation's Guest" with unrestrained magnificence including a "sumptuous repast" served to eight hundred people in a huge pavilion put up in the State House Area.

William A. Kent, one of the most famous hosts of his day, entertained Lafayette in his home, which stood then on the site of the South Church on Pleasant Street, but which later was moved to South Spring Street. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who preached for a short time at the Second Congregational or Unitarian Church, was married to Mr. Kent's stepdaughter in the north parlor of this house. The announcement of the wedding in a newspaper of October 5, 1824 states briefly:

Marriages: In this town on Wednesday evening last by Rev. Mr. Thomas, the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson of Boston to Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker.

The North Meeting-House was vacated in 1842 and another church building was built farther south. The old edifice be-

came the property of the Methodist Biblical Institute, which later removed to Boston and turned into the Theological School of Boston University. Fire has played havoc with the successors to the meeting-house and another building has just replaced one recently burned.

I cannot tell the real story of Concord without saying something about its hotels. Stickney Tavern was noted for the excellence of its food as far north as the Canada line. Gale Tavern was the resort of the postriders, and Butters Tavern was frequented by the teamsters who came with freight for the canal boats which started for Charlestown from the boathouse near Concord Bridge.

The four principal hotels of the early nineteenth century were the Columbian, the American House, the Phenix, and the Eagle Coffee House.

The American was favored by the Democrats. James Buchanan, James K. Polk, then Secretary of State, John A. Dix, and Nathaniel Hawthorne were among its guests.

The old Phenix Hotel, opened to the public in 1819, was popular with the Whigs. The most "respectable citizens" gathered in its large barroom, which was decorated with long rows of suspended crooked-neck squashes. On its register appeared the names of Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Adeline Patti, Edwin Booth, and Abraham Lincoln. The present Phenix House is still used by members of our General Court and other visitors to Concord.

The famous Eagle Coffee House was built in 1827 and contained "a large and elegant Grecian Hall with a graduated floor for dancing." The celebrated landlord, John P. Gass, managed both the Eagle and the Columbian. He was a genial host and a wit, and described himself in the words of Falstaff as "a portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and most noble carriage." He said his own hotel's fare was so good it gave him the gout.

When the fire of 1851 swept away all the buildings on the east side of Main Street, the Coffee House was burned, but the

next year was rebuilt as the Eagle Hotel. For years it was the finest hotel in New Hampshire, with rates of one dollar a day for permanent guests and one dollar and a half for tourists to the White Mountains. In 1890 it was again enlarged and remodeled. It is now the most popular of Concord's hotels and is often spoken of as the "little State House."

The State House, built of Concord granite, was completed in 1819. Visitors from all over the state and from other parts of the country came to see it, and it was pronounced by all to be one of the finest buildings in the United States. The author of *A Book for New Hampshire Children*, published soon after the building was completed, waxed eloquent and said: "I have seen many elegant buildings in the course of my life; but I never saw one so elegant as the State House."

Then he adds: "the whole is set off with a beautiful cupola, with a great gold eagle on top of it." With the exception of two years when the building was being enlarged, the golden bird has remained on his perch for nearly a hundred and twenty years.

The State House has been twice remodeled and the grounds have been improved from time to time. In order to stimulate action in enlarging the grounds the legislature of 1864 stipulated that improvements must be made on or before August 15th. Concord people worked hard to build Capitol Street and at nine o'clock of the designated day, to the accompaniment of the blowing of whistles and the roars of cannon, a six-horse team was driven through to show that it was passable.

Fiery debates and controversies which have included Democrats, Whigs, Free-Soilers, Black Republicans, and Progressives of all parties have taken place under the State House dome. The historic building is filled with memories of the picturesque figures of New Hampshire's political life.

In imagination we attend the inauguration of Governor Samuel Bell, the first Governor to take his oath of office within the State House walls. In the corridors still linger stories of Moses L. Neal, for many successive sessions the clerk of the

House of Representatives, whose burden of some three hundred pounds was supported by a plank surmounting a common flag-bottomed chair; of Henry O. Kent, Postmaster of the Senate and Commander of the Governor's Horse Guards; of Ruel Durkee of Croydon, the Jethro Bass of Winston Churchill's novel *Coniston*, who wore a swallow-tailed coat, full and flowing trousers, and a double-breasted waistcoat buttoned to his chin both summer and winter, and who for thirty years attended all sessions of the legislature, seeking information but giving nothing in return; of Edmund Burke of Newport, who, with the exception of Franklin Pierce, knew more national public men than any other New Hampshire politician; of John G. Sinclair, the brilliant debater who was one of the giants of the Democratic Party; of Walter Harriman, one of the best stump speakers of the old political campaigns; of Cyrus W. Sulloway, "the tall pine of the Merrimack"; of William E. Chandler, who became a national figure—and so we might go on for hours listing the men who gathered in Concord "when the legislature met."

Three sessions are still discussed by older men who have kept in touch with state affairs; the celebrated session of 1887, when both the Boston and Maine and the old Concord and Montreal Railroads, in an attempt at "hooking up," introduced bills which were battled over for days with the ultimate veto of the Governor on the Boston and Maine's winning bill; the session of 1871 when the Farm-Labor Party held the balance of power and a sick member from Webster was brought in on a cot to cast his vote for the Republican Speaker of the House; and the session of 1913 when the last United States Senator to be elected by the legislature was chosen and the balloting continued over a hundred times.

The session of 1937 will also be remembered, especially for the length of its duration, which outnumbers in weeks any other ever held in the State.

But the General Court of New Hampshire has its lighter and more frivolous moments, as in the session of 1923, when House

Bill 137 "to secure a minimum of eight hours of sleep for everyone" was introduced, and in 1927, when a bill "to prevent Improper Discrimination Against Tall Men" was written.

Today some of the departments have overflowed from the State House and are quartered in various near-by buildings. Plans are now under way, however, for the erection of a new and adequate building to help house the state's offices. Across Park Street is the State Library, and beyond on the same street the new building of the State Historical Society, given by Edward A. Tuck. The United States Post Office stands at the rear of the State House, and the Christian Science Church, given by Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, a little farther down the street.

Pleasant Street, also known as "the Hopkinton Road," winds up the hill by the State Hospital, the Odd Fellows' Home, the residence of ex-Governor John G. Winant, and Pleasant View Farm, where Mrs. Eddy lived during the years she spent in Concord, until it passes the grounds of St. Paul's School.

As you glimpse its extensive grounds and buildings, it is difficult to believe that this school, now one of the most famous in the United States, was started in 1858 at the summer home of Dr. George A. Shattuck with only three pupils. Its founder, Dr. Henry A. Coit, was both a great man and a great educator and his ideals were carried on by Dr. Samuel Drury.

Concord has been called the "City of Churches." Concord coaches have been sold all over the world and granite from its quarries was chosen for building the Congressional Library in Washington. It has been the home of clock-makers, piano-builders, and silversmiths. The Rumford Press, which publishes national magazines, is one of its institutions. Its streets have grown from cartways to highways. Yet notwithstanding the changes which have taken place in its industrial and social life, Concord remains essentially the same town that it was in 1819, the Yankee capital of a Yankee state.

DANIEL WEBSTER—SON OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



IT IS PERHAPS difficult for any person living outside the state to realize how deeply the tradition of Daniel Webster is rooted in New Hampshire soil.

There probably are exceptions, but the majority of our people agree implicitly with the sentiment on that marker in Boscawen which says:

*On this spot A.D. 1805
Stood the First Law Office of
Hon. Daniel Webster
The Greatest Interpreter
of the American Constitution
One of the World's Greatest Orators*

*"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever,
One and Inseparable."*

We like to think that the "godlike Daniel" absorbed his ideals from his father, Ebenezer Webster, a strong Federalist who was one of the early settlers of Salisbury, and that his neighbors gave the boy his first lessons in real American history.

For instance there was old John Bowen, who had been captured by the Indians, Robert Wise, who fought in the Revolutionary War, George Bayley, who saw the first tree felled in

northern New Hampshire, and women who had shuddered at the war whoops of the savages. Moreover, Ebenezer Webster had been one of Rogers' Rangers and was with the Continental Army when Daniel was born. Each had lived history and they told the lad tales of their adventures. "Oh, I shall never hear such story-telling again!" he once cried. He never forgot them.

He first learned that there was a written Constitution of the United States and thirteen states from a cotton handkerchief he bought in a little home shop kept by one of his schoolmasters. The Constitution was printed on both sides of the handkerchief and the eight-year-old child read it over and over until he knew it by heart.

Daniel Webster was born January 17, 1782 in a small frame house about two miles west of the city of Franklin on the "North Road" leading from the Daniel Webster Highway to Route 4.

At the time it was included in the town of Salisbury, which rolled back from the Merrimack River intervals to the valley of the Blackwater, guarded by Mount Kearsarge and Ragged Mountain.

To the northeast is Webster Lake—Daniel Webster's Lake Como. The story goes that he was present when the lake was given his name. He always visited it when he came back to Elms Farm, now the New Hampshire Orphans' Home in Franklin, and even today you will hear of the picnics and chowder parties with which he entertained his house guests and some of his neighbors.

Webster owned forty acres of pinelands on the lake shore and had a whitewashed boathouse on one of the points. As you row along the west shore toward Hemlock Point, you will see a large natural seat of stone where he liked to sit and look over the water or fish.

The Webster birthplace is now in Franklin, which was incorporated in 1828. The town was made up of parts of Sanbornton, Northfield, Andover, and Salisbury, and Judge

George W. Nesmith, one of Webster's admirers, arranged that the line should run around the old farm. Strangely enough the new town was not named for its illustrious son—he was not quite famous enough for that then. However, his name has been given to a lovely and productive farming region near by which was set off from Boscawen and incorporated eight years after "the great pacificator" had uttered his last words: "I still live."

Webster's father came from Kingston and at the close of the colonial wars took up a claim in Salisbury on Punch Brook, then "a roaring, rattling, bubbling stream." There he brought his wife and raised a family in a cabin made famous by his son years later at Saratoga in that much quoted paragraph: "Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

Abigail Eastman was Ebenezer Webster's second wife, and her two children, Ezekiel and Daniel, were born not in the cabin but in the little frame house. The well used by the family is still there and so is the elm tree which Ebenezer planted. And the house has returned to the site where it first stood, though there was an interval of years when Daniel Webster's birthplace seemed to have disappeared forever.

When Daniel was three years old his father sold the place and went to the Lower Village to live. The new owners built a larger house and moved the little "birthplace" across the road for an ell. There it remained until 1910, when the Webster Birthplace Association was formed for the purpose of making it into a permanent memorial.

The Association raised the money to buy 130 acres of land and the farm buildings. Once again the birthplace crossed the road and was reconstructed around a large fireplace built from

bricks taken from the cellar-hole.

When the work was completed, in 1913, a huge celebration, attended by nearly five thousand people, was held. Twelve years later the Association turned the birthplace over to the State of New Hampshire and it is kept in perfect condition so that admirers of the great statesman can visit it.

There's a spot associated with Webster's early life which isn't marked in any way. This is the site of the old meeting-house where the infant was baptized by "Priest" Searle, a man of dignified bearing who until the day he died clung to his powdered wig, three-cornered hat, and smallclothes.

The church stood on Searle's Hill—the Mount Pisgah of Webster's fanciful imagination—which was once the center of the town, where the signal fires were built in times of danger.

You will not find the meeting-house when you climb the hill, for in 1791 the building, made of pine and oak lumber sawn out in Ebenezer Webster's sawmill, was taken down and put up again on the South Road in Salisbury. Unfortunately much of the beauty of the church, with its two porches, double tiers of windows, and galleries around three sides, was destroyed about a century ago when so-called improvements were made on it.

Ebenezer Webster lived only a short time in the Lower Village house, which he ran as a tavern. Then he exchanged it with his son-in-law William Haddock for Elms Farm. The drivers of the pod-teams, laden with freight, lawyers on their way to court, and traveling buyers picking up farm produce, furs, and "feetings" for the city trade, still continued to put up overnight with the Websters.

"Little Dan" helped the teamsters care for their horses. Then after they had eaten the contents of their "mitchin-boxes" and lay on their bearskin robes before the fire, they were sure to ask the child to read to them from the Bible or to recite the *Essay on Man*.

Daniel Webster kept Elms Farm throughout his life, but he occupied the house only at brief intervals. Every spot in the

region was dear to him. One of his guests said: "Almost every brook, tree, rock, mount, valley, plain, house or building seemed to suggest some rich anecdote. He pointed out the places of his birth, marriage, schoolhouse and place where he studied law. We spent some time every afternoon in the fields with the cattle and sheep."

"Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it," he wrote to his farmer, John Taylor.

The house always was ready for him and it took the colored servants only a short time to have it in running order. These servants who staffed the Washington and Marshfield, Massachusetts, homes, were an unusual sight in Franklin.

The intervals and hills in the region are full of memories of that dark-eyed child Daniel. We see him driving the cows to pasture, riding the horse as his father plows between the rows of corn, fishing in Punch, Middle, Stirrupiron and Wigwag Brooks, coasting down the long hill right over the snow-covered fences, and reading books between the time he "sets the saw" and "hoists the gate" in his father's mill. With his brother Ezekiel he scampers off to school, which is held in rotation in four districts of the town.

Then, to his own great surprise, he is off to the Academy in Exeter. Dr. Benjamin Abbott, the principal, has him read the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke for an examination. His heart under his homespun jacket thumps wildly, but he does it well, thanks to his home training. He boards with his father's friend Squire Clifford, who teaches him how to use a knife and fork properly.

Daniel Webster was at Phillips Exeter only nine months, but as a lawyer he was later to know the town well. Another student tells of seeing him there in 1811. "When the courts were in session, we occasionally, as boyish curiosity prompted, strolled in to see what was going on. I there first saw Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster, Portsmouth lawyers, just entering on a famous career, and the towering stature of one, and

the tall, somewhat spare form of the other, together with his dark brow and eye and his raven black hair, made an impression upon me never to be forgotten."

Five years after his great debate with Hayne, when he was fifty-four years old and at the very height of his powers as a lawyer, orator, and statesman, he came back to Phillips Exeter in his capacity as a trustee and assisted Dr. Abbott in the final examinations in Latin.

When Daniel Webster attended court in Exeter he usually stayed at the Ladd-Gilman House (Hall of the Cincinnati) and his room is still pointed out to you. His name is identified with a number of other New Hampshire houses where he went to visit friends.

Webster always remembered that winter's day when, while riding in a "pung" to the house of Dr. Samuel Woods, the Bos-cawen clergyman, his father told him that he really was to enter Dartmouth College and that Dr. Woods, a graduate of the college, was to be his tutor. This remarkable man, "a teacher, a preacher and a public benefactor," had prepared a number of students for Dartmouth and about fifty young men and women for teachers. Daniel was taken into his home for a dollar a week and began at once on Virgil and Tully (as Cicero was then usually called). He commenced to study Greek in the spring and at midsummer Dr. Woods said to him: "I expected to keep you till next year; but I am tired of you, and I shall put you into college next month."

So to Dartmouth he went, arriving in Hanover on horseback during a terrific storm, with the indigo dye from his new suit soaking into his body. Webster's life at college was like that of any other student of the time; he attended classes in the wooden building "with the public rooms containing the library, philosophical apparatus, a number of natural and artificial curiosities, in a projection at the centre."

There were about forty houses in the village and during his freshman and sophomore years he roomed in the Farrar house on the corner of Main and Lebanon Streets, which now is part

of a house standing on South Main Street.

"My college life was not an idle one. Besides the regular attendance on prescribed duties and studies, I read something of English history and English literature. I even paid my board for a year by superintending a little weekly newspaper and making selections for it from books of literature and from contemporary publications," he tells us.

For at least two winters while he was in college he taught school to earn money, boarding around among the neighbors in Salisbury and Shaw's Corner, where he received four and six dollars a month.

The Hanover people asked the young student of the junior class to deliver their Fourth of July oration in 1800, and he was chosen the next year to pronounce a eulogy on the death of a classmate. On August 26, 1801 he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Dartmouth College.

Commencement, however, did not end Webster's relations with the college. In 1806 he came back to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address from the College Church platform, where nearly a half-century later Rufus Choate was to give the grandest of all his orations—the eulogy on Webster.

But Daniel Webster's name is associated indelibly with Dartmouth College in quite another way—that of the great controversy of which Edwin D. Sanborn, a former professor in the college and a historian of New Hampshire, said: "The matters in dispute were at first local and ecclesiastical; then literary and financial, and finally they became personal and official. They agitated first the church, then the village and faculty. They passed to the legislature and the state court, and finally, by appeal, the controversy was decided by the supreme court of the United States."

Every newspaper in the state took sides in the dispute and in 1816 the dominant political party tried to abolish the college charter and vest in the legislature the control of a new institution to be known as "Dartmouth University."

Daniel Webster represented the trustees before the Supreme Court of the United States, and his long address is now part of New Hampshire history. At the end he turned to Chief Justice Marshall with a personal plea including the never-to-be-forgotten words: "Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out; but if you do, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over the land! It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, but yet there are those who love it!"

The United States Supreme Court reversed the decision of the New Hampshire Superior Court and there was great jubilation when the news reached Hanover.

Joseph Hopkinson, an eminent Philadelphia lawyer who assisted Webster before the Supreme Court, wrote to young President Francis Brown of Dartmouth: "I would advise you to inscribe over the door of your institution, *Founded by Eleazer Wheelock: Refounded by Daniel Webster.*" This thought appears today on a bronze tablet at the entrance of Webster Hall, which was erected by the alumni as a memorial to the statesman.

After graduating from Dartmouth, Webster began the study of law in the office of his neighbor Thomas Thompson of Salisbury. He left to take a position in the Academy at Fryeburg, Maine. The family had decided that his brother Ezekiel should go to college, and Daniel hoped to supplement the slender family resources by teaching.

In 1804 he entered the office of Christopher Gore of Boston to complete his law studies. The next year he passed the bar examinations and returned to New Hampshire to open his first law office in Boscawen.

He boarded with Joel French, the trader, joined the Musical Society, in which he played the bassoon, and on moonlight

nights, to the music of fife and drum, drilled a military company composed mostly of employees of a coopering establishment.

Meanwhile he carried on what law business he could pick up. "You must know that I have opened a shop in this village for the manufacture of justice writs," he wrote one of his college classmates. Later he confided to him: "I practice in Hillsborough, Rockingham and Grafton. Scattering business over so much surface is like spilling water on the ground." He thought that at the end of a year he would be able to pay his bills and have about sixty pounds with which to buy much needed books.

Webster tried his first criminal case in Plymouth before the Court of Common Pleas with his own father sitting as one of the justices.

As you walk down the hill from the Normal School toward the business section of the town, you will notice a square wooden building tucked in behind the brick Courthouse. This is the village library, but early in the nineteenth century it was the courtroom.

The young lawyer's case was lost before he pleaded it, and later his client, Josiah Burnham, was executed at a public hanging in Haverhill. But we are told that on that day when Daniel Webster spoke for the only time *against* capital punishment his eloquence swayed everyone who listened to him.

Webster had remained in Boscawen on account of his father's health. When Ebenezer Webster died he went to Portsmouth and turned over his local business to his brother Ezekiel.

Meantime he had fallen in love with Grace, the youngest daughter of the Hopkinton clergyman, the Reverend Elijah Fletcher. Her friends said that she had beautiful features, a lovely complexion and great sparkling eyes. It was generally conceded that she was the most attractive of the "four Fletcher girls."

Grace Fletcher's birthplace is marked and still stands at the entrance of Hopkinton Village on the corner where the Jewett

Road joins the main highway. Her father died when she was very young, and her mother married another clergyman. For the times she had an excellent education, as she was one of the daring young ladies who ventured to attend Atkinson Academy.

She taught school and made her home with her sister Rebecca, who was the wife of Judge Israel Kelly of Franklin. It was in the west parlor of her sister's home that she married Daniel Webster in the early summer of 1808.

Contemporaries agree that she was a woman of great culture and refinement. Young Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts thought "that she seemed highly to enjoy the success and distinction of her husband, but showed no slightest symptom of vanity or elation."

The Websters entertained him at dinner in their Washington home and the host "carved the beef and was in a charming humor." Quincy noticed the affection and confidence existing between the married pair. "It was like organ music to hear Webster speak to or of the being upon whom his affection reposed and whom, alas! he was so soon to lose," he said. The dinner conversation turned to the great Portsmouth fire of 1813, which destroyed the Websters' home. They tried to be philosophic about it, but Daniel Webster looked upon the loss of his library, notes, and manuscripts as a great calamity. He was in Congress when it happened, but felt that he lived through the disaster in the vivid accounts given him by his wife.

Webster lived in Portsmouth for nine years lacking one month. His entrance into politics was hastened by a Fourth of July speech given before the Washington Benevolent Society in 1812. It was in direct opposition to the declaration of war with England and maintained that the war was without cause and that commerce was the hope of the country. In a community like Portsmouth, strongly shipowning and Federalist in politics, it made a great impression. Webster was appointed leader of a committee that took charge of a mass meeting of the Federalists of Rockingham County to protest against

the war. He wrote a vigorous and able paper which reviewed carefully the course of policy which brought about the war, remonstrated against the tendency to produce an alliance with France, urged immediate naval preparations and a system that would restore commerce and bring about peace. This *Rockingham Memorial* was written with so much skill that it turned President Madison's arguments against himself.

The eventual result for Webster was his nomination as a candidate for congressman in the coming election. He went to Congress in 1813, where he argued for a navy and for only defensive warfare. He was re-elected to the succeeding Congress. Then in 1816 he left New Hampshire to take up a law practice in Boston.

Massachusetts sent Daniel Webster to Congress in 1823, and four years later he was elected to the United States Senate. It was during this period that he made his great defense of the Constitution in his celebrated reply to Senator Hayne of South Carolina, who had argued that a state had the right to determine for itself if a law enacted by Congress was constitutional or not. In his reply Webster used those memorable words engraved upon the Boscawen marker: "*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*" They are a key to his ideals and the explanation of all his political acts. As Horace E. Deemer once said: "He was evolutionary, not revolutionary."

Webster was twice Secretary of State and it was during his term of office that the Webster-Ashburton Treaty which established our northern boundary line was concluded.

In the State House Yard in Concord is a huge bronze statue of Daniel Webster, which was modeled by the American sculptor Thomas Ball, then living in Italy. The bronze casting of the figure, which is eight feet in height and weighs over two thousand pounds, was made in Munich and the pedestal on which it stands was cut from Concord granite. This statue was presented to the state by Benjamin Pierce Cheney, a native of Hillsboro, and was unveiled on June 17, 1886.

Daniel Chester French designed the memorial bust in front of the Congregational Church in Franklin. It was dedicated August 24, 1932 during the official state observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Webster's birth.

There are various Webster portraits in the state. One of them—a full-length study—hangs on the wall behind the Speaker's desk in Representatives' Hall in the State House. It was painted for the state by Albert Gallatin Hoyt of Sandwich. Another fine portrait, painted during the last year of Webster's life by Joseph Ames, is in the auditorium of the State Historical Society Building. The statesman's lifelong friend Peter Harvey gave it to the Society.

Harvey's collection of Webster's letters, in twenty volumes, also is owned by the Historical Society. It has been supplemented materially through the efforts of Major Otis Grant Hammond and is considered the outstanding collection of its kind in the world.

In the auditorium is the desk which Webster used in Congress in 1823-7. It was the gift of Cordelia Jackson. The Peter Harvey silver—a large tray and pitcher—is in a collection upstairs. It was a gift to Harvey from Webster and was given to the Society by Mrs. Harvey. Here too is the watch which New York friends gave Webster after his 7th of March speech. It is attached to a chain of California gold made in San Francisco in 1849. His riding boots and whip and an overcoat are in the collections in the Old Building.

Besides a large number of authentic mementos, Dartmouth College owns fourteen portraits of Webster. The famous "Black Dan" portrait, showing him in the vigor of his young manhood, was painted in 1835 by Francis Alexander and given the next year to the college by Dr. G. C. Shattuck. Robert Jackson donated the Ezra Ames painting and H. H. Blunt and J. B. Upham gave two studies made by Joseph Ames. Two of Chester Harding's portraits of Webster were presented by Mrs. Julius C. Lindsey and by C. H. J. Woodbury. In 1926 the college bought a "Daniel Webster" by Guelpa, and the work

of John Pope is represented in a portrait which was the gift of Edward Tuck. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Henry gave a portrait painted in 1853 by H. Bundy and there is a T. B. Lawson study given by John Aiken and others during the 1840's. In 1930 a bequest of Edwin Webster Sanborn gave Dartmouth College a copy of an original by Gilbert Stuart. The head is said to have been executed by Stuart himself, and the rest of the portrait by his daughter Jane.

All the Webster items in New Hampshire are not included in this short chapter and I have attempted only to tell you of those which can be seen easily in the state which, as Major Hammond points out, was the place of birth, of education, and of establishment in law and in political life of one of the world's greatest orators.

THE WOODEN FOUNDATION



WITHOUT ANY KIND OF PREAMBLE I am beginning this chapter with a bald statement of facts. It's this: New Hampshire is an industrial state and about one half of its wage-earners are getting their living through some form of manufacturing.

As far as real dollars and cents go, the manufacture of textiles stands first in the state's economic life. Nevertheless, as C. P. Cronk points out in *Forest Industries of New Hampshire*: "Without disparagement to any other industries, those using the forests of the state as the sources for their raw material may be considered the backbone of industrial prosperity in New Hampshire."

I've forgotten who originated the remark that there's a wooden foundation under New Hampshire. I am not going into a long historical dissertation about it; but I shall just refer to the fact that during the colonial period England encouraged the province in lumbering, the mast trade, and shipbuilding.

As early as 1671 when the entire population of New Hampshire did not more than equal that of a good-sized modern village, 20,000 tons of boards and staves and ten shiploads of masts were shipped annually, though not altogether to transatlantic ports. The mast trade centered in Portsmouth and, as I have said before, Mark Hunking Wentworth was the outstanding figure in the business. In fact the basis of the fortune of the Wentworth clan, the virtual rulers of New Hampshire

during the middle and last of the eighteenth century, was lumber.

Today those rich forests of virgin white pine are practically exhausted. Yet growing timber is still one of the state's greatest resources and, including farm woodlands, over three fourths of the land is covered with forests. In 1934 New Hampshire ranked second in production of white pine and sixth in spruce.

The first sawmills in pioneer towns were used to get out building materials, but soon they began to make clapboards and pipe staves for trading. Now, in case you don't know what a pipe stave is—and I'll admit I didn't until I looked it up—the old English *pipe* was a cask that held two hogsheads. As soon as business with the West Indies, especially Barbadoes, really got under way, there was need of these casks in which the planters could ship sugar, molasses, and rum back to New England. Getting the staves ready was the beginning of New Hampshire's cooperage business, which has continued, with various changes, up until the present day.

Fourteen firms are listed now under cooperage. Three make finished barrels and staves in quantity and seven produce apple barrels, usually for local consumption. The others manufacture articles like kegs, candy pails, fish pails, cannikins for pickles, firkins, and plant tubs. Speaking of pails, it might interest you to know that Jehiel Wilson of Keene was the first person who used machinery to make them. Manufacturing ice-cream freezers is another form of cooperage and in 1934 five firms were producing them. The White Mountain Freezer Company of Milford makes nothing else and ships its freezers all over the world.

Besides cooperage, present-day New Hampshire woodworking industries include the making of baskets, boats, boxes, and box shooks, caskets, crutches, dowels, excelsior, furniture, mill-work, planing-mill products, reels, shoe-factory supplies, textile-mill supplies, toys, turnings, vehicles and parts, store and office fixtures, sporting goods, and wood novelties.

Wooden box-making takes the leading place and comprises one fourth of the state's lumber industry. In 1933 about forty firms were making boxes and shooks and were using 81,000,000 feet of lumber, of which 5,000,000 were hard woods. There have been many variations in the styles of products. For instance, lovely oval and round spice boxes and nests of boxes were once made in Rindge, and Brookline was famous for its wooden handboxes. Now cheese boxes, butter boxes, veneer boxes, lock corner boxes, apple boxes, cigar boxes, and lobster and chicken crates are some of the things turned out.

The making of woodenware began in Troy back in 1779. It was a needed industry, for wooden household articles were in great demand at the time. Early in the nineteenth century Henniker was producing bowls, chopping trays, plates and cups and saucers from ash. Present-day wood novelties include embroidery rings, bakers' sieves, florist supplies, trays, towel racks, swagger sticks, flag sticks, meat skewers, backs of cattle cards and currycombs.

The clothespin industry is not as flourishing as it was formerly and now there is only one plant in the state which manufactures them exclusively. The first New Hampshire clothespins were made by hand, and a tedious process it was. Richard Kimball of Rindge was a well-known craftsman in this line. He used a knife to whittle out the pins and then made wedge openings with a saw. When he had manufactured enough to pay him to do it, he loaded his wares on a wagon and drove over the countryside selling them.

Nine of the fourteen crutch-manufacturing firms are located in our state. Two have been operating continuously for twenty-five years and all ship their products to every state in the Union and to Europe..

Furniture-manufacturing varies from frames for overstuffed chairs to bassinets. Eight firms are making chairs and eighteen are producing different kinds of furniture. Chair-making, not including those made by home craftsmen, is an old industry. If you go to country auctions you might like to know that

those chairs with curved backs which are painted and ornamented with stenciled designs were being made, mostly by hand, in New Ipswich in 1800. Later rocking chairs of the same general pattern were added to the line.

The development of recreation has increased the demand for pleasure boats and the industry has grown rapidly in Belknap County. The recreation business is responsible also for the making of polo and hockey sticks, baseball bats, tennis rackets, golf tees, and skis.

Not long ago the largest ski-manufacturing firm in the world transferred its plant from a midwestern city to Laconia. It sought a community in the recreational area of northern New England which would be a pleasant place to live and work, where reasonably skilled labor of the conservative type could be hired, and where there were good shipping facilities for the wares. About one hundred people are employed in manufacturing different grades of skis, toboggan frames, and hockey sticks.

Changes in methods of transportation naturally have affected the making of vehicles, as wagons, carts, and sleighs have given way to trucks, motor vans, and automobiles. During the nineteenth century coach-manufacturing was an important industry in Concord. Lewis Downing came to the town in 1813 and first started making wagons for the freight business. Then he added two-wheeled chaises to his line. Finally he persuaded a highly skilled artisan to join him. They built three stage-coaches and just a century ago sold the first one to John Shepherd, a well-known driver of the period.

Concord coaches were sent to California, Australia, Peru, or "wherever venturesome civilization pushed its way." Abbott and Downing also made the famous overland mail-coaches and the firm furnished a large proportion of the wagons and gun carriages used in the Civil War by the Union Army. If you attended the Roads and Romance Pageant held at the Crawford House in the autumn of 1937 you saw one of these old coaches, which is the prized possession of Robert Peckett

of Sugar Hill. There is another on permanent exhibition in the general waiting-room of the Boston and Maine Railway Station in Concord. Only recently a Franklin woman told me that while making a western trip she was excited and thrilled when she discovered that she was riding in an old Concord coach in Wyoming.

The only factory in the country making shoe-pegs is in Bartlett, New Hampshire. There is no competition in this business and the wares are shipped mainly to Europe. Supplies for textile mills and paper mills also are made in large quantities, and toys are shipped to every state.

As you can see, our woodworking industries are greatly diversified in character. They also are carried on under varying conditions. As Mr. Cronk says: "Where but in New Hampshire can one find at random a miscellany like this; attached to the end of a roadside garage, a mill making shingles of hemlock and spruce; in the center of a village, a sawmill attached to an unused water wheel, apparently set up in a few hours without even a roof; and finally an interesting wood-turning plant employing seven people, six of whom are members of the same family."

The paper and pulp industry ranks third in importance in New Hampshire. The first paper mill was started in Exeter late in the eighteenth century, and by the middle of the nineteenth the Amoskeag Paper Mill of Manchester was putting out daily two tons of newsprint and book paper. About twenty-five years later the Berlin Falls Fibre Company began operations and within a dozen years the Glen Manufacturing Company was making paper enough in two months' time "to encircle the earth around the equator with a belt ten feet wide."

New Hampshire paper mills are divided now into two classes, those in the north country, which make their own pulp wood, and those in the southern section, which get their wood pulp by rail or by utilizing reclaimed waste paper.

There have been many changes in the industry. One is the development of a varied group of products made from puri-

fied cellulose fiber, from which are manufactured articles of synthetic plastics such as varicolored tea sets, trays, buckles, and salt-shakers. Changing spruce pulp into these novelties has come about only through persistent scientific research.

Berlin is the great pulp-manufacturing center of the state, but Groveton, Lincoln, and Claremont also produce large quantities of paper. Winchester, Bennington, Manchester, and Henniker have plants employing from twenty to a hundred people. Box wood is made at Hopkinton, gummed, coated, and waxed paper in Nashua, and tissue paper in Hinsdale, Winchester, Groveton, and Ashland. Another important paper industry is that of making boxes, which are manufactured in Laconia, Keene, Manchester, Nashua, Newmarket, and Rochester.

In 1937 the largest crop of pulp wood since 1929 was harvested and the farmers of the north country trucked more than thirty thousand tons to the mills to be transformed not only into fine writing-paper and newsprint but also into rayon clothes and plastics. About ninety per cent of the wood cut was handled through the Forest Products Association, a co-operative organization of the northern farmers.

In 1848 Charles T. Gill of Nashua said to his friend O. D. Murray, a newspaper publisher: "I wish I could make playing cards in some rapid way, for California is going to sweep every pack from the East." Murray already had developed a printing machine for laying any number of colors on wallpaper in rolls by a single operation, and he immediately replied: "I can do it!" This was the beginning of a business which has resulted in the large glazed-paper company.

The north country has developed an important business in the growing and marketing of Christmas trees. Only a few years ago it practically was an unknown industry, but now about a million trees are shipped to market each year. They are cut with care and according to the rules of scientific forest conservation. In many cases they are marked with tags bearing greetings from the White Mountains and the assurance

that the tree-cutting was not destructive.

In 1937 a new Christmas industry was started in Coös County with the shipping of wreaths made by northern New Hampshire families through the non-profit co-operative. As many as ten thousand were sent from Groveton to the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, and wreaths and evergreen roping were shipped also to Chicago, Cleveland, and Niagara Falls.

The State Forestry and Recreation Commission administers more than 41,000 acres of land in 113 state reservations located in 80 different towns. They originally were acquired for forestry and conservation purposes. As you drive south along the Daniel Webster Highway you will see the State Forestry Nursery on the right just about ten miles north of Concord in the town of Boscawen. Forest planting stock for state and town lands and for the use of 4-H Clubs in planting home woodlots is grown here. Over 16,000,000 trees have been distributed from the nursery. About half of them have been used for the purposes I mentioned and the other fifty per cent were sold to landowners.

The Commission received its first gift of forest lands in 1891, when it came into possession of General Miller Park on the top of Pack Monadnock Mountain in Peterborough. Ten years later the people of Conway bought 110 acres, which included Cathedral and White Horse Ledges, to save them from destruction as stone quarries, and deeded the tract to the state. Other state-owned areas which contain natural beauties are the Monadnock Reservation, the Crawford Notch Reservation, and the Franconia Notch Reservation.

In 1933 the State Legislature accepted a trust which maintains the Caroline A. Fox Research Forest of 363 acres, buildings, and equipment located in Hillsborough. A research forester lives on the property and studies problems of forest management, treatment and care of woodlands, forest tree insects and diseases, and forest industries and markets for forest products. It is very popular with people who are interested in seeing what applied forest management really means.

Prevention and suppression of forest fires was the great ultimate objective when the forestry department was first established. Including the personnel of the White Mountain National Forest and the patrolmen of the New Hampshire Timberland Owners Association, over 1,200 men help to keep our forests free from fires. The forest fire wardens and deputies in the towns receive pay only when actually working, but year after year they undertake the work and assume it as a real civic duty.

The story I am about to tell you is over ten years old, but the man who related it to me maintained it demonstrated the standards set by the New Hampshire fire wardens better than anything he ever heard.

"A former high official in the Forestry Department was preparing to burn brush on a lot of his in one of our towns," he said. "Just as he was about to light a match he remembered that he must get a permit from a warden. He asked for a week's permit, but received one made out for only two days.

"'But I want a permit for a week,' the official said.

"'Two days is all I give this weather,' was the reply.

"'But, say, I forgot to tell you who I am. I am the State Forester.'

"'I don't care if you are the President. Two days' permit is all you get!'

"After recovering from the blow, the forester decided that he had appointed a warden in that town who was following his instructions and he congratulated him on his attitude."

The state maintains twenty-six fire lookout stations equipped with closed observation quarters, lookout glasses, and modern telephone connections. These stations on Mounts Agassiz, Belknap, Black Mountain, Blue Job, Cabot, Cardigan, Crotched, Croyden, Deer, Federal Hill, Green, Hyland Hill, Jeremy Hill, Kearsarge, Magalloway, Milan Hill, Monadnock, Oak Hill, Pawtuckaway, Pitcher, Red Hill, Rock Rimmon, Signal, Stinson, Stratham Hill, and Uncanoonuc have many visitors who come to see the lovely views stretched out before

them. Incidentally they get an idea of how the state works for fire prevention.

The name *Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests* tells you what that admirable organization has been doing since it was organized in 1901. Much of its success and far-seeing policies has been due to the tireless efforts of Philip Wheelock Ayres, forester of the Society from the time it was organized until 1937, when he retired and became consulting forester. The men who started it saw that if New Hampshire's scenic beauties and forest resources were to be preserved, something must be done to stop the extensive fires resulting from vast wholesale lumbering operations. Ten years were spent in hard work and efforts to get Congress to enact the Weeks Law, which opened the avenues for establishing a National Forest in New Hampshire. The Society now owns reservations of 6,518 acres. You are enjoying them when you visit the Flume and Lost River and some of the sections on Monadnock, Kearsarge, and Sunapee Mountains.

In 1936 the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture was supervising 663,084 acres of forest lands in New Hampshire. No other publicly owned area in New England is as large as the White Mountain National Forest, which was created by Act of Congress in 1911. As the *Biennial Report of the New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission* (1936-7) says: "It is a great timber reservoir near industrial towns and cities, constantly renewing itself."

It is administered locally by the Forest Supervisor, who has his headquarters in Laconia. He says that the management is based on the development and use of timber, water, wild life, and recreation.

Twenty-five hundred feet above the Atlantic Ocean are Upper Greeley Ponds in the town of Waterville. Here are 1,000 acres of splendid primeval spruces in a tract which has been set aside as a Wild Life Study Area. It is part of 25,000 acres of what is considered to be the finest forest in the eastern United States. The study area extends from Mount Osceola

on the east to Mount Kancamagus on the west and completely surrounds the ponds, which are of unknown depth. If you would like to see some of the virgin spruce which supplemented white pine in the original wooden foundation of New Hampshire, you'll discover it there. You will also see a rare beauty spot in the heart of the White Mountain National Forest. To reach it you go up the Mad River Valley to the Waterville Inn and drive your car about two miles beyond it. Then you tramp up the trail to the ponds, where you'll find a shelter. Take my word for it—it's well worth doing.

BITS OF MAGIC LOOKING-GLASS



IT WAS NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE who called the newspapers and almanacs stacked up under the attic eaves of the Old Manse bits of magic looking-glass reflecting the image of a vanished century. He declared there was nothing half so real in writing "as these newspaper scribblers and almanac-makers had thrown off, in the effervescence of a moment."

The country newspaper comes close to the hearts of the people, is read thoroughly, and has a subtle, unrealized influence. So you see I could not try to sketch the New Hampshire scene without telling you something about our city dailies and our weekly newspapers, for all of them, in certain senses at least, are country newspapers.

The largest New Hampshire daily is the *Manchester Union-Leader*, with a circulation of 30,000. Many people refer to it as the "state paper" and some think they can't live without it. It started as the *Union-Democrat* and as a weekly. Later, known simply as the *Union*, it came out in an afternoon edition. Frank Knox and John Muehling of Wisconsin founded the *Leader* in 1912. Eventually they bought the *Union* and published a morning and evening paper. The circulation of the *Union-Leader* is due, in a large part, to the news which trained men gather in different parts of the state and which is read in every New Hampshire town. Robert N. Blood is the editor.

Close to the *Union-Leader* in circulation and influence is the Capital City's daily paper, the *Concord Monitor-Patriot*. As it stands today, it is a merger of the old *Patriot* and of the *Concord Monitor*, a daily paper born in 1864. The *Patriot* started as a weekly in 1809 with Isaac Hill, a former apprentice on the *Amherst Cabinet*, and not yet twenty-one years old, as its editor. Young Hill was a bold and defiant "whirlwind" and he made his name known all over the state and became such a power in politics that he was said "to carry New Hampshire in his breeches pocket." He also was in the close confidence of Andrew Jackson and was one of the group of his unofficial advisers known far and wide as the "Kitchen Cabinet." So people read the *Patriot* when they wished to get a line on the President's policies. Hill entered the United States Senate in 1831, but resigned in 1836 to become Governor of New Hampshire. Strongly Democratic in its early days, the *Patriot* later came into the hands of Franklin Pierce and was used by him to express his views in politics before his election as fourteenth President of the United States.

In 1900 the *Patriot* became the mouthpiece of Mary Baker Eddy, and was owned by Arthur de Camp of St. Louis, who published the paper only that the doctrines of Christian Science might be carried over the world through the subscriptions of people who were in sympathy with the movement. Edward J. Gallagher, the present mayor of Laconia and the editor of the *Evening Citizen*, was the next publisher of the *Patriot*. He kept it until 1923 and then sold it to James M. Langley, a member of the staff of the *Manchester Union*. Mr. Langley also bought the *Monitor* and consolidated the two papers under the present name. The *Monitor-Patriot* is conservative, but is noted for the fearless editorial stand it takes whenever necessary on both local and national questions.

To many people one of the most interesting features of the paper is the column "Granite Chips" edited by H. C. P., who really is Harlan C. Pearson, dean of our state newspaper men and former city editor of the *Monitor*. For a number of years

he was executive secretary to a series of New Hampshire governors and still is on the secretarial staff. He knows almost literally everything there is to be known about the state. His column sparkles with interesting facts we all like to know, and his comments in his "Concord Letters" and "Men and Things in the Granite State" are syndicated in our weekly newspapers.

Like the *Patriot*, the *Keene Sentinel* for many years revolved around the personality of one man. One of his neighbors declared that the first editor, John Prentiss, might have said as Louis XIV did of France: "I am the *Sentinel*." He was only twenty-one years old when on Saturday, March 23, 1799, he brought out the first edition of a paper under the name of the *New Hampshire Sentinel*. It was headed with the words: "My Country's Good—a Faithful Watch I Stand," and under that motto John Prentiss published and edited the *Keene Sentinel* for over half a century. Mr. Prentiss had a strong personality and took an active part in all the social, moral, and political controversies of his day, but even the men who opposed him never doubted the sincerity of his convictions. He lived to be ninety-five years old, and his son and grandson succeeded to the editorship of the paper. Now published as the *Keene Evening Sentinel*, it is edited by H. C. Shaw.

The oldest daily newspaper in the state—or in the United States, for that matter—is the *Portsmouth Herald*. In the mid-summer of 1756 Daniel Fowle came up from Massachusetts—some people say that he didn't care for the Puritans' viewpoint on life in general—and brought a printing press with him. On October 7 he published the first issue of a small weekly to which he gave the grandiose title the *New Hampshire Gazette with the Freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick*. Besides the latest news from England the paper carried a few local items and reported with vivid detail the sufferings borne by the frontier towns during the colonial wars. The *Gazette* changed its name off and on while Fowle owned it. At one time it was known as the *New Hampshire Gazette and Histori-*

cal Chronicle and at another the *Freeman's Journal or New Hampshire Gazette*. The circulation during his ownership never exceeded 500 copies. The *Gazette* appeared without interruption until 1891, when Fernando W. Hartford became the publisher of the *Portsmouth Herald*. Two years later he bought the historic weekly and the *Daily Chronicle*. Then he purchased the *Portsmouth Times* and consolidated them into the present city newspaper. It is through the line of the *Gazette* that the *Herald* lays claim to being the oldest newspaper in America.

The *Nashua Telegraph* was founded about 1833 by Albin and Alfred Beard and was issued first as a daily by O. C. Moore. Albin Beard continued to publish the paper after his brother's death.

The *Dover Democrat*, brought out by the Foster Brothers, is a daily which is expanding rapidly. The *Evening Citizen* of Laconia absorbed the *Laconia Democrat*, which with the *News and Critic* published news of all the towns surrounding Laconia. The *Critic*, by the way, is still brought out as a weekly. Ebba Janson, the *Citizen's* special feature writer, has a picturesque and vivid style and has been commended especially for her vigorous interpretations of the daily happenings of the state legislature.

The newspaper of New Hampshire's northernmost city, the *Berlin Reporter*, is a lively weekly published by the brothers John and Michael Houlihan. The *Somersworth Free Press* is edited by Alice M. Watson, and the *Rochester Courier* by E. J. Lynde. The latter is the state's largest weekly and is very modern in tone and format.

The *Franklin Journal-Transcript*, owned and edited by Addie E. Towne, a leader in many state activities, is also a weekly. It is influential in the city and the surrounding territory. Judge Omar A. Towne, who founded the *Transcript* and continued to edit it after it was consolidated with the *Merrimack Journal* in 1898, was quoted widely all over the state in mat-

ters concerning New Hampshire. The present editor is Judge Towne's daughter.

The first woman editor of a New Hampshire weekly was Mary Musgrove, who took the place of her father, Richard W. Musgrove, as the editor of the *Bristol Enterprise* in 1914. Miss Musgrove says that she owes much to the annual business meetings of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' Association but laughs as she remembers some of the difficulties she first encountered. For a number of years she was the only woman who attended the conferences. One year the entertainment committee arranged for the meeting to be held at the Boston City Club, where no woman was allowed except on the first floor. "I was met at the entrance by one of the committee, who secured my admittance through the barred door, and explained that he had been through fire and water to secure permission for me to attend the gathering on one of the upper floors," she said. Miss Musgrove can entertain you for hours with her anecdotes of the life of a country newspaper editor. Once she made a glaring mistake and omitted the word "supper" from her copy and to her dismay the item appeared in print as "an oyster was served to a large number of people."

Another of our women newspaper editors is Charlotte Lance of the *Meredith News*, who says she has tried to make it a friendly paper. "If a farmer makes improvements on his place, buys new stock, goes on a trip, we try to have it in the *News*. To keep Meredith before the public in its best light has perhaps been our chief aim." She thinks the country newspaper influences its readers more than other periodicals. "The weekly is placed on the table and each member of the family reads it, not only once, but many times, and, in many cases it is kept for years. Some of our readers have an almost complete file of the *News*," she explains. And now let me add a note here to tell you that Mrs. Lance has all kinds of fun "running her paper."

M. Suzanne Loizeaux, the young and brisk editor of the

Plymouth Record Print, also enjoys her work of editing a country weekly. This paper carries the local news of a large outlying territory, but the editorials are concerned also with state-wide problems, though those of local interest never are overlooked.

While we are on the subject of women in newspaper work, we must not forget the well-known "Goose," who really is Mabel Fullerton Hatch, the writer of the "Goose Quill" column which appears in the *Granite State News* published in Wolfeboro. This paper, by the way, carries a unique and interesting feature in Robert Meader's carefully written, accurate "Beautiful Drives for Summer Outings," which have helped New Hampshire people in discovering new beauties in their own state.

The *Exeter News Letter*, which began publication in 1831 and has been going strong for over a century, also runs two features of interest to readers in other parts of New Hampshire. They are "Rockingham's Rambles," in which historical events of the county and points of interest are discussed in an entertaining way, and "Who's Who in Old Rockingham," which tells of outstanding personalities in the region. John Templeton is the editor.

Another Exeter paper—a mimeographed periodical arranged in magazine form—is the *Citizen*, which claims to be "A Resume of Frivolity, Fraud, Gallantry and Tragedy in This Little Town of Ours." It is edited by Ned Shute. It is written in a frank and informal manner and some of its comments have stimulated dinner conversation at local tables.

Exeter had a newspaper at an early date and pamphlets and books were published there also. Henry Ranlet, who began the publication of the *American Herald of Liberty* in 1784, was one of the first country printers in New England to supply the office with types for musical characters and issued as many as ten or twelve volumes of collections of vocal and instrumental music.

Up in the north country is the *Coo's County Democrat*. It

started about 1839 as a rival to the first Lancaster paper, the *White Mountain Aegis*, which gave much space to agriculture and abounded with poetry and stories.

The *Democrat* had many ups and downs, moved about a bit, and, as the author of *The History of Lancaster* says, "for a period of twenty years slumbered like Rip van Winkle." In 1884 the old *Coös Democrat* came to life again. Today it really is a "one-man" paper, and the man who dominates it is David White, its editor for thirty-five years. The paper is noted for its editorial column, which is of outstanding quality. Charles Farrar Browne—you probably know him as Artemus Ward, the greatest of the Yankee humorists—served an apprenticeship with the *Democrat*.

A well-known man in Hanover told me that in his opinion the *Littleton Courier* is the best-edited weekly in New Hampshire. You may not agree with him, but I am sure that when you look over the files of the recent numbers you will be impressed with the up-to-date make-up and the good taste of the material which has been developed under the editorship of Reginald Colby. Arthur Morris is the publisher and editor-in-chief of this paper, which carries news from Littleton, Lisbon, Bethlehem, Franconia, Whitefield, and other White Mountain towns. It also brings out a Lisbon and Whitefield edition.

The leading paper of the eastern slope is the *North Conway Reporter*. It is a progressive paper and the editor has added some new features. Among them is the column of "Zeke, the Meter-Man," over which the editor of another New Hampshire weekly waxed enthusiastic.

The *Milford Cabinet* is the oldest weekly in the state and is, I believe, the only paper which has been the possession of one family for six generations. It was published first in Amherst by Joseph Cushing, who was obliged to leave suddenly for Baltimore and gave the shop and newspaper to his printer, Richard Boylston. His son, Richard D. Boylston, took over the paper; his daughter Helen married Albert A. Roach, and

their son William Boylston Roach became the manager in 1892. He moved the paper from Amherst to Milford and consolidated with it two local papers. Arthur B. Roach has been the editor since 1909 and I am told that he is training his son and daughter to follow in his footsteps.

The *Hanover Gazette*, which is published by the Dartmouth Press, began as the *Dartmouth Gazette* in 1799. In 1802-3 it contained articles by Daniel Webster, then a graduate of one year's standing, under the pseudonym of Icarus. The slogan of the paper was: "Here range the world—explore the dense and rare; and view all nature in your elbow chair." The *Gazette* was the champion of the college during its controversy with the state, and many of the ablest articles in its defense appeared in the paper's columns.

However good my intentions may be, I cannot tell you in detail about all our excellent New Hampshire weeklies and must even pass by the *Valley Times* of Pittsfield, edited by my old schoolmate George Mitchell, who has constantly built up its circulation ever since he became associated with it in 1902. Each one of them, including the *Woodsville Times*, *Weare Sentinel*, *Peterborough Transcript*, *Newmarket News*, *Kearsarge Independent and Times*, *Hollis Homestead*, *Hillsboro Messenger*, *Granite State Free Press*, *Farmington News*, *Enfield Advocate*, the Derry papers, *Colebrook Sentinel*, *Claremont Daily Eagle*, *Claremont Daily Advocate*, *Canaan Reporter*, the *Brookline Beacon*, the *Ashland Citizen*, and the *Antrim Reporter*, has its own story and only space forbids my telling it.

If I have omitted any weekly, I apologize humbly to its publisher, for I agree fully with the editor of the *Manchester Union*, who said of the country editor: "It is his aim to present the news, and to interpret it editorially as his judgment and sympathies indicate. His is the country weekly; its niche is secure in the hearts of his friends. How well he succeeds in maintaining the confidence of readers and advertisers is eloquently shown in New Hampshire throughout the year, for

here the weekly is firmly established."

There is one paper, however, that I must not forget to mention. *Among the Clouds*, run off twice a day for over thirty summers on the summit of Mount Washington, is now just a memory, but a very pleasant one indeed to hundreds of people. For many years it was the only newspaper printed regularly on the top of a mountain and was the oldest summer-resort paper published in America. Henry M. Burt of Springfield, Massachusetts, established it in 1877 and the first issue appeared on July 18 of that year. Seven years later *Among the Clouds* had its own fully equipped printing plant and compact little office. It published news of the leading mountain resorts and historic and scientific articles of real value. Moreover, people who went up the cog railway in the morning had the satisfaction of seeing their names in print before they left the summit for the downward trip. The paper's home was destroyed by the fire of 1908. *Among the Clouds* never recovered from this staggering blow, and though the publication was resumed at the base two years later, it finally was given up.

I never should dare to write a chapter about the publishing business in my state without telling you that Horace Greeley, one of the greatest of American newspaper editors, was born in Amherst on February 3, 1811. The place of his birth is a weatherbeaten farmhouse half-way up a long hill on the North Road, five miles beyond the lovely colonial village.

Before he could talk plainly, Greeley learned to read from the local newspaper, and he always said as a child that he should some day be a printer and make newspapers for other people to read. His father was desperately poor and the boy went to work in a printing office in Poultney, Vermont, when he was twelve years old. He was about twenty when he arrived in New York City with ten dollars in his pocket.

By 1841 he was publishing the *New York Tribune* and through its columns he became one of the most powerful men in American affairs of his day. It was in this paper that he gave his famous advice to young Americans: "Go West, young

man, go West." A bronze statue of him stands before the Tribune Building. His New Hampshire birthplace is inconspicuously marked with a tablet on a boulder put up on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Although the Rumford Press in Concord is nationally known as the plant in which such magazines as the *Reader's Digest* and the *Atlantic Monthly* are printed, New Hampshire really is not noted for its magazines and those which have been brought out in the state during the last fifty years have been definitely regional in tone. However, our state produced a magazine which for years occupied an important place in New Hampshire life. Beginning in April 1877 and running through approximately sixty volumes, the *Granite Monthly* published historical articles, stories of New Hampshire towns, biographical sketches, short stories, and poems. Some of our present-day New England writers first saw their work in print in this magazine. Among them was Frances Parkinson Keyes of North Haverhill, wife of New Hampshire's Governor Henry W. Keyes, who later served the state in the United States Senate for three terms. It was due in no small part to Mrs. Keyes's contributions to this magazine that she received the degree of Doctor of Literature from George Washington University. H. H. Metcalf, veteran journalist and for some years editor of the State Papers, was the founder and first editor of the *Granite Monthly*.

Today the *Yankee* of Dublin is interpreting New England life in a modern manner. Robb Sagendorph, the editor, and Beth Tolman, his assistant, have had a jolly good time experimenting with it and now have gathered up the loose ends into a compact, readable periodical which furnishes entertainment for Yankees everywhere. One of the best features by Mrs. Tolman and Ralph Page has been developed into a book, *The Country Dance Book*, which is permeated with the ambition to *Join your hands and forward all, swing that gal across the ball.*

The State of New Hampshire has its own little magazine.

Perhaps you have seen it, for the *Troubadour* with its lovely photographs has a wide circulation in every state in the Union, the District of Columbia, four United States territories, eight provinces of Canada, and seventeen foreign countries. New Hampshire was the first state to try out a "house organ" as part of its publicity work. It was started at the suggestion of Thomas Dreier of Melvin Village, whose columns "Sunny Meadows Philosophy" were syndicated in our state newspapers and afterwards gathered together in book form. The first issue appeared in April 1931. This pocket-size magazine is brought out by the State Planning and Development Commission and is edited by the publicity director, Donald D. Tuttle.

The almanacs by which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers regulated the routine of their daily lives and planted and harvested their crops have a definite place in New Hampshire history. The best-known of all is *Leavitt's Old Farmer's Almanac* which for years has hung in the kitchen of every northern New England farmhouse.

Dudley Leavitt, the founder, was famous throughout the state for his ability as a mathematician and astronomer and pupils came from far and near to study in the "Meredith Academick School," where he gave instruction in his own home in algebra, navigation, gunnery, spherical geometry, trigonometry, astronomy and philosophy, all for three dollars a week and "board reasonable." Old Master Leavitt cared nothing for money; his passion was knowledge and handing it on to others, and he taught some part of each year until he was seventy-four years old. He brought out the first edition of his *Almanac* in 1797 under the title the *New England Calendar or Almanac*. Master Leavitt could afford but one illustration, a picture of the sun resembling the pictures children make of the human face. He wrote his own rhymes, bits of wisdom, weather predictions, and agricultural advice. The last almanac edited by Leavitt himself appeared in 1858. He died six years earlier, but the issue for the next year was in press and six others

were left all prepared in manuscript, making sixty-two continuous issues that he arranged.

Master Leavitt is buried in a little cemetery near his home on a side road leading off the main highway from Meredith to Center Harbor. His portrait, painted by Walter Ingalls, hangs in the State Historical Society Building in Concord. It is very lifelike and as you look at it you fancy that at any minute he will open his mouth to say, perhaps:

*The farmer sows and plants his ground;
A happier man nowhere is found:
The farmer's wife makes butter nice,
But "cats in mittens catch no mice."*

OUR PRESENT-DAY WRITERS



WHEN I FIRST PLANNED this chapter, I thought of different ways by which I might present it to you and could not make up my mind just how to do it. Of one thing I was certain—I must confine myself to discussing a few of our present-day writers or those who had died so recently that their books were appearing on the lists of the last two or three years and make no attempt to include the many authors of the past who had been identified with New Hampshire. With this guidepost set up, there remained the problem of the order in which I should write about them.

I might begin, I thought, with the oldest New Hampshire author, Oscar Laighton of Portsmouth, whose *Ninety Years at the Isles of Shoals* appeared in 1929. Yet I decided against this plan and considered another of beginning with the writer who has the longest bibliography. George Waldo Browne of Manchester? I think so. I looked him up in *Who's Who in America* and discovered that with the books written under the pseudonym Victor St. Clair and those in which Rilma M. Browne collaborated, this versatile author has forty books to his credit. Most of them—fiction, biography, or description—are based upon the legends, stories, and actual happenings in old New Hampshire.

Nevertheless, I decided against this introduction also. It might not be courteous to those valued New Hampshire citi-

zens who stay with us only during the summer. How about Herbert Welsh, the Philadelphia publicist who organized the movement which resulted in the purchase of the forests on Sunapee Mountain to be used as a public park? Even after his seventieth year it was his custom to make a five-hundred-mile journey on foot from Philadelphia to his summer home on Lake Sunapee. *The New Gentleman of the Road* is the story of two of those long walks through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire.

I threw this idea aside because I feared that Cornelius Weygandt, also a Pennsylvania man, who lives in summer in the "Drovier's House" in North Sandwich might think I was showing favoritism. I had listened with great pleasure one summer's day to Mr. Weygandt's delightful reminiscences as he told them as guest speaker at a meeting of New Hampshire Penwomen at the Sandwich Industries. I had viewed the mountain scenery from the porch of his lovely New Hampshire home. His books *The White Hills* and *New Hampshire Neighbors*, full of chuckles yet rich with rare beauty and understanding of his adopted countryside, are among my favorites.

Just then I remembered Tom Dreier living in Sunny Meadows, that century-and-a-half-old house over on the Mountain Road two miles from Melvin Village. Sunny Meadows gave its name to a book, followed by *The Mountain Road*, in which reappeared the Humming-Bird Lady, Dr. Fred, the Duke, and other characters who have made places for themselves in the hearts of American readers.

However, I have discarded all these plans and am beginning the chapter in the only place there is to start it—at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, where writers, musicians and artists work in an almost ideal environment. For over a quarter of a century Mrs. Edward A. MacDowell has given her life to the development of the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association and in fostering the MacDowell Peterborough Colony.

She is a noted pianist and after 1910 toured the United States and Canada giving interpretations of her husband's music. To promote the project, she used the proceeds and the five thousand dollar award which she received from *Pictorial Review* as the American woman of greatest achievement during the year.

The story of its foundation is this: In 1895, six years before his death, Edward MacDowell, whose works represent the highest point reached in original composition in this country, came to Peterborough seeking a refuge where he could do creative work. He bought a farm which he named Hillcrest and there he composed the *Norse* and the *Keltic Sonatas*, the *New England Idyls*, the *Fireside Tales*, and many of his finest songs and choruses. As his lifelong friend Henry T. Finck tells us: "The best of MacDowell's songs and pianoforte pieces were composed in a log cabin buried in the woods near his hillcrest home at Peterborough, New Hampshire, facing Mount Monadnock. Here, before his illness, he was visited daily, in his dreams, by fairies, nymphs of the woods, and the other idyllic creatures of the romantic world about whom he tells us such strange stories in his compositions."

During his last illness the composer worried because the refuge which had grown so dear to him must soon be disposed of, and wished that it might be saved to give other artists the inspiration he had found there.

At last his wife, without the least idea of how it could be accomplished, solemnly promised her husband that she would devote her life to the fulfillment of his wish. The door to the opportunity opened just before his death when the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, which MacDowell had conducted, raised a fund for a memorial. Mrs. MacDowell suggested that it take the form of an endowment for the purpose of establishing an artist colony. Other people have contributed and the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs helped in a substantial way.

The MacDowell Colony is not like any other artist colony,

for the men and women who are accepted not only give *promise* of achievement, but also have accomplished things in a creative rather than an interpretative way. They go to Peterborough not to rest but to work under ideal conditions where they can have solitude when needed, freedom from care and responsibility, comradeship, and the inspiration of Mrs. MacDowell's personality, which knows no such word as failure.

Each artist has his own studio, and appetizing lunches are sent to him there, but his breakfasts and dinners are eaten in the community dining-room. There are about twenty-five studios which vary in size, architecture, and choice of building material, but have in common one thing—isolation. They are scattered through the woods, some of them hidden by the trees, while others have open views of Mount Monadnock.

The fifty acres of land which Edward MacDowell owned have been increased now to an estate of over six hundred acres and there are miles of roadway and a large farm. Besides the studios there is a communal dining-hall, eight living-houses, and an inn where friends of the workers may be entertained.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, who worked there season after season, producing among other things *Tristram*, the Pulitzer prize-winning poem of 1927, called the MacDowell Colony "a workshop with a wonderland thrown in." For Mrs. MacDowell he wrote his lyric "Hillcrest," which begins:

*No sound of any storm that shakes
Old island walls with older seas
Comes here where now September makes
An island in a sea of trees.*

Lord Dunsany wrote his sonnet on Monadnock at Peterborough, and Padraic Colum, the Irish poet, has been a frequent visitor. Many outstanding American authors have done their best work at the Colony. Thornton Wilder was living in the New Jersey studio when he wrote *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. *Black April* was written by Julia Peterkin in one of the

cabins and Dorothy and DuBose Heyward entirely prepared the play *Porgy* there. From the pen of Ethel G. Hier came the *Boyhood and Youth of Edward MacDowell*, and the writer of pageants Esther Willard Bates was inspired with the basic idea of one of her best productions, *Woodland Altar, a Masque of the MacDowell Colony*.

Other names associated with Peterborough are Frederick Ballard, William Rose Benét, John Bennett, Alfred Kreymborg, Anne Shannon Monroe, Josephine Preston Peabody, Robert Haven Shauffler, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Elinor Wylie. Lawrence Gilman, music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, now a summer resident of Sugar Hill, where he has just written a new book, *Wagner's Operas*, wrote his book *Edward MacDowell* at the Colony.

Agnes Ryan, the Durham poet, completed the manuscript of her book *A Whisper of Fire* at the MacDowell Colony, and her husband, Henry Bailey Stevens, editor and executive secretary of the University of New Hampshire Experimental Station and Extension Service, spent a summer there working on a play. Mr. Stevens received nation-wide recognition for *A Cry Out of the Dark* and *Tolstoy*, but New Hampshire people know him best for his one-act plays, which have been produced by little theater groups. *All Alone in the Country*, *City Rubes*, and *Johnny Appleseed* are rural interpretations, though they are in no sense the "chin-whisker" type of country drama against which the author so vigorously protests. His most recent play is *Lincoln Reckons Up*, which the critical *Manchester Guardian* of England said was the "best of the 'Best One Act Plays of the Year.'" *Yankee* brought it to the attention of New England readers in its March 1936 issue.

George Abbe, a graduate of our state university and a young writer of promise, was at the MacDowell Colony in 1937. His poetry has been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poetry*, the *New Republic*, the *Southern Review*, *Common Sense*, poetry reviews, and other magazines. He also edited *Hill Wind*, a collection of his brother's letters.

Another young New Hampshire poet who feels that she owes much to her courses in creative writing at the university is Shirley Barker of Farmington, national prize winner in the Quill Club's 1932 poetry contest. While a college junior, Miss Barker's book *Dark Hills Under* was published in the series of the "Yale Younger Poets" and her poetry continues to appear in magazines like the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Both Mr. Abbe and Miss Barker and Theodora Libbey, national prize winner in the *Forum* short story contest a few years ago, began to publish in *Student Writer*, the university's well-edited literary magazine, which has been far in the lead in tri-state contests since 1928.

Personally I have a liking for the poetry of Oliver Jenkins, the Concord poet, who is a contributor to the *American Mercury*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Harpoon*, *Poetry*, the *Independent*, and the *New Yorker*. His verses have been gathered into a volume, *Heavenly Bodies*, and he has written a novel, *The Sky is Falling*.

Among the other Concord poets are Nyleen Newton, Louise Owen, Eleanor Vinton, and Sarah Louise Cross with her collection *Flutes of Spring*; and in Tilton, Claribel Weeks Avery is writing delightful poetry which is appearing in many magazines.

Concord also has its writers of fiction, like Charles Rumford Walker with *Bread and Fire*, and Judge Thomas L. Marble, who based his novel *Product of the Mills* against the background of the paper industry of Berlin. In Concord, too, lives Grace Blanchard, formerly the city librarian, who is the author of girls' books, like *The Island Cure*. This is a real New Hampshire book, for the story starts on Star Island and ends on an island in Lake Asquam. Alice Towne Eveleth has brought out her second book, *The Challenge of Burma*, a biographical novel dealing with the adventures of her husband's parents, Martha and Frederick Eveleth, who were sent as missionaries to the Orient.

Besides *George Washington in New Hampshire*, Judge El-

win Page has also written *Abraham Lincoln in New Hampshire*, published in a limited edition and beautifully printed. It is the story of Lincoln's speaking tour in southern New Hampshire in 1860 and is followed by an account of what the New Hampshire delegation did at the Chicago Convention.

At St. Paul's School there is quite a group of writers among the masters. The late Dr. Samuel Drury, the rector of the school for more than a quarter of a century, has to his credit among others the books *Schoolmastering* and *Fathers and Sons* and contributed extensively to magazines. My young son testifies to the fact that Arthur Stanwood Pier is a popular writer for boys, for he is the author of a long list of books which feature school life. Mr. Pier also relates the history of St. Paul's School from 1855 to 1934 in a book published about four years ago. Of the books of Henry C. Kittredge I am familiar only with *Cape Cod: Its People and Their History*. I found it delightful with its straightforward early history descriptions of the country, and living anecdotes.

I am as puzzled about how to tell of the writing done at Dartmouth College as I was how to begin this chapter, for the college has many authors on its faculty, and a group of younger men like Ruel Denny, Samuel Morse, and Carlos Baker, who are appearing in various magazines. William Kimball Flaccus's *Avalanche of April* made a little stir in the winter of 1935-6 when he won the Glascock Memorial Prize. Professor Franklin McDuffee, a native of Rochester and a graduate of Dartmouth, was awarded the coveted Newdigate Prize at Oxford University in 1924 with his long poem *Michelangelo*. It is an honor held by some of England's most famous men, including Matthew Arnold.

A monograph is needed to tell of the excellent books which the members of the Dartmouth faculty have written. I can mention only two of these authors here. One of them, however, is no longer in Hanover, but lives in his native town, Gilmanston, since he retired. Curtis Hidden Page, translator, editor, and author of critical essays, has been president of the

Poetry Society of America and his translation of *The Best Plays of Molière* into English verse is considered the best ever made of the French author. Among many other pieces of excellent work he edited the *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century* and *The Chief American Poets*. He also is the author of *A History of Japanese Poetry*, which contains two hundred and thirty translations.

In 1929 the professor of journalism, Eric Kelly, was awarded the John Newbery Medal which was established by Frederick G. Melcher, a former director of the National Association of Book Publishers, in 1922. It is given out by the children's librarians' section of the American Library Association at its annual meeting, for the outstanding book of the year for children by an American author.

Professor Kelly's book *The Trumpeter of Krakow* is a thrilling story of the year 1461. While doing welfare work in Poland, the author became impressed with the reverence of the people for the creative spirit in art and music. He wrote the book when he went back to lecture and study in the University of Krakow. He roomed near the Church of Our Lady Mary, where he heard the historic trumpet around which the plot of the story is woven, as it sounded from the tower every night.

Eric Kelly has written another book for boys and girls which is concerned with New Hampshire in both plot and background. *Three Sides of Agiochook* is a tale of Hanover in Revolutionary days. The author says his interest in the subject began with the place the Indian takes in the history of Dartmouth College. He studied the matter for years and among the college documents came across a letter written by President Wheelock to Joseph Brant and also Brant's reply regarding his position in the war. Mr. Kelly followed up the clues and in letters and histories discovered the name of the messenger who is the main character of the story. "I sketched the life of an Indian boy at Dartmouth in 1775 and the course he would take in search of Brant," he told me. "Hanover was

close to the frontier during the Revolution and many stirring scenes were enacted here."

In 1937 Eric Kelly brought out his second book with an Indian background. *Treasure Mountain* is a story of the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico.

In *Three Sides of Agiochook* Mr. Kelly sketched the background of the story by describing the massacre at St. Francis under the leadership of Major Robert Rogers. Other New Hampshire writers also have used material about the picturesque scout in their stories for children before Kenneth Roberts made him the hero of *Northwest Passage*. Some of their books are: *With Rogers' Rangers*, the *Woodranger* and *The Hero of the Hills* by George Waldo Browne, *Rogers, the Ranger, a Story of Border Life among the Indians* by Eliza F. Pollard, *Ben Comee, A Tale of Rogers' Rangers* by M. H. Canavan, and *Children of the Border* by Bowles.

After he went to England, Rogers himself published a few books. His *Tragedy of Ponteach*, a poor attempt at poetic drama, was the second play to be written by an American.

Before he wrote *Northwest Passage*, New Hampshire history tempted Kenneth Roberts into writing *Rabble in Arms*, in which he consulted the *Sullivan Papers*, edited by Major Otis Grant Hammond.

Another historical novel which has interest for New Hampshire readers is *The Safe Bridge*, a story of the early nineteenth century by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The scene takes place in Ryegate and Newbury, Vermont, but there are some chapters which describe Bath, New Hampshire, and tell of "Priest" Sutherland, the town's clergyman for many years.

Mrs. Keyes's latest book, *Capital Kaleidoscope*, is a vivid presentation of the Washington life she saw as a Senator's wife. Her first novel, *The Old Gray Homestead*, was published just after her husband entered the Senate. But it was the *Letters from a Senator's Wife*, brought out by *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, which made her name known in every American household where any reading at all was done.

For thirteen years she lived at Pine Grove Farm at North Haverhill, two miles from the nearest village, and she knew just what things home women would like to hear about the United States capital and the great cities of the world.

The *Letters* had an astounding success and encouraged the author to write *Queen Anne's Lace*, a novel of Washington life. *Lady Blanche Farm*, which followed it, was serialized in the United States, Canada, and England. Then came the novels *Senator Marlowe's Daughter* and *Honor Bright*, which has gone through seven editions.

Mrs. Keyes is now editing the *Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine*, which she hopes will bear the same relation to American history as the *National Geographic Magazine* does to geography.

Alice Van Leer Carrick, who really is Mrs. Prescott Orde Skinner, of Hanover, is another of our successful women writers who has made a distinctive place for herself by "humanizing" antiques. *The Next-to-Nothing House* is the story of her own home, Webster Cottage, and tells of the furniture and household accessories which she has inherited or picked up here and there at New Hampshire country auctions. Her other books, *Collector's Luck*, *Collector's Luck in France*, *Collector's Luck in England*, and *Shades of Our Ancestors*, are just as readable and entertaining and have opened the pleasant door of collecting to many people.

Down in East Alstead lives Mrs. Marion Nicholl Rawson, who has used the reminiscences of her neighbors as well as her own investigations in early Americana as material for *Candle Days* and *When Antiques were Young*. *From Here to Yender* tells of early trail and highway life, and *Sing Old House: Hallmarks of True Restoration* is a careful but interesting account of certain old-time buildings.

Winston Churchill, author of the American historical novels *The Crossing* and *The Crisis* and one-time Governor of New Hampshire, made his home in Cornish. There he built Harlakenden, where President Woodrow Wilson and his fam-

ily spent the summer of 1913. In this locality Mr. Churchill found the material for *Coniston*, the best-known of his New Hampshire books, which was published in 1906 and is concerned with the adventures of Jethro Bass, who really was Ruel Durkee, a former political boss of New Hampshire. "Coniston" is the town of Croydon and Ruel Durkee's house is still standing there. Although *Coniston* was written over thirty years ago, it continues to be read and discussed in New Hampshire. And so is *Mr. Crewe's Career*, another story of local political life. Realizing the interest in the locale and characters of these books, William Pitt, a young writer of Suncook, spent a long time in reading old letters and books and interviewing people, including the author of the stories, to get authentic material for "Who's Who in Coniston" and "The Truth about Mr. Crewe's Career," both of which appeared in *Yankee*.

Just as people wander up to Croydon trying to find the place where the town meetings were held and looking for Cynthia Wetherell and Jonah Winch's store, so each summer do tourists ask the librarian of the Abby Greenleaf Library in Franconia to tell them where Beechnut, Mary Belle, Malleville, and Phonny lived, worked, and played. Not that Jacob Abbott is a modern writer—far from it—but his *Franconia Stories*, published first in ten volumes, have been edited and assembled in one volume to appeal to a modern child in format. For twentieth-century children really do like to read these stories, which Alice M. Jordan, writing in the *Horn Book* (July 1934), says are the liveliest and most engaging of the Abbott books. "Any child reading them today will receive a vivid impression of the pleasures of blueberrying and sleigh riding, he will learn about wood-cutting and bear hunts, he will travel over mountain roads or sit before an open fire and roast apples on a string. Mostly vanished joys, to be sure, yet their very strangeness holds a kind of fascination," she tells us.

Ernest Poole believes that it is the wealth of detailed action in the *Franconia Stories* that intrigues children. Mr. Poole, by

the way, lives in Franconia, where he is adding to the long list of novels which includes *His Family*, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1917, and *The Harbor*, which placed the author's name high on the roster of contemporary American writers. The earlier is a depiction of a seamen's strike on the New York waterfront and seems at first glance far removed from the environment of Mr. Poole's mountain home. Yet it is of the White Mountains that the hero thinks at once when he wishes to send his wife away from the heat and confusion of a New York summer. And among the most memorable experiences of his childhood are the long, peaceful summer evenings spent under the stars of a New Hampshire sky. Franconia's residents find much to interest them in *One of Us*, a more recent book which tells the life story of a Yankee storekeeper against the back drop of craggy granite mountains and the encroaching influence of an outside world. Some of us think we know the prototypes of certain characters and it is interesting to read about ourselves as we appear through Neighbor Ernest Poole's eyes.

Forman Brown of the Yale Puppeteers also lives in Franconia and writes puppet plays at his home on "the Plantation." He completed *Punch's Progress* in Hollywood when the marionettes of the Puppeteers appeared in the moving picture *I am Suzanne*. The first chapters of the book are devoted to Franconia happenings and descriptions of some of our local people, including a not too complimentary reference to the author of the book you are now reading.

In other chapters I have spoken of the *New Hampshire Folk Tales* which Eva A. Speare of Plymouth edited for the State Federation of Women's Clubs. She has now collected and brought out another volume under the title *More New Hampshire Folk Tales*, in which are a hundred of the fascinating stories of early life in the state. They are grouped under six headings: "Tavern Tales in Tavern Times," "Along the Seacoast," "Pioneers of Early New Hampshire," "Scotch Irish Tales," "Memories of School Days," and "Anecdotes of Many Places."

Littleton was the birthplace of Eleanor Porter of *Pollyanna* fame. Now Frances Ann Johnson, a teacher in the public schools, writes and publishes children's stories and plays and verses which receive prizes. Here too lives the Reverend Frank Fletcher, pastor of the Methodist Church and an enthusiastic mountain climber, whose nature sermons have many readers. His last book is *My Out-of-Doors*.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott—Mrs. Fordyce Coburn—author of many novels and an autobiography *Being Little in Cambridge*, comes every summer to her New Hampshire farm in Wilton. In Kingston lives Marguerite Mooers Marshall, whose novel *None but the Brave*, with its scene laid in the locale where she resides, and *Not in Our Stars* have many admirers. Kenneth Whipple, a newspaper man connected with the *Claremont Daily Eagle*, has written a number of novels, among them *The Fires at Fitch's Folly*.

Perhaps our best-known writer for small children is Eleanor Lattimore of Hanover, the creator in both the writing and illustrations of *Little Pear and His Friends*.

If you have motored from Lake Ossipee through the lovely Eaton Lake district of our state into Madison and then up the hill to Snowville in Eaton, you have been in the section where the scenes of the Snow Village Sketches of Saturday night radio fame are laid. They are written by William F. Manley, a native of Madison, and the action is supposed to take place in the quaint hamlet on the hilltop. The road signs now say: "Snow Village," the name which is used over the radio. With my friends the Sawyers I have made two visits to Snowville. During the last one, charming Mrs. Leslie P. Snow gave me many interesting stories about the settlement of the place by the Snow family. Snowville also was the home of the late Frank H. Simonds, the great war correspondent.

Edward MacDowell believed that the various arts are all manifestations of the same impulse and therefore closely related. So I am closing this chapter with a brief reference to Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, born Amy Marcy Cheney. Instead of

using words, Mrs. Beach speaks to us in music and is our state's greatest native-born composer. She is a real New Hampshire woman, for she was born in Henniker and now makes her home in Hillsborough. Her numerous compositions include the *Mass in E Flat*, which was sung by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, *The Rose of Avontown*, a cantata for female voices, the *Gaelic Symphony*, the *Festival Jubilante*, *The Minstrel and the King*, a ballad for male voices, a concerto for piano and orchestra, which has been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an aria *Jephthah's Daughter*, and other compositions. Mrs. Beach is very generous with her talent, which is interpretative as well as creative, and gives pleasure to many New Hampshire women when she appears before the State Federation of Women's Clubs and the New Hampshire Penwomen, of which she is the outstanding member.

ROBERT FROST IN FRANCONIA



IN 1923 NEW HAMPSHIRE received nation-wide recognition, for that year the Pulitzer Prize for poetry was awarded to a collection of poems which bore for a title simply the name of our state. It is doubtful whether this would have caused any particular excitement in my home village of Franconia. We were pretty well used to being written about by that time. Authors, even nationally known ones, had been an old story with us for a long time. John Kendrick Bangs, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Greenleaf Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Annie Trumbull Slosson, and many others had associated themselves with our locality in one way or another. We knew of and accepted their writings as a matter of course. It was not our job to discriminate as to the worth of what they wrote. And so it is most unlikely that we would have been especially interested in the fact that the author of *New Hampshire* was being hailed as one of the greatest of living American poets, the most powerful voice to be raised in New England in more than half a century.

We in Franconia would have shrugged our shoulders and gone on about our business regardless of the stir in the literary world, had not we seen beneath the title the smaller letters which told us the name of the author. It was then that we became deeply interested in that prize-winning poem. We knew Robert Frost and had heard that he had come to our tiny hill-

encircled hamlet, six miles from the nearest railroad, to find a quiet haven in which to work. There was a rumor that he just walked along the back roads until he saw a house with a for-sale sign, and that when he discovered Will Herbert sitting on the veranda of his farmhouse, he offered him a thousand dollars for it, closed the deal, and moved right in.

For quite a while we didn't suspect that he was a writer. When we met him in the country stores he did no unnecessary talking, but when he did enter into the conversation he spoke of sensible things, of crops and harvests, of business conditions, of the tourist trade, of children—his own and our own—and often of baseball. He could converse intelligently, though with no great authority, with the local mechanic who repaired his automobile and advance plausible, not always correct theories about what was wrong with it. He liked to talk about his farm with those of us who lived on similar ones—stubborn little patches of granite hillsides bothered by late thaws in the spring and early frosts in the fall.

We accepted him for what he appeared to be—a New Hampshire farmer. And if we sometimes wondered how he hoped to make a living from the soil, we knew, too, that other easy-going farmers supported their families on similar farms carried on in similar ways.

He told us that he used to be a teacher in rural schools and in Pinkerton Academy in Derry and some of our friends spoke of once having had him as an instructor in their psychology classes at the State Normal School in Plymouth. So, quite naturally, we made him president of our local Parent-Teachers Association. He also had four children attending our village schools. Moreover, he had been to Dartmouth, where many of us hoped, if times were good, to be able to send our sons. He was the logical person for the position; of that we were certain.

The first inkling that we had that anyone more distinguished than an ex-school-teacher was living among us was when a reporter from a Boston paper appeared one morning in town and asked where Robert Frost, the poet, lived. He was directed to

the Frost cottage and within a few days a long account of that visit was spread all over the front page of the paper. When we read it I fear that we were much less interested in what was said about Mr. Frost than in the way Franconia was described. "Buried in snow," when we had been disturbed all winter because the logging sleds could hardly slide over the sparsely covered roads, for that happened to be one of our few "open winters"! "Deserted and sleepy," when we felt we couldn't find enough nights in the week to fit in our social engagements! Neither did we like what the reporter said about the country store and the woman who directed him to Mr. Frost's home.

But after we had mulled those incidents over and written a letter of protest to the paper, we remembered that the story had been about a poet and that poet was our neighbor, Robert Frost.

All that time, of course, *Mountain Interval* was growing in that hillside farmhouse. *New Hampshire*, that long Yankee poem in which we later were to find our countryside and its inhabitants portrayed with accuracy and understanding, was beginning to take shape. Of this we knew nothing, for it's a man's own business what he does on long, chilly mountain evenings and we do not ask him about it.

But we found out less than seven years afterwards what Robert Frost had been doing all this time when the poem *New Hampshire* finally appeared. Here was our own town vernacular, less a matter of idiom or accent than of cadences and the way he put the words together. In the skillful hands of this poet, iambic pentameter was manipulated to fit the speech of the twentieth-century Yankee as well as it ever had that of the Elizabethan Englishman.

You will remember that the poem concludes with those famous lines that our friends across the Connecticut like to quote to us from time to time:

*It's restful just to think about New Hampshire.
At present I am living in Vermont.*

Regardless of our western neighbors, this is New Hampshire's own apologia. No one save a New Hampshireman could have written it. It would have been impossible for even the most sympathetic and understanding of our visitors to have done so. Here was the stuff of which our state is constructed, our virtues, our faults, every idiosyncrasy which makes us different from the other forty-seven states of the Union. Here were our villages, our people, even our town halls and moving-picture shows.

We in Franconia were a bit stunned to find the last there. At that time the weekly movie held in the local hall was a neighborly gathering, occasionally being interrupted in its routine performance to announce on the screen items of local interest. One evening, for example, in the middle of a Western thriller we were told, between the reels, of the arrival of twins in one of the homes on the street beyond Gale River.

The occasion when the Franconia show was preserved for posterity was the night of Woodrow Wilson's second election as President of the United States. The manager of the show, when he received the returns from the near-by town of Easton, decided to liven up the scene by passing the news on. So on the screen flashed the cheering announcement: "Easton goes Democratic—Wilson 4—Hughes 2." Our friend Robert Frost has told the world of the way that news was received. That first great laugh has become famous. Everyone who loves poetry knows how Manchester laughed at Littleton, Littleton laughed at Franconia, Franconia laughed at Easton, and Easton laughed at Bunga!

How true of New Hampshire! How typical! we cry. Then we remember that the larger always laughs at the smaller, be he in the Granite State or Timbuctoo. This is the aspect of Frost's work that we are too likely to miss. Intent on seeing how well portrayed are our state's peculiarities, we quite likely may overlook the fact that Robert Frost has shown also how greatly we resemble the rest of the world.

Well-known people came to call on our poet while he lived

in Franconia. Among them were Professor Stearns Morse of Dartmouth College and Bath, and Stanley Johnson of Bath, attired in beaver hats and long-tailed coats and full of the pranks of fun-loving boys. I heard Mr. Morse tell the story during a pleasant after-dinner hour at the home of a friend in Littleton, and I know it was a jolly visit.

Cornelius Weygandt arrived at the Frost cottage when a party made up of children and grown-ups from Sandwich packed themselves into a large car and "ran up to Franconia in August of 1915 and called." He tells all about it in *The White Hills* in a chapter entitled "Frost in New Hampshire," which maintains that "Frost, through his poetry, has given New Hampshire more than any other writer. Frost has more to give New Hampshire. New Hampshire has more to give Frost."

To Franconia also came Carl Sandburg, and with his account of his journey to see Frost our town once more became part of another poem written by a famous author. It tells of a drive along a snowy New Hampshire road to that white farmhouse above the Ham Branch and of a "stately child" who greeted the guest and told him that her father sometimes received letters addressed only to "Robert Frost, New Hampshire."

When Robert Frost won the Pulitzer Prize in poetry for the second time with *Collected Poems*, Raymond Holden, who for some years was one of his nearest Franconia neighbors, wrote about him in the *New Yorker*. He described the man and his ways of working—which didn't seem to the observer to be in the least like the approved ways of running a farm. "Most of his best poems are about watching somebody do something, or about watching something grow or just exist," was Mr. Holden's way of putting it.

Occasionally the headmaster of our high school asked Mr. Frost to come down to the "Academy" and read poetry to the boys and girls who knew him so well. They loved to hear the poems and he said he liked to read to them because they under-

stood exactly what he meant by all his allusions. Those Franconia children knew that

*Having a wheel and four legs of its own
Has never availed the cumbersome grindstone
To get it anywhere that I can see,*

and a good many of the boys, at least, had experienced the joys and sorrows of "Mending Wall."

This, by the way, is not a Franconia, but a Derry poem—or so the author suggested when he spoke and read from his poetry at a summer-school gathering at Plymouth Normal School. He told the enthusiastic audience who listened to him that usually his poems were not definitely localized. Yet sometimes he had bits of the New Hampshire countryside in mind when he wrote certain lines. He always was interested in "intervals," he said, and *Mountain Interval* was a dedication to the upper and lower river intervals at Plymouth. He added that phrases of several of his poems were connected closely with walks he took on Bristol Hill and that those lines:

*I saw the cottages in a row
Up to their shining eyes in snow*

came to him on a winter's evening as he tramped from Plymouth over Ward's Hill out toward the road to Newfound Lake.

I have no way of proving it, but I am certain that I could show you the very Franconia pasture where the little Morgan colt in "The Runaway" felt the first touch of winter. I believe that I, too, have seen him "against the shadow curtain of falling flakes."

Again I have looked over that article which Carl Wilmore, the Boston reporter, wrote about Frost back in February 1916, when he was living in Franconia at the age of forty-three. Yes, it's pretty good after all, for it does give a vivid picture of

"the man who wrote *North of Boston*, the volume of the most original American verse in years, which he had to go to England to get published"—"the least-known man in American letters, and one of the most delightful, lackadaisical, lazy, whimsical, promising makers of verse in contemporaneous literature." Wilmore had a pleasant visit with the poet in that farmhouse which he found through the directions given him in the village: "Follow the road to the first bridge—keep to the right—take the second bridge—and about a mile up there is a little house on the right—that's where Robert Frost lives."

They talked of many things, of Mount Lafayette, which Frost had "adopted long ago," of his neighbors, and of schools and the academic life. Then they turned to the poems which he wrote on "a home-made writing table made of two short boards nailed together." He wrote those poems when he must write. "I hear everything I write. All poetry is to me a matter of sound. I hear my things spoken," he explained.

After a time the reporter left and drove away again in the "jingling sleigh" to take the train at Littleton. Years have passed since that crisp winter morning when the thermometer stood "twelve below" and Frost saw Wilmore to the door. But even then that Boston reporter had a vision of what Frost would eventually mean to the world, and he ended his article with this question concerning that Franconia farmhouse: "Some day, long years from now, will there be a Robert Frost Society, whose object it shall be to preserve, as a memorial, the little old house buried in the mountains, which the world of today passes by, and which was the earlier home of one of America's finest poets?"

BOOKS IN CIRCULATION



PUBLIC LIBRARIES have a peculiarly significant place in New Hampshire history. To begin with, the first library where citizens of a town could get books free of charge was founded in Dublin in 1822. Private contributions supported it, to be sure, but it differed from the social libraries of the period in that a person could withdraw books without being an actual subscriber.

The Dublin Juvenile Library, as it was called, was the joint idea of Dr. David Carter, the local physician, and of Dr. Levi W. Leonard, pastor of the First Congregational Society, who was greatly interested in education. It was to further the education of the boys and girls of the town that the two public-spirited men instituted the library, which Dublin people say was the first free public library in the world.

Then eleven years later New Hampshire took another step in library pioneering with the establishment in Peterborough of the first public library to be maintained by taxation, with use of it made free to all the townspeople. In April 1933 the hundredth birthday of that first free tax-supported library was celebrated, and the celebration was repeated in August when the New Hampshire Library Association met in Peterborough.

Moreover, New Hampshire was the first of the New England states to authorize taxation for the support of free public libraries. But it did even better than that by its law of 1895 when it became the first state in the Union to require yearly

taxation by every city and town for the establishment and maintenance of free public libraries.

Today we have 249 libraries, which means that there is a library for every 1,868 inhabitants. The books in circulation number 1,691,052, or, to put it in another way, there are 3.6 for every person living in the state.

The Public Library Commission is the state-wide library extension agency and exists for the promotion and development of library service. Besides carrying on the office work, the members of the staff attend the neighborhood meetings of the New Hampshire Library Association to conduct discussions or give talks. They also help rural libraries in the selection of books and with problems of reorganization. Traveling libraries, which vary in size according to needs, are loaned to small libraries, rural schools, and camps, and books on problems of library administration are sent to rural librarians and trustees who desire them.

Massachusetts was the pioneer in the state-aid-to-libraries plan, but a year later, in 1891, New Hampshire passed legislation in regard to it. This law provides only for libraries in towns where the apportionment of the state tax is one dollar or less and allows the Commission to buy one hundred dollars' worth of books for each library which achieves "practical or efficient work for the public benefit and useful assistance to the public schools."

The neighborhood or district meetings of the New Hampshire Library Association do considerable constructive work in bringing together librarians, trustees, and people interested in public libraries for all-day discussions, round-tables, and talks by librarians, local authors, and representatives of the book publishers. A meeting of the organization is held each summer when nation-wide authorities on library administration and well-known writers and editors are the speakers. In 1936 and 1937 the forty-seventh and forty-eighth annual meetings were held at Colby Junior College in New London.

Our largest public library is the Carpenter Memorial Li-

brary in Manchester. I am sure I shall not be criticized for saying that its great usefulness to the community was built up during those thirty-five years when F. Mabel Winchell, recently resigned, guided its progress. She carried on her work in the old library for twelve years and then moved over into the beautiful marble building given to the city by Frank P. Carpenter in memory of his wife. Besides the stacks of three tiers, it contains about forty rooms, among them the reference room, the periodical room, and the children's room for which the head librarian longed. The art department contains over 200,000 pictures and many books which are circulated among clubs and students of the neighboring Art Institute.

In a preceding chapter I spoke of Grace Blanchard, who gave long years of service to the city library of Concord. Miss Blanchard did not have the equipment and housing facilities which Miss Winchell enjoyed, but she made the Concord library a dominant force in her community.

When she resigned, in January 1935, she read a chatty paper, "Random Recollections," to the board of trustees. In it she spoke of the days before the Library Commission functioned and she was called upon to furnish reference material for out-of-town people. "It was the era when women wrote papers for clubs, tackling even such subjects as 'what and where is God?' It might be here interpolated that in those dogmatic years, it was scarcely thought advisable to buy a novel whose heroine smoked!" she said. She referred also to the fact that one of her cherished dreams had come to pass. That was the establishment of the "Boys' and Girls' House" in the old brick residence next to the library which serves the needs of children through the sixth grade.

In the story of Portsmouth I told you something of the lovely city Library and its interesting story. There is another equally historic New Hampshire library. This is the Howe Memorial Library in Hanover. The frame of the building started out in 1773 as a residence for the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock, built from funds furnished by Mr. Thornton of

London, England. It originally stood near the present Reed Hall, but was moved to West Wheelock Street in 1838. The Howe family lived in it for a half-century. About thirty-seven or eight years ago it was given to the town of Hanover for a public library by Mrs. Emily Howe Hitchcock. Rare old books and coins have been found in the partitions. It is like entering the charming home of cultured people to go into the Howe Library, with its lovely hangings and tasteful furniture. Plants grow in profusion, and in winter a cheerful fire burns in the fireplace. It has an excellent collection of books and is especially rich in reference material. Grace Kingsland is the librarian.

New Hampshire's outstanding private library is the old Athenaeum on Market Square in Portsmouth. Dorothy Vaughan of the city library staff took me to visit it and I had a delightful time looking at the treasures and rare old books which are housed there. The building was erected by John Pierce in 1803 for the use of the New Hampshire Fire and Marine Insurance Company. During the War of 1812 the company failed, and the building was purchased by the Athenaeum Corporation in 1817 as a "repository for valuable and rare productions of the various arts and sciences and polite literature." There are one hundred shareholders and the library houses over 20,000 volumes. There are many rare imprints in the Athenaeum, including a splendid collection of items of the early Georgian era and a valuable series of pamphlets and manuscripts of the provincial period. As I have said, it has a famous and large collection of models of the clipper ships built in Portsmouth and also owns some good portraits of the men of old Piscataqua, including one of Sir William Pepperrell, the captor of Louisburg.

The books, pamphlets, and broadsides owned by the New Hampshire Historical Society are now in the granite building owned by the Society on Park Street instead of the old building on North Main Street. They are in charge of Edith Freeman, the librarian, who has been most helpful to many people

interested in the early state history, as I can personally testify. Besides the material I have mentioned, the library contains the largest collection of early New Hampshire newspapers to be found in the United States. It also owns valuable documents and original manuscripts connected with state history. I have told you about the Webster material and have referred to the Sullivan Papers. Another outstanding collection is the Weare Papers, which the Massachusetts Historical Society designated as being next in importance in New England items to the Winthrop and the Mather Papers and the long-lost manuscript of Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Colony*.

The Weare Papers were originally in the possession of Meshech Weare, the State of New Hampshire's first Governor and the chief executive during the Revolutionary War. The collection includes communications from the outstanding men of the period, among them twenty-nine letters from George Washington and letters from seven signers of the Declaration of Independence. In it, too, are the resolutions of the Continental Congress written out by Charles Thomson, who was the secretary. For nearly a century the Weare Papers were lost to the state, and the story of their discovery is one of the most amazing incidents in the history of rare documents which ever happened in the United States. In the summer of 1915 it was learned that those papers had come to light when the son of one of the men to whom they had been loaned for indexing and publication died in New York. The administrators of the estate were arranging for their sale at public auction in Philadelphia, from which they expected to realize at least forty thousand dollars when the state filed a bill of equity in the Pennsylvania courts. But the lawsuit, in which the State of New Hampshire was the plaintiff, and the administrators and the auctioneer the defendants, was settled out of court and the treasured papers were brought back to Concord and placed in charge of Major Otis Grant Hammond, director of the Historical Society.

The state's own Library is on Park Street opposite the State

House. The building was put up in 1891. Recently it has been completely remodeled inside and is equipped to carry on its work in an efficient way, quite different from the old cumbersome methods. The services of the State Library are three-fold: the law library, legislative service, and general reference work for every citizen of the state. This last service has grown by leaps and bounds under the efficient direction of the librarian, Thelma Brackett, who constantly works to have the library active and used in all our towns from Pittsburg to Hampton. Books which are not in local libraries can be borrowed by libraries or individuals by paying the postage on them one way. Restrictions have been reduced to a minimum so that library service may be widespread in the state.

This library, of course, carries no fiction, recreational reading, or children's books. It does not stop with its own collections, but, when possible, borrows from other libraries. Books in the law library, which include statutes and reports of the Federal Government, all the states in the Union, and some foreign countries, do not circulate, as they must be available to attorneys at all times. In the general collection is interesting genealogical material and there are many arts-and-crafts books for use by the members of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts. There is also a fine nucleus for building up a collection of art books. The Carnegie Corporation of New York is largely responsible for this start and also has given the library many beautiful photographs, some of them in color. They are available for schools, study classes, and clubs who are studying art in any form.

The important thing about the New Hampshire State Library is not only the fact that its collections of books, periodicals, music, and art items are housed in a newly renovated building simply for people to come and consult them, but that they are alive and active and serving individual citizens and members of every profession and industry in the state.

The Hamilton Smith Library, which serves both the State University and the town of Durham, has been enlarged and its

work extended during the past year. The professional library of the State Normal School at Plymouth was transferred not long ago to a new building.

The outstanding and largest library of the state, however, is the Baker Memorial Library at Dartmouth College. The building was given to the college in 1927 by George Pierce Baker as a memorial to his uncle, Fisher Ames Baker, of the class of 1859. Its library now contains more than 450,000 books and there is ample room for all the students to use them in comfort. In the luxurious Tower Room the men read in comfort, and there are, of course, many rooms where reference work and study are continually going on. Valuable books, among them an outstanding collection of material relating to Daniel Webster, a small group printed in the fifteenth century, and a collection dealing with the history of printing, are kept in the Treasure Room. Here also is Dartmouth's famous collection of bookplates, numbering about 12,000. Nathaniel L. Goodrich is the librarian and Harold Rugg his most able assistant.

When in 1770 Eleazer Wheelock moved his Indian School up from Lebanon, Connecticut, to New Hampshire, he brought his treasured books with him. His son-in-law had charge of the baggage on this great trek and he has recorded that "Sir Cluet has got a barrel of rum and a barrel of molasses, a cag of wine, and a half barrel of shuggar. the knives and forks were put into a box of books—." Thus did the nucleus of Dartmouth College Library come to Hanover. Bezaleel Woodward, the first librarian, built himself a house and moved the library into it. In 1774 Jeremy Belknap visited Hanover and noted in his diary: "The College Library is kept at Mr. Woodward's. It is not large but there are some good books in it."

There is no more lovely sight anywhere in the state than that first glimpse of the Baker Memorial Library Tower against the sky as you motor south toward Hanover. Hundreds of people visit the library each year. It is one of New Hampshire's greatest treasures.

THE FOURTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



WHEN THE Marquis de Lafayette made his triumphal visit to the United States, in 1825, he was met at the state line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts by a welcoming committee of substantial citizens. Among them was a slender dark-eyed young man with a winning personality and gracious charm which the distinguished guest found very pleasing. He was Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough, son of that "first citizen of New Hampshire," the picturesque Revolutionary hero Benjamin Pierce, soon to become Governor of the state for two administrations.

All of Franklin Pierce's contemporaries, whether or not they agreed with him politically or approved of his views on the slavery question, have testified to his graciousness and his thoughtful consideration of others. It has been maintained that he was the most charming of all the presidents. The door-keeper of the White House said of him: "He does not keep his manners for the fine folks, but he gives me the compliments of the morning as grandly as he does General Scott." Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the Secretary of War, recorded: "His courtesy was unfailing and he was incapable of feigning."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, his lifelong friend, described the sixteen-year-old boy as kind, magnanimous, and generous. He repeated the words when he wrote of the ex-President at sixty. The friendship of Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Haw-

thorne began at Bowdoin College; it ended only with the author's death. Pierce was as enthusiastic over Hawthorne as Hawthorne was over Pierce. "One day the President became eloquent on the genius, the shy tender way and agreeable conversation of his friend Hawthorne," Mrs. Davis said years afterwards, remembering the intimate conversations of those days in Washington.

Old Benjamin Pierce was a stern disciplinarian. He taught his children to be honest and upright and to follow the teachings of Thomas Jefferson. With little formal education of his own, he was ambitious for his son. Franklin attended Hancock Academy and then went to Bowdoin College. He was too busy making friends at first to make grades and soon found himself at the foot of his class. But he went back to the classroom with new resolutions and graduated third from the top.

He studied law in Portsmouth, Northampton, Massachusetts, and Amherst, New Hampshire. Then he went back to Hillsborough to practice. Until his marriage he lived in the stately mansion, built in 1804, known as "the Franklin Pierce House" and now owned by the State of New Hampshire. The walls of the formal parlor, where important men of the times were received, are adorned with lovely wallpaper picturing Neapolitan scenes of peasants dancing around the statue of Virgil, and views of the Bay of Naples, which was put on in 1824. Upstairs there is a ballroom with soft rose walls and side seats. It runs the entire length of the main house and was heated by two fireplaces. This house is open to the public in the summer and is administered by the State Historical Society.

In 1827 Benjamin Pierce became Governor of the state, wearing his three-cornered hat when he went up to Concord on official business. He was still the idol of the men who had fought under him in the Revolutionary War. Two years before his election he had given a festival for eighteen of them on his sixty-seventh birthday, which fell on the day after Christmas. "They spent the day in festivity, in calling up

reminiscences of the great men they had known, and the great deeds they had helped to do, and in reviving the old sentiments of the era of seventy-six," Hawthorne tells us.

The same year that his father became Governor, Franklin Pierce was elected to the state legislature from his native town. He represented Hillsborough for four years and acted as Speaker of the House during the last two. His courtesy, consideration, and charm made him a complete success. Then in 1833 he was elected to Congress and for the first time stated his views on slavery. He said he was a State's Rights man, and believing that slavery was protected by the Constitution, he felt that there was nothing more to be said concerning the matter.

There are men living today who have heard their fathers tell of the famous debate between John P. Hale, the first anti-slavery United States Senator, and Franklin Pierce which took place in the Old North Church in Concord on June 5, 1845. Pierce was then out of politics. He was elected a member of the United States Senate in 1837, but resigned five years later. He also refused the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Hampshire, an appointment to the United States Senate, and the post of Attorney-General in President Polk's Cabinet. Franklin Pierce vowed he never would re-enter politics and his decision was without doubt due to the influence of his wife, who hated the duties of public life.

It was while he was a member of Congress that he married Jane Means Appleton, daughter of President Jesse Appleton of Bowdoin College. The ceremony took place in the old Means Mansion in Amherst, where Jane's mother had lived. The young couple then went to Washington, where they first resided in Brown's Indian Queen Hotel and then in a boarding-house on Third Street.

The bride was an extremely sensitive, frail, highly educated, and deeply religious woman. In her *Memoirs* Mrs. Davis said: "Mrs. Pierce was very small and never could have been called pretty, but was well-read, intelligent, a person of strong will

and clear perceptions. She was so like the picture of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that a friend, seeing the picture of the poet, thought it Mrs. Pierce. She rarely participated in gay amusements and never enjoyed what is called fashionable society."

Her life was blighted by the death of their only remaining child, Bennie, a boy of thirteen, which happened just before Franklin Pierce's inauguration. The family was traveling from Boston to Concord when the boy's skull was crushed in a railroad accident.

When Mrs. Pierce died, in 1863, Hawthorne came to his friend at once. He said that when he looked at her shrunken little figure in its rich coffin he felt as if she had never had anything to do with things present.

After he refused all political appointments, Franklin Pierce came to Concord and began to practice law. He lived at various times in three different houses in the city.

When war was declared with Mexico, he enlisted at once as a private, and although he was not versed in military tactics he was made a brigadier-general. From that time on, his fellow townsmen always spoke of him as "the General." He was under fire several times and served with distinction and bravery. When he returned home the New Hampshire legislature presented him with a handsome sword, and Nathaniel Hawthorne left his work on *The Scarlet Letter* and came to Concord to attend the ceremony.

Now that the war was over, General Pierce again took up his law practice, but he dabbled somewhat in state politics on the side. Then the president-making Congress of 1852 met. The Whigs had three strong men for candidates, Millard Fillmore, then serving the unexpired term of General Taylor, General Winfield Scott, who expected a reward for his services in Mexico, and Daniel Webster, who had been in national politics for over thirty years. The strong men of the Democratic Party were Stephen A. Douglas, Lewis Cass, and James A. Buchanan. The strength of the party was about equally divided among them.

On June 1 the Democratic National Convention met. On the thirty-sixth ballot it was seen that none of the candidates could be elected. Virginia then offered the name of Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire and gave him her fifteen votes. Later she withdrew them and nominated Daniel Dickinson. On the forty-ninth ballot, however, the New Hampshire man received 282 votes, more than the necessary majority. He was nominated for President of the United States and accepted the nomination. Jane fainted when she heard the news.

The Committee of the Democratic Convention came to Concord to notify "the General" of his nomination. They stayed at the old American House on the corner of Main and Park Streets, and from its second south balcony one of the members, "the elegant and captivating" Honorable Pierre Soulé of Louisiana, addressed the crowd which had assembled in the street.

Franklin Pierce was forty-nine years old at the time of his inauguration. He looked very distinguished in the blue broad-cloth dress coat with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, and black trousers which he wore on state occasions. His charm captured all hearts, and the people of the whole country were enthusiastic over him.

The United States was enjoying an era of prosperity and Washington society was very gay during Pierce's administration. General Almonte, the Mexican minister, was famous for his breakfasts. Senator Aiken of South Carolina, owner of eleven hundred slaves, gave magnificent dinner parties. At the White House during the sessions of Congress there was a dinner party for thirty-six people once a week, a small dinner party every other night, and a weekly morning and evening reception over which the President's wife, dressed in deep mourning, presided.

When Congress was not in session President and Mrs. Pierce took long walks in the evening and often dropped in informally on New Hampshire people who were serving as clerks in the departments. In midsummer they frequently visited the Davis

family, who had moved to the country.

But soon the administration began to be overshadowed by the heated controversies of the slavery question and the undercurrents which were leading to open warfare. Yet it was a period of great progress. The route for a Pacific railroad was explored. Trade relations between Japan and the United States were opened up and the World's Fair in the Crystal Palace in New York was carried out successfully. It was at this time, too, that the work of raising \$200,000 to buy Mount Vernon began. The new hall of the House of Representatives was finished and experiments were made in the laying of the first Atlantic cable.

With the ending of his political life, Franklin Pierce returned to his Concord home. In 1859 he and Hawthorne met in Rome and walked and talked together of old times. Hawthorne found his friend "restless and miserable," for he loved politics and was unhappy in private life. Hawthorne, too, was not happy. His health was beginning to fail from a malady which was gradually to sap his strength and brain-power. With his friend William Davis Ticknor he started south in April 1864 on a trip which they thought would be good for the health of each of them. Ticknor died and Hawthorne went home a wreck.

Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne had shared their joys and sorrows for years. "The General" hurried to Concord, Massachusetts, and offered to take his friend to the White Mountains. But they had to wait some weeks for settled weather. Then in May they left Boston for Pierce's home in Concord, where they stayed for a few days because of unfavorable weather and Hawthorne's health. Finally they set out in a carriage and arrived at the old Pemigewasset House in Plymouth on Wednesday the 18th. And here in Room 49 the famous American novelist died, so quietly that his companion did not discover it until some hours later.

Pierce survived Hawthorne for five years. His last years were sad and lonely, for he had no children and some of his

best-loved friends became estranged from him because of his attitude concerning the Civil War. He spent many of his last days by the sea alone at his cottage at Little Boar's Head. He was there during the summer of 1869, but returned in the fall to Concord, and there he died in the early dawn of October 8th.

He made his last public speech in May of that year. In it he declared his loyalty to the Union and his belief that the Constitution always should have been strictly followed. By nature Franklin Pierce hated all unpleasantness. It was an ironical turn of fate that such a man should have been thrust into the turmoil, hatred, and violence of an impending political catastrophe which was to shake the very foundations of the nation.

COLLECTIONS AND CURIOSITIES



FAMILY HEIRLOOMS really came into their own in New Hampshire when Mrs. Guy E. Speare of Plymouth was president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. As she went around the state in her official capacity, she talked to the women about the importance of preserving the family treasures they had inherited from their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. She also advised them to mark the objects in some way. The half-dozen bell flower goblets on the top pantry shelf, the peacock feather fan wrapped in silver paper in the bottom bureau drawer, the hooked rug on the north bedroom floor would have more value if their stories were recorded and the names of their original owners kept, she claimed.

New Hampshire women took kindly to the president's suggestions. Some clubs had meetings where the subject was discussed in detail. There were exhibitions of old-time handicrafts, and authorities on furniture, glass, pewter, hand-made rugs, quilts, clocks, and early household outfittings were engaged to suggest ideas about studying and collecting "antiques." Now the Federation, with Mrs. Louis P. Elkins of Concord as state president, has added another clause to the original idea and is suggesting to New Hampshire women that they try to keep their treasures if possible and not distribute them over the country.

This renewed interest in New Hampshire antiques for New

Hampshire people has stimulated a fresh outlook concerning town historical societies and the collections which are tucked away here and there in some of the rural libraries and other buildings. There are a number of them in the state and usually they are almost unknown except locally.

Perhaps the most ambitious of these small town collections are those belonging to the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society which with the public library are housed in the William H. Long Memorial Building on the north side of Hopkinton Village Street. Like all collections of local things, they include many items of a personal nature and some which have interest only for people living in the neighborhood, such as the old-fashioned seraphine played by the wandering crippled musician Albert Little, who was welcomed as a guest in our grandfathers' homes, when he gave his concerts to packed houses in New Hampshire and Vermont villages.

The first clock made in Hopkinton, a cruel-looking bear trap, the model of the bridge C. B. Childs put up in Henniker, and Molly Stark's brown leghorn hat are in the Antiquarian Society's collections. I am mentioning these items at random just to give you an idea of the varied interests of a country museum. There are arrangements of old china, pewter, and glass, pieces of furniture, spinning-wheels, and, as country newspapers sometimes say, "other articles too numerous to mention."

Here, too, is the first American corn popper, which was made at home by Francis P. Knowlton out of six pieces of wire netting which he bought of Amos Kelley. He sewed the pieces together with fine wire, added a handle, and the result looked to him like an excellent device for popping corn. So he made a dozen of the poppers and took them over to Concord, where he expected them to sell like hot cakes. The merchants, alas, thought the idea ridiculous and refused to take any even on consignment. So he carried his masterpieces home and sold them to a traveling man for a dollar apiece and took his pay in maple sugar. But Amos Kelley had the idea of

pressing corn poppers into shape and they sold by the thousands.

Over in Candia the local women's club—by name the Candia Improvement Society—has completely renovated Fitts' Museum, though the building still remains under the control of the selectmen and local trustees. This is an example of a genuine town museum and contains collections of furniture, glass, china, and papers which were left to the town by old residents.

During the ten years that the Reverend Edward Abbott, son of Jacob Abbott, lived on Rollo Farm in Wilton, he bought "antiques," old farming tools, and the various hundred and one things used by New Hampshire women for preparing food and making clothes for their families. These he gave to the Gregg Free Library and now they are displayed in a room in the building as "the Rollo Farm Collection 1898-1908."

Miss Mary LeWare did the same thing in Rindge, and her collection is exhibited in a room in the Ingalls Memorial Library. The townspeople have added other items, including the old communion set formerly used in the local Congregational Church.

The Dublin Historical Society holds its meetings and keeps its collections in the old Number One Schoolhouse in the village at the foot of the hill on the road to Peterborough. The society has over seventy members, among them a considerable number of summer residents. There are local historical societies in other of our New Hampshire towns, like Frankestown, Swanzey, Wolfeboro, and Hancock. The Sandwich organization is very active. Its collections are kept in a room of a house near the Sandwich Home Industries and are in charge of a woman who knows the history of each item.

Portsmouth has a historical society whose chief aim is to gather and preserve things connected with the city's history. The Portsmouth Historical Society owns a lovely hip-roofed house set on a beautiful lawn. It is the so-called John Paul Jones House and hundreds of people visit it during the sum-

mer months when it is open to the public.

Manchester also has a Historic Association, which revolves around the personality of the director, Fred W. Lamb. His many splendid articles on the city's early history and the vital interest he takes in the Association's work have made his name known all over New Hampshire. He is an authority on the subject of the history of the region.

The collections owned by the Association are large and varied. As you can guess, there are many items which are connected with the life of General John Stark and his family. Here, too, are some good portraits of Franklin Pierce and a number of things that he owned. The collection of Indian relics is considered particularly good.

I have mentioned the New Hampshire State Historical Society a number of times in this book because it would be impossible to prepare a manuscript of this type without doing so. It is impossible to put in words what this organization is doing for our state.

The exhibitions in the Old Building are arranged and shown to illustrate the way in which our ancestors lived. The society owns an outstanding collection of engraved powder horns. One of the most interesting is that once owned by Thomas Hastings, on which are recorded the names of the men killed and captured by the Indians in 1745 and 1746 at Fort Number Four, now Charlestown.

Everyone who revisits a museum has his own favorite items among the objects displayed. Mine happen to be the seals of the state and of the province. I shall not tell you about them here because Major Hammond has written a little book, *History of the Seal and Flag of the State of New Hampshire*, which describes them adequately. I would like to mention, however, just one—the beautiful provincial seal of William and Mary. The silver die is in the collections at the Park Street building. It is the work of a skilled engraver and bears the Shield of England crested with the Royal Crown and encircled by the Ribbon of the Garter. The Misses Getchell of

Newburyport, Massachusetts, who owned it, placed it in the loan collection of the Bostonian Society. Some years ago the New Hampshire State Library bought it and put it in charge of our Historical Society.

The earliest New Hampshire flags of which we have knowledge are displayed in the auditorium. Both are made of silk. One bears a small red shield with golden scrolls on either side and the other a golden disk with thirteen rays and thirteen lines radiating from it. During the Revolutionary War they were carried to England and finally came into the possession of Colonel George W. Rogers of Wykeham, Sussex. In 1912 Edward Tuck bought them and sent them back to New Hampshire.

Whenever I am in Dover I always go to Woodman Institute, for I enjoy visiting the William Damme Garrison and I like to chat with the curator, M. J. Smith. That man is a goldmine of information on early New Hampshire history! He is giving his life to the work of arranging and caring for the collections and I assure you that it is a stupendous job, especially when it is being done on limited funds. As Malcolm Kier once said: "A collection of specimens does not make a museum any more than a collection of paints and brushes makes an artist." The directors of our collections and historical societies are making a brave fight to have them function properly, but naturally they cannot do their best work without the full co-operation of New Hampshire people.

Woodman Institute is made up of three buildings with the William Damme Garrison set between the two larger houses. It is forty feet long and twenty-two feet wide and its massive timbers are made of oak. William Damme and his descendants owned the old house for nearly a century. Then it came into the possession of Joseph Drew Jr. and remained in his family for years. It was moved to Woodman Institute about twenty years ago. At the time of the great Indian raid on Dover in 1689 there were five of these garrison houses on the north side of Cocheco River and two on the south side,

John P. Hale, "the New Hampshire Cataract," formerly lived in one of the other houses. As I have said, he was the first protesting anti-slavery member of the United States Senate and for some years stood almost alone in his attitude on the question. There's a lecture room on the first floor of the house and collections of household furnishings in the rooms above.

The Woodman House, on the other side of the garrison, contains collections of fossils, Indian relics, minerals, insects, and many mounted birds and animals.

There are other collections of mounted birds and animals in the state which are worth seeing if you are interested. One of them is composed of the shore birds of Hampton Beach, some of which never are seen today. It is in the Tuck Memorial at Hampton. The Ingalls Memorial Library at Rindge has a finely mounted collection of birds, and in Barnstead the H. D. Perkins Collection is made up of about 550 birds, animals, and insects.

I am told that at least twenty thousand people annually visit the Morse Museum in the town of Warren at the foot of Mount Moosilauke. It is a one-man collection of curios and African big-game trophies brought back by Ira H. Morse, a native of the town, from his expeditions around the world. Mr. Morse was a shoe merchant and he also has one of the largest of privately owned exhibits of shoes in the world. In 1936 Mr. Morse wrote a book telling all about the experiences and adventures of getting a big-game collection together. It is called *Yankee in Africa*. He wrote the first part, "Seven Months in the Veldt," and his wife, Julie E. Morse, is the author of the second part, "Safari in the Rain."

All the big game in New Hampshire is not stuffed and mounted in the Morse Museum, however. Down in Hudson, just outside of Nashua, live Nubian lions, Bengal tigers, chimpanzees, llamas, sloth bears—in fact, animals of all kinds wanted by zoos, menageries, and entertainment productions. Their New Hampshire home is the John Benson Animal Farm, which is perhaps the strangest farm in America.

The owner is an internationally known animal-trainer. After he retired from circus life he sold animals as the American representative of Carl Hagenback and selected Hudson for his winter quarters. People really demanded that he open the place to the public. The farm covers about 640 acres and more than sixty people work on it. It's the merriest, funniest place in the state. Animals, horses, and ponies go to school here, and there is a class of young men and women who are learning to be animal-trainers.

The Libby Museum in Wolfeboro is quite different from the Morse Museum, for it is built up on the idea that the bee from home may be as interesting as the expensive orang-outang from afar. It, too, is privately owned and is the creation of Dr. Henry F. Libby, who with the assistance of his family arranged and cared for the collections until his death. He was a real naturalist and the exhibits are the results of his studies. As Mrs. Libby told me: "The collection consists chiefly of nature studies and differs from others in that it is largely home-made and has been a lone work through the years."

And while we are speaking of the accomplishments of naturalists, I must not forget to tell you about the work with ants that F. E. Austin, a retired professor of the Thayer School at Dartmouth College, is doing. He started the project, which has brought him considerable fame, by advising a member of a local boys' club who was interested in ants to cut a cross-section from an ant hill and to study their habits.

The boy didn't have good luck, and Professor Austin spent a sleepless night planning how he could make a glass house so the young investigator could see the ants in action. He finally perfected an idea which he developed into the "Ant Palaces" that have made him famous. Now he fills hundreds of orders for them from individuals, patients in hospitals, and biology departments of schools and colleges. The business has grown by leaps and bounds and at present there are a half-dozen home workshops in Hanover where frames for the ant houses are being made.

BIRD, BEAST, AND FISH



NEW HAMPSHIRE's interest in animal life is not really with stuffed specimens and beasts of the jungle, as I may have led you to believe in the last chapter. Of much greater importance is the conservation of the state's native wild life and the development of the sports of hunting and fishing for our own citizens and our guests.

Fish and game laws were made as far back as the provincial period, but it was almost impossible to enforce them and game and fish were taken in such quantities that some species were practically annihilated.

As late as the early nineteenth century Captain Ebenezer Webster didn't think that his winter's supply of food was adequate without at least five barrels of moose meat packed down and salted and stored in the cellar at Elms Farm. Up in the vicinity of Lancaster a hunter killed ninety-nine moose in one season. Today moose are heavily protected by our laws, and a few of them are returning to their old haunts in New Hampshire. In 1937 there was a herd of approximately sixteen in the Lake Ossipee region and a few stray animals were seen along the Androscoggin and around the Connecticut Lakes.

Salmon was another food which our great-grandfathers took recklessly. The early New Hampshire settlers relied as much on salting down these fish as their descendants did on salting down pork. Salmon were so plentiful in the eighteenth

century that contracts with apprentices usually had clauses saying that the fish should be on the bill of fare but twice a week. Eels were so abundant in southern New Hampshire that they were known far and wide as "Derryfield beef," and in the north country there are still stories related of fishermen pulling in brook trout by the basketful.

The most spectacular tale of the destruction of native wild life is that of the pigeons which once were so plentiful that they darkened the sun during their migrations. In 1844 a man who was surveying in the northern part of Coös County passed through a "pigeon roost" extending over a two hours' walk. He said the trees were full of nests built upon crossed twigs laid upon the branches.

That was less than a century ago and some of our older inhabitants can remember when the pigeons passed through New Hampshire at a later date. As Raymond Holden says in "The Passenger Pigeon," a poem he wrote while he was living in Franconia:

*Still living travelers still remember how
They darkened long days' journeys when they stirred
By millions from woods broken by their wings
And how the beat and bustle of their quests
Shut out the sound of all earth's other things
And the ground was soft with feathers from their breasts.*

Now there is not a single pigeon left in America. When Ernest Harold Baynes of Meriden, "the champion of birds," was on a lecture tour in 1910, he saw in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden the two decrepit pigeons who were the last survivors of their kind. In them he foresaw a terrible example of what could happen to unprotected wild things, and these old birds played a part in the work he did for bird conservation at his New Hampshire home in Meriden. Baynes died in 1925, but he lived to see a network of bird clubs over the United States and the spirit of thoughtless cruelty replaced by the in-

telligent interest in wild life that is so widespread today.

Ernest Harold Baynes came to New Hampshire to study the habits of the animals which roamed in an almost natural habitat in Blue Mountain Forest Reservation in Sullivan County. Established in the early 1890's by Austin Corbin, the great preserve covers 24,000 acres of diversified country in the center of which rises Croydon Mountain. It is surrounded by a fence thirty-six miles in length, and in 1904, when Baynes arrived in Newport, where he first resided, deer, elk, wild boars, beavers, porcupines, quail, partridge, and pheasants made it their home. In it also roamed a herd of buffaloes which at the time was one of the largest pure-bred herds in the world.

Mr. Corbin co-operated with Baynes in every way, and this sensible naturalist who insisted upon treating animals as animals and not as human beings made remarkable studies at the reservation. Soon he began to occupy space in our newspapers and we read of the wrestling bear cub, of the deer Mr. Baynes could call from the herd in the reservation, and of the red fox which followed his every footstep. Some of us saw the pair of young buffaloes that he broke to the harness and exhibited at the Sullivan County Fair and the Sportsmen's Show in Boston. We were thrilled when we finally discovered that the quiet, unassuming man living in our midst was a vital force in the saving of the American bison.

Today his New Hampshire memorial is the Meriden Bird Village and the results of some of his work are seen also in the feather proviso of the tariff bill prohibiting the importation of non-game birds for millinery purposes and in the Federal Migratory Bird Act, which is incorporated in our state laws and strictly enforced.

Baynes believed not only that you had to make laws to protect birds, but that you also must teach people to love them. That was the basic idea of the Meriden Bird Club, which became so famous that it was copied by bird-protectors all over the United States and Canada and even in England and certain European countries. The New Hampshire club started in a

very modest way. Sixty persons banded themselves together for "the increase and protection of our local wild birds and the gradual establishment of a model bird sanctuary." It acquired land for the project and the Meriden people themselves furnished the labor to develop it. Later the club bought a farmhouse for a bird museum and for a library.

It was for the dedication of the Meriden Bird Sanctuary that Percy MacKaye wrote the masque *Sanctuary*, which was given for the first time in the open-air theater on the evening of September 12, 1913. Probably no other dramatic event presented in the state has had a more distinguished audience and cast of characters. The author took the part of Alwyn, the poet; Baynes impersonated Shy, the naturalist; one of the daughters of the President of the United States played Ornis, the Unseen Spirit of Winged Things, and another sang the song of the Hermit Thrush. The performance was attended by well-known scientists, authors, artists, and national leaders, including President Woodrow Wilson.

Have I said too much about Ernest Harold Baynes? To me his work seems one of the finest things that have been done in New Hampshire. It was at his Meriden home, too, that he wrote *Wild Bird Guests—How to Entertain Them*, a book in which he incorporated his ideals and all that he hoped to teach.

The first state-owned bird sanctuary in New Hampshire was developed on land donated by Miss Caroline A. Fox in 1922. The reservation, which bears her name, is in the town of Hillsborough. The Pillsbury Reservation of 3,034 acres, gift of Albert E. Pillsbury, is a game sanctuary where experiments are being tried out in developing the best possible grouse cover under existing conditions, and in growing food plants for game. It is in the towns of Washington and Goshen. The Fish and Game Department also maintains fourteen game sanctuaries on land not owned by the state.

Migratory game birds, as you know, are waterfowl, including wild ducks and geese; rails, including coot and gallinules; shore birds, including plover, snipe, and yellowlegs; and wood-

cock. If you have any idea of hunting them in New Hampshire you of course will study the migratory-bird law carefully, for it has many provisions and exceptions. I might add, however, that there is no open season for plover, yellowlegs, and certain kinds of ducks, and that blue herons, bitterns, and snipe are heavily protected. You can hunt ruffed grouse from October first to November first, and now it is legal, for the first thirty days of October, to bag quail, for which formerly there was no open season. Male pheasants are your quarry during the first ten days in November except in Coös and Carroll Counties. In 1937 the Fish and Game Department liberated 4,000 of these birds.

Deer-hunting is, I suppose, our most popular sport in this line, and Coös County produces from one third to one half of all the deer taken. In 1936 more than 500 were shot in the town of Pittsburg, which has established a reputation for the sport. The next best section seems to be the southern part of Carroll County near Lake Winnepesaukee. You can hunt deer in Carroll, Coös, and Grafton Counties in November, but in the others must restrict yourselves to the first sixteen days of December. Don't try to take them on an island, however, or from any waters of lakes and ponds—this is a new provision of the law.

Protected animals are moose, caribou, and elk, but bear, wildcat, and lynx don't stand a ghost of a show under the law. New Hampshire's bear country is in the three northern counties. In the fall of 1937 Robert Glover of Dummer captured the twenty-fourth bear he had taken in two years. It tipped the scales at 328 pounds. At the request of four woodsmen who had lost half a pig, a ham, and a large box of salt from their refrigerator box, he set a trap for it in the Success section of Coös.

The loss of livestock from wolves was very heavy in early New Hampshire. There are various stories concerning the death of the last wolf. Some people say it was captured on Wolf Mountain near Bog Pond in Lincoln in 1880. Others

tell us that "Hunter" Thompson of Bethlehem, the grandfather of Dr. Howard L. Thompson of Nashua, one of our best-known sportsmen of the present day, annihilated the "lone wolf of the White Mountains."

We really owe much to the beaver, for his ancestors helped ours to establish their economic life in New Hampshire. "Beaver meadows" furnished the pioneers of the river valleys with grass and hay for their animals until they could clear the land and raise fodder for them.

There was a time when these little engineers were in danger of disappearing from our state, but for many years they have been protected by our game laws, and conservation officers report an abundance of them in the north country. In fact, six have been discovered by the city police in the mill yards of the Brown Company at Berlin.

The north-country beavers are busily building dams, as an officer who tried to remove one which was backing water into the highway in the Thirteen Mile Woods can testify. He destroyed the dam and removed the beavers to Errol, but they returned and in a week's time had it nearly rebuilt. There is a beaver dam in a pond near West Milan which is about 200 feet long and which has backed the water up so it covers several acres. These flourishing beavers of the north country can be thanked for some of the best places for trout-fishing on Cedar Stream, Dead Diamond and Swift Rivers, where their dams have been the cause of flooding acres of land.

Although wild life has been increasing and hunting and fishing conditions improving all over the state, I am told that the White Mountain Area has not responded as well as other sections. In 1935 the New Hampshire legislature, with the idea of developing and maintaining normal populations of wild life, provided for special management in 87,000 acres of the White Mountain Forest. The areas selected are in the Upper Ammonoosuc Valley of the Kilkenny Working Circle, northwest of Berlin; in the Waterville Valley, northeast of Plymouth;

and in the Livermore Area, which lies west and southwest of the town of Bartlett. They are managed by the State Fish and Game Department and the United States Forest Service working together. Intensive studies to determine all factors affecting wild life will be carried on, and on November 1, 1937, special hunting regulations went into effect concerning them.

Fishing problems really constituted the reasons for the establishment of our Fish and Game Department in 1865. It grew out of a commission—one of the first to be formed in any state—to look into the repopulation of the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers, which had been depleted of ocean-running salmon.

The Fish and Game Department as it now stands has been reorganized. Now the Commission is made up of five members, one from each county, appointed by the Governor and Council. The present director is Robert H. Stobie of Hookset. There are twenty-four conservation officers working under him "to enforce all laws, rules and regulations relating to fish, game and fur-bearing animals." During 1936, 54,477 resident and 23,831 non-resident licenses were issued. It is worthy of mention that over ninety per cent of the expenses of the department are paid out of the revenues from fish and game licenses.

Although we like to have guests come into the state to fish, I must admit that we are quite selfish with lobsters and oysters. Before you can take the first you must have lived in New Hampshire for six months. Even at that you must be careful not to annex a lady lobster carrying spawn. And unless you are a real New Hampshire person, don't take a bushel of oysters from Great Bay, Little Bay, or the Durham River and never through the ice or in June, July, or August.

When the first commission examined the rivers, they tried to re-establish salmon, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Chinook salmon were introduced into the state in the 1870's and 80's. They did well in our lakes, though they did not es-

tablish self-sustaining populations. They still are planted by the Fish and Game Department and are reported as increasing in size in the Connecticut Lakes.

Landlocked salmon were first stocked in Newfound Lake, but now are found in other lakes and ponds. Native Atlantic salmon once again are living in some of the completely freshwater bodies. Salmon can be taken from April fifteenth to September first, and through September with flies.

Forty-five years ago lake trout were indigenous to only First and Second Connecticut Lakes, Squam, Winnisquam, Winnepesaukee, and East Pond in Enfield. Now their range has been extended.

Lake Winnisquam is the official station for getting lake-trout eggs for propagation. Men work here annually during the proper season stripping the great "lakers" of their eggs, which are hatched and the young nurtured at the Laconia Fish Hatchery. Jack Hoadley, the foreman of the egg strippers, has carried on such work for thirty years in order that you and I may fish for lake trout in our various New Hampshire lakes. In 1937 the men who were trying to net the fish above the sandbars of the lake found the work extremely difficult. They battled both wind and low water, for the wind kept the boats inshore and the low water drove the fish from the sandbar. But the "lakers" were captured and the work of stripping them was carried out.

"Stripping lakers" is only one of the constructive activities of the Fish and Game Department. Millions of smelt eggs and adults are taken each year from Winnisquam to supply other waters, and more than 400,000 legal-size fish and a much larger number of fingerlings are released annually in New Hampshire lakes and streams.

There are four large fish hatcheries at New Hampton, Laconia, Warren, and Colebrook, besides six rearing stations in different sections of the state. A five-mile run from Bristol will take you to the largest one in New Hampton, and it's well worth visiting. For the past four years Superintendent Harry

A. Hubbard has been carrying on an experiment which is just as interesting to the biologist as to the fisherman. He's raising a new breed of trout—the albino. The patriarch of all the white trout still lives in one of the hatchery tanks, and so do his 150 children, 500 grandchildren, and nearly 6,000 great-grandchildren! Water from Dickerman's Brook flows into the hatchery's great line of tanks, where a half-million brook trout, 200,000 rainbows, and 200,000 "lakers" are kept until they are of legal size. Continual planting goes on from the hatchery which is one of the main supplies for keeping our bodies and streams of fresh water up to normal in fish population.

Graylings were introduced into New Hampshire by the United States Fish Commission and the United States Forest Service. They are making a permanent home in Long Pond in Benton, which is the only place east of Michigan where they live.

A most exclusive fish is the aureolus—you may know it as golden trout—which has preserved its identity in Dan Hole Pond in Ossipee and Tuftonboro, where it was discovered in 1900. Its only other New Hampshire home is Lake Sunapee, though it is found also in Flood's Pond in Maine and Averill in Vermont. It's exclusive in more than one way, too, for it is allowable to take only four golden trout in one day's catch.

If you've read early New Hampshire history you will at once associate whitefish, locally called shad, with Lake Winnepesaukee. They have been caught there ever since Indian days. I am told the best shad-fishing grounds at present are near Guernsey Island. The old "Shad Path," a steep and winding road which follows more or less closely along the lake shore, still leads from Meredith Parade above Laconia to the Weirs Schoolhouse. It was the path which the Parade settlers used when they went to Lake Winnepesaukee to fish.

One Sabbath day in a year when there was a great scarcity of food, a man threw open the door of the meeting-house and interrupted "Priest" Nicholas Folsom's sermon by crying: "The shad have come! The shad have come!" The good

clergyman raised his hand in benediction. "I close my sermon; they will do you more good than my talk," he said.

Lake Ossipee is noted for the great variety of its fish, including brook trout, landlocked salmon, lake trout, cusk, whitefish, large race smelt, rainbow trout, white perch, bass, yellow perch, horned pout, and small smelt. During the spawning season Chinook salmon also appeared. They were not stocked and probably escaped from the Black Brook station or from Silver Lake.

New Hampshire was one of the first states to carry on a biological survey of its waters. The Fish and Game Department has added a biologist to its staff and his work is saving thousands of dollars through more scientific distribution of fish and game. One major project is reclaiming trout waters which, through the cutting of forests, have become too warm for brook trout, which do their best in water about sixty degrees in temperature. These waters have been restocked with rainbow and brown trout.

Like most New Hampshire mountaineers, I have been trained in the traditions of brook-trout fishing. Two members of my own family—no mean fishermen, I assure you—had their first lessons in angling and obtained their ideals of sportsmanship from Dr. William C. Prime, "the Izaak Walton of America," who in his day probably knew more about the intricacies of New Hampshire trout-streams than any other man.

Although his book *I Go A-Fishing* is out of print, native fishermen who are lucky enough to own copies consult them to this day. He knew the habits of the trout in different streams and lakes and found them as diversified in habit as are the people of various sections of the country. He could tell you at what time of day Profile Lake trout would rise and just what flies to use to tempt the denizens of Clear Stream. For him the trout of each lake and stream had its own flavor, for Dr. Prime was a connoisseur in all things. "My own taste places as generally the finest flavored trout I know of those which are taken in Profile Lake in New Hampshire, and which have red meat,

but I have often found them fully equalled by the small trout from the Pemigewasset River which runs out of the lake, and whose flesh is always white," he declared. He believed that the Pemigewasset trout were the most beautiful he knew in all the world. His description tells of the light in them "shining through a pearl skin, which has a soft, peachy flesh tint with spots of gold and red standing out of it."

This is what you see if you are a real fisherman like Dr. Prime and ex-President Grover Cleveland, who spent so many happy hours fishing while at his summer home in Tamworth, or Clarence Dubois of Concord, who hopes to fish in every one of New Hampshire's "thousand lakes and ponds" and so far has located 151 ponds in which most of the fish are brook trout.

In Coös, Grafton, and Carroll Counties brook trout can be caught from May first to September first, with fly fishing in September, and what a glorious time that early morning of May first is for big and little fishermen who have dreamed of it all winter! May first to August first, with fly fishing in August, is the way the law reads for the other counties. Even the smallest New Hampshire boy knows that each of his trout must be six inches long and he has a notch showing that length right on his first fishpole. In his dreams he pictures taking twenty-five in one day or filling his basket with five pounds of speckled beauties—no more does the law allow him.

The angler dreams of his favorite sport more often than other men of theirs, Dr. Prime thinks. "Trout-fishing is employment for all men, of all minds," he says. "It tends to dreamy life, and it leads to much thought and reflection." Then he adds: "We who go a-fishing are a peculiar people. Like other men and women in many respects, we are like one another, and like no others, in other respects. We understand each other's thoughts by an intuition of which you know nothing. We cast our flies on many waters, where memories and fancies and facts rise, and we take them and show them to each other, and, small or large we are content with our catch."

SOMETHING ABOUT ART



"It is a long way from Rome to Cornish, New Hampshire," wrote Homer Saint-Gaudens in the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1922. "Yet it may give New Englanders a thrill to see on the banks of the Connecticut River set in beauty and dignity, the evidences of a famous journey in art begun in the Eternal City and ending among the meadows of white pines and sheep pastures of the land we know so well."

He was describing the coming of his father Augustus Saint-Gaudens to Cornish, which with Hanover and Manchester is one of the three high lights in telling of New Hampshire's experiments in art.

If I had written this chapter in the 1860's and 70's, I should have added North Conway, with its group of painters of the "White Mountain School," who assembled there in summer to put on canvas the mysterious "paintable" qualities which John Pratt Whitman, the North Sandwich artist, says makes New Hampshire "one seething mass of pictures."

There is a merry, gurgling brook in North Conway along whose banks those artists set their easels almost more than any place in the region. It's still called Artist Brook. Benjamin Champney, pioneer of the North Conway landscape-painters, tells us that at one time the village and the neighborhood of the brook were almost as famous as Barbizon and Fontainebleau after Millet, Rousseau, and Diaz set the fashion for them.

Champney—you'll find his memory lingering in the name of a waterfall in the Swift River Valley about two miles from the main highway—was the outstanding man among the group, not only for his landscapes, but also for his book *Sixty Years' Memories of Art and Artists*, which has such a wealth of vivid details about these men who sketched in our New Hampshire mountains.

There was Thomas Cole, for instance—one of the earliest of them—who put the grandeur of the mountains on a number of canvases, one of which, *View near Conway*, was exhibited in 1830 at the Royal Academy in London. Then there was George Loring Brown, the "American Claude," whose best-known White Mountain painting, *The Crown of New England*, was purchased by Edward VII when as the Prince of Wales he was touring the United States. The picture now hangs in a gallery of Windsor Castle. George Inness, the most noted of American landscape-painters, also worked at North Conway. He sketched, too, in West Ossipee and, like Whittier, stayed at the Bearcamp River House. Thomas Hill, the portrayer of scenes in the Yosemite and the Sierras, was a member of this group of artists. He worked on his spectacular *White Mountain Notch—Morning after the Willey Slide* in North Conway. That artist of German birth Godfrey N. Frankenstein is now known better for the name he gave to the great cliff which juts out from the tableland west of the Saco and south of Mount Willey than for his sketches, though two of them were very popular and were lithographed and reproduced in *Oakes' White Mountain Scenery*.

I have not told you of all the men who loved and painted the White Mountains over sixty years ago. I should need an entire chapter to do it. But Frederick W. Kilbourne in *Chronicles of the White Mountains* has written delightfully of them and, as I said, there's Champney's book, which is source material for anything a present-day writer can say concerning their sojourns in New Hampshire.

Artists always have liked to paint around Dublin. Notable

names among them are Abbott Thayer and George de Forest Brush. Alexander James, son of William James, the philosopher, has done much of his recent work in Dublin and frequently uses residents of the locality as models for his studies. The Dublin artists hold exhibitions in the summer, as do the members of the Merrimack Valley Art Association.

Barry Faulkner, one of America's important contemporary mural painters, recently commissioned to do the huge murals in Oregon's new Capitol, has a Keene address; Edmund C. Tarbell, the distinguished portrait-painter, gives his home as Newcastle; and with Maxfield Parrish, who recently designed two posters for the State Planning and Development Commission, I am back again in Cornish, which for over a quarter of a century was the home of our greatest American sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

It was Abraham Lincoln who really brought the sculptor to New Hampshire. Saint-Gaudens had just received the commission which was to produce the gaunt, thoughtful figure of the *Standing Lincoln* when the brilliant New York attorney Charles Cotesworth Beaman persuaded him to go to New Hampshire. "You will find plenty of Lincoln-shaped men up there for models," he told Saint-Gaudens.

The sculptor found the men, and fell in love with Cornish. He decided to live there and bought an old brick house—it really was an ancient tavern known as Huggins' Folly—which he had remodeled for a home. He built terraces on the estate, set out hedges and French poplars, and named it Aspet for his father's boyhood home in the Pyrenees.

Homer Saint-Gaudens tells us that the sculptor liked to sit on the porch and look at Mount Ascutney in Vermont, six miles away, while he shaped those dreams which later became his greatest masterpieces.

His own workshop—the Little Studio—was the stable of the old inn, but it underwent many changes to make it the thing of beauty it is today. Under the pergola which surrounds it is

a reproduction of a portion of the Parthenon frieze, which Saint-Gaudens amused himself by coloring as he imagined it to be in Phidias' day.

The Big Studio, where his helpers and pupils worked, is about two minutes' walk away in an enclosure of the poplars. Replicas of the *Caryatides*, the sculptor's last major work, stand at the entrance. It is impossible to mention all the wonderful things inside. Among them is that full-sized *Standing Lincoln*, studies of the *Victory*, the *Farragut*, the statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin—*The Puritan*, to give it the usual name—and the Robert Louis Stevenson Medallion, which Saint-Gaudens modeled in a New York hotel with Stevenson propped up in bed and his wife reading to him. Here too is the replica of that Adams Memorial in Rock Creek Cemetery which Alexander Woollcott declares in the *Wife of Henry Adams* is "the most beautiful thing ever fashioned by the hand of man on this continent" and which Cortissoz called "the most remarkable imaginative achievement in America."

Across the open meadow not far from the house is a grove of stately white pines planted firmly on the brink of a deep glen. The ashes of Augustus Saint-Gaudens and his wife rest here in the Temple. Mrs. Saint-Gaudens erected it to the sculptor's memory and it stands on the spot where on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Cornish Colony his friends gave for him the masque of *The Gods and the Golden Bowl*.

Aspet is Saint-Gaudens's permanent memorial, for in 1919 it was incorporated and chartered by the State of New Hampshire as an educational institution to encourage young sculptors in their work and to foster public appreciation of the art. The house and studios are open from April first to November first and thousands of people annually visit this shrine to American art.

Homer Saint-Gaudens points out that genius breaks down all barriers. In describing his father's association with our state

THE OLD MAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS and I have been neighbors for many years. Nobody knows for how many centuries he has hung from Profile Mountain with his chin pointing toward the Pemigewasset Valley. I have lived over a quarter of a century in Franconia Village below the Three Mile Hill, the summit of which is part of the watershed between the Merrimack and Connecticut River systems.

I wish I could tell you how many thousands of people look up at the Old Man's rocky profile during the year. I can't and I don't believe anyone else will be able to do it. The only comment I shall make is this: it has more visitors than any other one thing in New England.

To every Franconian the Old Man of the Mountains is a sacred object and we resent any implication that it is not the most beautiful and wonderful thing in the world. A placid matron, usually unruffled by any amount of friction in daily living, completely lost her poise when two tourists accosted her at the Reservation parking place to ask this question: "Where is this Old Man of the Mountains anyway, and is he worth seeing?" It was the supreme insult to this New Hampshire-born lady, and her husband was forced to take her by the arm and drag her away before she broke into biting, scathing speech.

You already know that the Old Man is in the Franconia

preted both by the drawing and by the keying of the colors.

Someone told me that Orozco painted a fresco in the kitchen of a magnificent New York City apartment and that a reporter was sent by a newspaper to get a story about it. "How do you like the paintings in your kitchen?" the young man asked the colored ruler of the copper pots and pans. She nodded her turbaned head and replied: "Oh, fine, sir; when I look at those fellows working so hard, it seems as though I have nothing to do!"

The chief criticism of the murals in the Baker Memorial Library seems to be that they are not in keeping with the spirit of New England architecture. This objection was answered by Lewis Mumford in his article: "Orozco in New England," published in the *New Republic*.¹ There is a side of New England, Mr. Mumford believes, that goes elsewhere for elements lacking in its local scene. He says that a genuine regional tradition lives by two principles—by cultivating what you have at home and by seeking elsewhere for what you do not possess and making it your own. It is this tradition that has produced Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. It has also produced the Orozco murals.

Manchester is our third art center. It, too, has its murals, though they are quite different from those in Hanover in conception, spirit, and method of execution. The fresco decorates the chapel of St. Anselm College and was painted by Father P. Raphael with the object of teaching the Christian ideals of the Church to young men.

The Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences is the art school of northern New England. It gives excellent training in painting, design, and crafts, supplemented by a normal art course with a very high rating and endorsed by the New Hampshire State Board of Education.

Years ago Governor Moody Currier dreamed of founding an art gallery for his Manchester friends. He left his fortune to his widow with the understanding that upon her death it

¹ October 10, 1934.

should be given to the city for the purpose he had in mind. The gallery, which stands on the site of the Currier Mansion, is considered one of the finest of the smaller American museums. As it is heavily endowed, it has the best of the major traveling art exhibits to supplement its own treasures.

The Currier Art Gallery is doing a splendid piece of work in the city, but its influence is state-wide. As Mrs. Maude Briggs Knowlton, the curator, told me: "We have our regular patrons who visit each new exhibition. They usually bring in two or three more people as they come. About 10,000 come for story hours and educational moving pictures, and we average at least 40,000 yearly visitors."

VALLEYS OF INDUSTRY.



ONCE UPON A TIME—in Boscawen, I believe—a fulling mill, a carding mill, a sawmill, and a gristmill stood on a half-mile stretch along a brook that dashed down a hillside and then flowed across the intervals to the Merrimack. The owners made their homes near by and cultivated the small farms which helped to support their families. Their children romped along the banks of the brooks; their wives bustled about the houses and tended the hens and the gardens. It was a merry, happy place, buzzing with activities. The neighbors called it the “Valley of Industry.”

There were many such valleys in New Hampshire, for the streams with their tumbling waterfalls furnished mill sites for all kinds of small textile plants, foundries, paper mills, and “ten by ten” shoe shops. They sprang up as if by magic until, by the middle of the nineteenth century, manufacturing was supporting more people than was any other means of livelihood.

From that time on, New Hampshire has been a manufacturing state. Now, in spite of the slump in business conditions, there are 58,689 people earning their bread, butter, and what jam they can afford through industrial pursuits, and more than forty towns where the chief interest of the citizens is manufacturing are scattered along our main rivers.

From a historical standpoint New Ipswich should be awarded a medal for its part in the state’s story of industry. It was a December day in 1804 when Benjamin Prichard’s cot-

ton factory—the first in the state—started its 400 spindles to turn out 400 pounds of yarn which were sold for three dollars and forty-two cents.

But this mill operated for a dozen years before there were any power looms made in the state. John Steele, who established "the Old Bell Factory" in Peterborough in 1809, experimented and worked and then experimented again until he had made some looms which he could use. A small boy told him that sometimes the products looked like cloth and sometimes they looked like a harness, but finally he had the looms regulated until they turned out a uniform width of cotton cloth, the first to be woven by water-power in New Hampshire. The New Ipswich factory was very progressive and not only installed Steele's looms, but later put in a picking machine, the invention of an Englishman. Before that all the cotton used by the early plants was "let out" to families for picking, and boys on horseback rode over the countryside carrying bags of a hundred pounds each to the workers.

To New Ipswich, too, came the Scotchman John Sanderson, expert in the knowledge of indigo dyeing. And what a relief to the housewives who had carried on that tedious, unpleasant process in their own homes! They emptied the indigo vats and rode to town with all their yarn to be colored.

It was Sanderson who put in operation the first New Hampshire power carding-machine, another boon to the overworked women. So, you see, not only did New Ipswich produce the state's first cotton mill, but also it was there where the first step in woolen manufacturing was taken.

Keene's industrial story is very interesting, for it still has a mill which is run by descendants of the Faulkner and Colony who founded it in 1815. The plant is on West Street about a quarter of a mile from the business section and stands on the very spot where Francis Faulkner went to work in the old fulling mill in 1809. Young Francis knew all the ins and outs of the business, I'm sure, for he was the great-grandson of Ammirhamah Faulkner, who had put up fulling mills in Concord,

Massachusetts, years before. He persuaded another hustling young fellow, Josiah Colony by name, to go into partnership with him and buy out the mill where he worked.

The first ten years or so were spent in carding wool for the Keene housewives, and the young men also operated a gristmill and a sawmill. Then about 1825 they began to manufacture that flannel cloth, three quarters of a yard wide, dyed in the primary colors, which was to make the firm famous. It was the principal product for seventy years and the firm's scarlet flannel for shirts and "red flannel underwear" was sold in every country store in New Hampshire and even was shipped to California to be used for the Forty-niners' shirts. Now Faulkner and Colony produce dress goods, coatings, and men's suitings.

Aside from Keene, there are twenty-four New Hampshire towns making woolen goods, including blankets, robes for automobiles, flannels, and commercial felts. Woolen yarns are manufactured in five towns. The Concord Worsted Mill, owned by Thomas Hodgson and Sons, is an example of one of those small industries, using native materials as far as possible and employing local help, which are characteristic of smaller New Hampshire communities.

And now let me tell you the recent dramatic story of Manchester, New Hampshire's largest city, which refused to allow its industrial life to go to the wall. Until 1935 it was the home of the largest manufacturing company in the world and the seventy-five factory buildings owned by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company stretched along the banks of the Merrimack River for three and a half miles. Its employees numbered 21,000 people, many of whom lived in the company's houses, which covered a number of blocks in the city.

Perhaps you have heard that the town of Derryfield became Manchester because Judge Samuel Blodgett, who sank a fortune in building the first canals, said the day was coming when it would rival England's great industrial city. You may not know, however, that the first step which was to make Man-

chester one of the outstanding manufacturing cities of the world was taken by that same Benjamin Prichard who started the mill in New Ipswich.

Prichard moved over to Amoskeag Falls and built a small factory. He found it difficult to swing and it was reorganized in 1810 as the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Factory. That was the first time that the old Indian word so familiar to us today was used in this connection. The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company emerged in 1831. It bought large tracts of land along the river and absorbed other mills, and a large and flourishing town grew up around the plant on the east bank of the Merrimack. The Amoskeag Mills meant "Manchester," for its citizens were not actually employed in the factories; they were providing food, heat, clothes, and luxuries for those who were.

I am sure that dark Christmas week of 1935 dawned for Manchester just as Christmas has dawned for generations, with parents stretching pennies to make it the high light of the year for shining-eyed children. When during that week the largest mills in the world went into bankruptcy, a heavy black pall of hopeless despair threatened to extinguish all the gay lights on the Christmas trees.

The members of a desperate Citizens' Committee met to ask each other what could be done in the way of salvage. When this committee met a year later it had carried out one of the most constructive and daring pieces of work ever done in the state, and had raised \$5,000,000 to save "the Amoskeag" from the auction block.

The idea started with three young men, James O'Neil, Avery Schiller, and Edmund F. Jewell; and their plan of buying the factories was furthered by the far-sighted mayor of the city, Arthur E. Moreau, who headed the committee to save Manchester. These men sold stock fearlessly, but frankly admitted that it all was a gamble and that everyone who came in on the deal might lose out. Frank Carpenter, who gave the Public Library to the city, put up the Y.W.C.A. Building, and

owns the Carpenter Hotel, took a thousand shares. Each business and professional man bought as much as he could afford. And those young men got the money—\$2,225,000 came from the Public Service Company of New Hampshire—and bought the property.

But the dramatic moment was yet to come when a New York organization which had delayed in bidding on the property tried to buy from them at a profit of \$2,000,000. You can see the temptation, but to a man they figuratively cried: "We never again will put our eggs in one basket!" and refused.

The Amoskeag Industries, Incorporated, was organized under the laws of the state and every selling agency in New Hampshire was called upon to help dispose of the concessions. Every manufacturer who ever had shown the slightest interest in locating in the state received a letter concerning the opportunities. An outside mill company which wanted to start an entirely new business bought one of the empty buildings, and 2,500 Manchester people went to work. A large manufacturer of gauze bandages and medical supplies followed, and employed 600 more workers. Then a yarn manufacturer leased two buildings, and so the project grew until operating Amoskeag Industries became a full-time job for a director and a large staff of executives, clerks, and stenographers.

Metropolitan newspapers and national magazines found it a thrilling story and sent their ace reporters to Manchester to write up the city's fight to rise from a near industrial death. *The March of Time* featured it in a moving picture as "The Nation's Success Story of 1937."

In November 1937 the first Manchester Progress Exposition was staged in Number 11 Mill of the Amoskeag Industries. More than 50,000 feet of floor space were given over to the exposition, which displayed the wholesale and retail interests, educational life, and agricultural features of the community and outlying districts. The main reason for the exposition, however, was to celebrate Manchester's rise from the over-

whelming ruin which it faced one Christmas day less than two years before.

Nashua—New Hampshire's second city—has had a thrilling industrial life, which began back in 1823 when a charter was granted to the Nashua Manufacturing Company and it put up its first mill. Like Manchester with "the Amoskeag," Nashua's civic life developed around its mills. Every New Hampshire housewife knows about the Indian Head products, especially that cotton cloth which they always speak of as "Indian Head," and the great, fleecy blankets which come from the Nashua mills.

The city enjoyed that great era of industrial prosperity which swept over New Hampshire when thousands of spindles turned night and day to supply the world's demand for their goods. It was so well known to the outside world that a letter written in 1836 arrived safely at its destination with only this address:

*Postmasters all, do not delay,
My destination's Nashua!
The place where making cloth is great
In Hillsboro County, New Hampshire State.
Show me the way, don't let me get lost
And send me to Mr. Benjamin Frost.*

When the lean years came, Nashua also had a number of diversified industries to fall back upon. For instance, there was the J. F. McElwain Company, which manufactured a nationally known shoe. At the end of thirteen years it had produced 50,000,000 pairs of shoes and given employment to over 1,500 workers.

Until 1929 the cotton textile industry outranked all other New Hampshire industries. In 1935 the state stood eighth in this business, but had stepped up to fourth place in the production of boots and shoes. Allan Sawyer of Weare was the first man in New Hampshire to make footwear in a factory, but he

was followed quickly by firms in Farmington, Rochester, and Dover. Now about sixty New Hampshire firms are producing it.

Hosiery, the necessary accompaniment to shoes, is manufactured in Belmont, Laconia, Tilton, Hillsborough, Nashua, and Franklin, with woolen socks coming from the little mountain town of Campton.

Besides shoes, gloves and belts are New Hampshire's other leather products. The best-known firm is the Saranac Glove Company in Littleton, which has done business ever since 1866.

Iron was mined to some extent and used in manufacturing in the first part of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the most important works were in Franconia, which Thoreau called the iron country of New Hampshire. Two companies carried on business in the town, getting their ore from Iron Mountain in Lisbon. The "old stone stack" which you see beside Gale River as you drive down Franconia village street is all that remains now of a once flourishing industry which went out of existence in 1886.

New Hampshire has an unlimited amount of granite—it's called the "Granite State," you'll remember. Only a relatively small quantity is quarried at the present time, however, and the state produces about four per cent of the total for the United States. The principal quarries are at Milford, Concord, Marlboro, Keene, Fitzwilliam, Redstone in Conway, and Allentown.

Perhaps Concord granite is the best known outside the state, for it has been used in constructing many New England public buildings. The greatest project ever carried out in this granite was the building of the Congressional Library in Washington under a large contract with the Fuller Quarry. It took six years to fulfill that contract, which called for 350,000 cubic feet of granite and kept 300 men busily employed.

In 1935 New Hampshire was the second largest mica and feldspar producing area on the basis of value. It is also the second largest known source of abrasive garnet in the country.

BELOVED MOUNTAINS



"IN SPITE OF the negative experiences of Mohammed, there are mountains that come to men," Sarah Harvey Porter once told the New Hampshire Association of Washington. Then she added: "Every person born and raised within sight of Kearsarge feels that the grand old mountain is part of his personality."

There's not a New Hampshireman in existence, I'm sure, but has his own "beloved mountain" that means more to him than any other mountain in the world. It's natural that the people of southern New Hampshire should love Kearsarge, for it has no rivals and its 3,000 feet of isolated grandeur dominate the landscape for miles around. The early settlers of the region had heard all about it before they felled the first trees in the present towns of Andover, Salisbury, Warner, and Wilmot. When they spoke of it they used some variant of the word *Carasarga*.

That name *Kearsarge* caused quite a controversy at one time because the pioneers who left the region to go farther north into the wilderness called a peak in Bartlett and Chatham *Kearsarge*. I imagine they were homesick for their "beloved mountain." But it later led to great confusion and the United States Geographic Board had to iron the matter out by deciding that the northern mountain should be known as Pequawket.

Kearsarge is not only good to look at, but it's also good to

climb. From the summit you can see over all southern New Hampshire and much of the lake region and catch glimpses of the distant White Mountains. Best of all, if you are not an energetic mountain climber and are just out on a happy-go-lucky family party, you can drive your automobile from Wilmot Flat up the north side of the mountain over eighteen hundred feet to the site of the old Winslow House, which burned years ago. The land is state-owned and there are a parking area and picnic grounds. Some people drive up here to get the view and go no farther, though most of them like to finish the climb and take in the sweeping panorama from the summit.

To the Manchester people the twin undulating contours of the Uncanoonucs are "beloved mountains," and Nottingham's Pawtuckaways, looking like half oranges against the sky, have many admirers who like them better than the more rugged peaks to the north.

I had my first mountain climbing on Gunstock and Belknap in Gilford, for they are easy to climb, with magnificent views to reward you when you reach the tops. And that is all I ask of mountaineering, for I am a lazy person when it comes to scaling rocks. Yet I wish everyone could see those views from the Gilford mountains. There is something strangely spectacular about shining Lake Winnepesaukee and the mountain wall behind it.

Green Mountain in Effingham is a favorite of our summer guests. It is not very high, but stands so alone that there's an unforgettable view from the summit. Then there is Copple Crown over in Brookfield, beloved by Wolfeboro people. An old guidebook devotes three pages to describing it and the view from the top.

Many people think that Chocorua is the most distinctive and picturesque of all New Hampshire mountains and I venture to say that ninety per cent of our out-of-state guests know it better than any other peak except Mount Washington. "*There's a mountain!*" they cry when they first see its unusual outline. One of them told me that she had climbed it so many times

that she had lost track of the number, for she stopped counting when she had been up a hundred times.

It's the joy of poets and prose writers and many of them have described it. "Jagged, gaunt, haggard, rocky, desolate, craggy, peaked, proud, rugged and haughty" are some of the adjectives which Starr King applied to it. "It is everything a New Hampshire mountain should be," he said. "It bears the name of an Indian chief. It is invested with traditional and poetic interest. In form it is massive and symmetrical. The forests of its lower slopes are crowned with rock that is sculptured into a peak with lines full of haughty energy, in whose gorges huge shadows are entrapped and whose cliffs blaze with morning gold."

To Lucy Larcom it was

*The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east.*

The real spirit of Chocorua, however, was Frank Bolles, who lived on the lake in summer and wrote delightful nature essays which were published in three books, *To the North of Bearcamp Water*, *The Land of the Lingering Snow*, and *From Blomidon to Smoky*. In *Literary Pilgrimages of a Naturalist*, Winthrop Packard says: "For all who love the lore of woodland life the country up around Chocorua lake and mountain must always be haunted by the gentle spirit of Frank Bolles, whose books, all too few, breathe the very essence of its perennial charm. To nature lovers who come year after year to the place these books are a litany, and all the bird songs are echoes of the notes he loved."

Chocorua has its legend, which is almost as famous as the mountain itself. It is concerned with an Indian who believed that a settler murdered his son. In revenge he killed the white man's family. When pursued up the mountain, he hurled himself over a precipice. Before Chocorua jumped, he cursed the people of the valley, it is said, and predicted that their cattle

would die. And die they did, though later a scientist found out that the misfortune was caused, not by the curse, but by muriate of lime in the water, which is not good for cattle.

There have been many versions of this story, but the best-known is a poem, "Chocorua's Curse," which was written years ago by Charles James Finger, a Nashua attorney.

As Robert S. Monahan once told us, however, Chocorua's curse was effectually blighted in 1912 when the White Mountain National Forest took over the watershed of the Swift River at the time the Federal Government first authorized large purchases of land in the White Mountains. This stopped the unrestricted lumbering which was destroying the beauty of Chocorua, Paugus, Whiteface, and Tripyramid, which are now protected by the United States Forest Service.

I have a friend whose "beloved mountain" is Moosilauke, in the town of Benton. A "benign mountain" she calls it, and says it has a "scalloped summit." It is distinguished also because it is the first New Hampshire mountain of the great Appalachian Trail, extending from Mount Oglethorpe in Georgia to Katahdin in Maine. This is, of course, if you start out by way of the Dartmouth Outing Club Trail from Hanover to Glenclyff.

Moosilauke is attended by Black Mountain, Owl's Head, and Sugar Loaf. A man who climbs it often says the important things in the view from the top are "a close-up picture of the Franconia Range, a wide sweep along the Connecticut Valley, the Green Mountains of Vermont, Mount Washington and the Presidential Range."

The stone Moosilauke Summit Camp, now owned by the Dartmouth Outing Club, was the old Prospect House, which Landlord James Clement opened to the public on the Fourth of July in 1860. What a day that was, with a brass band, a golden-tongued orator, and a real Indian—imported, of course—dancing and letting out war whoops! There were a thousand people on the mountain top and nothing like it has been seen on Moosilauke since.

Landlord Clement was a born story-teller and he made the most of the mountain as a setting for his extraordinary yarns. He said he had seen the fog so thick that he could bag it up like corn, and that on the full of the August moon millions of witches and ghosts danced and sang over the rocks. "What is the use of telling a story at all unless you can tell one that will call the mind into activity?" he asked when someone took him to task for his imaginative flights.

Professor J. H. Huntington stayed up on the mountain top for two months in the winter of 1870. On New Year's Day Abner Clough, who accompanied him, wrote in his diary: "It is a glorious morning up here. The scene is one of wild magnificence." But things had changed by the next day, when the young man recorded: "The wind moans, whines, shrieks and yells like a thousand ghosts, the house trembles and rocks through the walls of stone three feet thick and the roar is deafening."

This is Moosilauke in winter, but the extremes in weather do not daunt the members of the Dartmouth Outing Club. Almost any winter week-end, if you are brave enough to make the journey, you will find some of these agile lads swooping down Hell's Highway, one of the earlier major ski-trail developments. In 1927 the first down-mountain ski race was held on the Moosilauke carriage road. In summer the Moosilauke Summit Camp is kept open by Dartmouth undergraduates, who supply meals and lodging to climbers. Owned largely by the Outing Club and surrounded by a network of trails and by cabins and shelters, Moosilauke is known far and wide as "Dartmouth's Mountain."

Lafayette, the Franconia mountain with the shawl wrapped closely around her motherly breasts, is the "beloved mountain" of the people living in the Littleton and Franconia regions. One of the mountain's great admirers is the Reverend Frank P. Fletcher, author of *My Out-of-Doors*. He calls it "the magic mountain, ever changing with our angle of view," and says that it is beloved because it is so dependable, and also for

its sunset tints in late winter and for the snow cross which appears in the ravine on the side in late May.

When the Franconia people see that cross they know that spring has come at last. I could sit here at my typewriter and try to describe it for you, but someone else has written of it far better than I could ever hope to do. Of it Dr. William Prime has said: "When the advancing spring melts the snow from the sides of Lafayette, it always leaves a wonderful sign on the western slope of the great hill. There every day in the spring a great white cross, a thousand feet in height, five hundred feet from arm to arm, stands on the mountainside, caused by the snows which lie in deep masses in three ravines. And when the sun goes down, the Old Man sees the cross grow red and purple in the strange weird light, and high over it the summit of the hill gleams like a flaming star as the night hides the splendor of the ruby sign."

Daniel Santry, who painted Lafayette in every mood, told me that nothing in the world that he had seen—and he had traveled in many lands—could compare with the Franconia mountain on those February days at sunset when the amethyst glow sweeps across it. Santry's paintings are known only to the discriminating few, but they value them highly. One of the collectors who love them is Edgar Soames of Grand Rapids, who owns a number of rare studies of grand old Lafayette painted by a man who understood the mountain as no one else ever will. I now pay tribute to the memory of Daniel Santry.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City hangs a painting of another New Hampshire mountain which rivals Chocorua in popularity. *Winter Sunrise on Monadnock* was painted by Abbott H. Thayer, who loved Grand Monadnock so well that he asked to have his ashes scattered over it. His last picture was *The Monadnock Angel*, showing the figure of a winged woman standing with outstretched, half-beckoning hands among the evergreens on the mountainside.

Thayer was only one of the many artists who from the shores of Dublin Lake studied the changing moods and colors

on the majestic, isolated mountain.

Writers as well as artists loved Monadnock. It is situated in the towns of Dublin and Jaffrey and so is only about ten miles from the Massachusetts boundary. From the shores of Walden Pond Thoreau could see it looming against the sky and he made numerous references to it in his journals. He visited it three times and once he camped "a stone's throw from the summit, on the north side under some spruce trees." It was while he was walking from Troy toward the mountain that he received the impression which he was to record in a singularly vivid way. "Methought," he said, "I saw the same color with which Ararat and Caucasus and all earth's brows are stained, which was mixed in antiquity and receives a new coat every century." Emerson called it "Cheshire's haughty hill" in his poem "Monadnoc" (he spelled it without the *k*), and Hawthorne saw it as "a sapphire close against the sky."

I am told that you can see this mountain as you sail up Boston Harbor. Perhaps that is why John White Chadwick described it as

*The merest bulge above the horizon's rim
Of purplish blue, which you might think a cloud
Low lying there,—that is Monadnock proud,
Full seventy miles away.*

The word *monadnock* has come to mean a mountain of this type—a prominent, isolated, hard remnant from a prolonged period of erosion. Professor William Morris Davis suggested that the New Hampshire mountain bestow its name upon all such formations and now the term is in general use among geologists.

There are six fine trails leading to the summit, and various other approaches to the mountain, but the Poole Memorial Road, built by Joel H. Poole of "the Ark" in memory of his son Arthur Eugene Poole, is probably the most used. Mr. Poole deeded the road to the state. The road connects the

Jaffrey-Dublin Highway with the parking place and public camp site.

Perhaps you are asking: "What is 'the Ark'?" I assure you that no one can make a visit to Monadnock without hearing about it. Back in the early nineteenth century Joseph Cutter Jr., son of the largest landed proprietor of the town of Jaffrey, built a rambling farmhouse under the southeastern slope of the mountain. It was so commodious that the neighbors couldn't help making jokes about it.

"Who built the ark?" one would ask another, using the phraseology of the Shorter Catechism.

"Joe Cutter built the ark," was the usual reply.

Finally it came into the possession of Joel H. Poole, a member of the Cutter family, and eventually it was turned into an inn, which the Poole family managed as long as any of them lived.

The town of Jaffrey, the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, and the state have been acquiring land on Monadnock until today there are 3,500 acres in the public reservation. The view from the summit is one of the finest in New Hampshire and this is the only place from which can be seen points in all six New England states, including Mount Washington in New Hampshire, Mount Mansfield in Vermont, Mount Agamenticus in Maine, the tower of the Boston Custom House in Massachusetts, Woonsocket Hill in Rhode Island, and Bald Hill in Connecticut.

If you wish to know the rest of Monadnock's story—and a long and interesting one it is—I advise you to read *Annals of the Grand Monadnock*, Allen Chamberlain's latest book, which is dedicated to Philip Wheelock Ayres, "who perceived the social and inspirational values of Monadnock and its forests and through whose unremitting labors during many years the Public Reservations on the mountain were developed for the enjoyment of mankind."

“TRIPPING” THROUGH THE COÖS COUNTRY



COO-ASH-AUKE the Indians called the rich meadows of Lancaster and Haverhill. The Upper and Lower Coös we say today, modifying our great-grandfathers' spelling *Corwass* to make it fit our ideas of the way the name we have given to our northernmost county should look to modern eyes. Did the original word designate the “Pine-tree Place” or did the great river bends, the “oxbows” and “cat-bows” of the early settlers, mean “the Crooked Place”?

There is a chance for either interpretation to be the right one, for giant pines once grew along the banks of *Quinne-attuck-auke*, “the Long Deer Place,” and the way it winds and coils through the intervals is proof enough that the river gives the land on either side an extremely crooked appearance.

“The Garden of New England” Major Robert Rogers called that basin of the Connecticut in which the present village of Lancaster lies. Theodore Atkinson of Portsmouth was just as enthusiastic about the reports which the scouts brought back from the Lower Coös and tried to get money to settle the region. Modern scouts, looking for new beauty spots to refresh their souls, second everything the early rangers said of the lush meadows sweeping away to meet wooded hills and pastures.

Most of the main village of Lancaster, stately houses and

all, lies back on the first terrace above the Connecticut, rising into a group of hills the highest of which is Mount Prospect, the site of the estate of the late John W. Weeks, a native son who was Secretary of War during the Harding administration. From Mount Pleasant, another of the hills, there is a view which includes the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, the Percy Peaks in Stratford, and the Pilot Range—the old “land pilot hills” of Kilkenny—which guided cross-country hunters and scouts to the Connecticut.

Far up the river to the north just below Pittsburg is Clarksville, spreading over the first great bend. This was the old grant which the legislature made to Dartmouth College in 1789. For years the wilderness was unbroken and only one pioneer tried to penetrate it until, in 1820, up-river came some venturesome Dartmouth students to speculate in buying ten thousand acres of the grant. You would not need to be told that in this wild, magnificent country lumbering has been the chief industry for years.

As we come down the river again, the highway passes through West Stewartstown and meets the direct road from Clarksville Village through Stewartstown proper at Colebrook, the hustling town at the junction of the Mohawk and the Connecticut Rivers. Tourists have now taken the place of the mighty lumberjacks who only a few years ago used to jostle each other on Colebrook streets after a big log drive. There were rival factions and some scrapping, but roistering good times, with perhaps a broken nose or two in the full-blooded days after the drives were over. To some of the older people Colebrook, under the shadow of Vermont's Monadnock in Leamington, seems unbelievably peaceful now, even as the center of a big resort area with the Balsams Hotel a few miles to the east in Dixville Notch.

Below Colebrook the Connecticut winds to Columbia, which in quite the English manner used to be “Cockburn Town” in honor of one of the original grantees, who never saw the place and if he heard of it, hadn't the remotest idea of its location.

This is the northern end of the Upper Coös Country as the early settlers knew it.

During the Revolutionary War, Stratford, Northumberland, and Maidstone, Vermont, were the outposts of the valley and three forts were put up in the region. All the historical sites are marked, so you'll have no difficulty in finding the site of old Fort Wentworth, though it stood on the bank of the river some rods from the present highway.

You should stop, too, and look at the Baldwin Homestead in Stratford, well kept and dignified and having all the earmarks of being loved and cared for by the same family for a number of generations. It was in this house that Luther Parker, President of Indian Stream Territory, found the girl he married.

The Eames Homestead, too, is still a landmark of the Upper Coös. Here lived Captain Jeremiah Eames, one of the men who opened up the valley and then promoted it. His descendant Jack Eames is one of the enthusiastic promoters of Littleton's civic and business life.

Someone will accuse me of being disloyal to my own state if I suggest that you cross the river from Stratford to Brunswick, Vermont, to drink from the white sulphur springs which the Indians knew as "the Medicine Waters of the Great Spirit."

Naturally, I shall try to get you back into the hard-wood center of the north country which encircles the twin Percy Peaks, the outstanding mountains north of the Presidential Range. Timothy Dwight was enthusiastic about the North Peak when he visited Lancaster over a century ago and said it was the most beautiful and exact cone he ever had seen.

Then there is Bowback—it's really *Goback*—another Stratford peak, the highest mountain in the valley except Ascutney, ninety miles farther down-river on the Vermont side.

A few miles below Stratford Hollow, Route 110 turns east for Groveton on the Upper Ammonoosuc River. It is one of the villages of the town of Northumberland and has been

built up by the pulp industry. More than six thousand cords of fir and spruce pulp wood are floated in the spring down Nash Stream, where it is restrained by heavy booms in the Upper Ammonoosuc. This does not include all the pulp wood used by the paper mills of Groveton, for several thousand additional cords are brought by trucks from other points to supplement the year's supply.

You can retrace your route and come back to Lancaster down the river, or continue round about the hills and swing again to the Connecticut. In that case you would see the road leading to Lost Nation, where a man built a church, asked his neighbors to come to hear him preach, and when no one accepted his invitation, gave his sermon just the same to the empty pews, with vigorous denunciations of the people he called "the Lost Nation."

Israel's River—the Indians' *Sirwoong-a-nock*—flows through Jefferson along the Lancaster line and descends rapidly into the Connecticut. It was named for Israel Glines, who trapped and hunted along the uplands; and his brother John, another trapper, is remembered today because he camped on John's River, which flows through Whitefield and Dalton.

The first settlers who trekked up through the forest to make their homes in the Upper Coös Meadows were David Page, his son, two young men, one of them a hunter and the other formerly of Rogers' Rangers, and the only woman, eighteen-year-old Ruth Page, who came to cook for the men. She is admired by all the women's organizations of northern New Hampshire because she kept up the men's courage and refused to leave when they were ready to give up. She married Emmons Stockwell, the young hunter, and when she died, at the age of eighty-three, she left 190 living descendants.

The state highway does not follow down the river, but goes up over the hill to Whitefield. There are views of the White Mountains on every hand, and if you drive out beyond the Mountain View Hotel you see something you will never for-

get—a panorama of mountains and sparkling sheets of water, including the Pilot, Presidential, and Franconia Ranges and Mirror, Burns, and Forest Lakes.

After leaving Whitefield you have your choice of going directly to Bethlehem, with its thirty hotels, or of following the Ammonoosuc River into Littleton. This section is one of the great recreational areas of the state, and the people living in it get their bread and butter through some form of the tourist business. Among them is Ralph Hazen, who has established a reputation by market gardening for the recreational business. He is in demand as a public speaker, for his ideas are practical and have brought him success.

The Ammonoosuc—old Ompomponoosuc—is the wildest, maddest stream in New Hampshire, for it rises in the Lakes of the Clouds on Mount Washington and drops over 6,000 feet from its source on the mountain to the spot where it enters the Connecticut. Throughout its entire course it leaps over rocks and perpendicular precipices, making many falls and cascades, the best-known of which are the Falls of the Upper and Lower Ammonoosuc.

The Ammonoosuc is responsible for the settlement of Littleton, which is now a trading center for the resort towns which surround it. From this statement don't think that Littleton lacks anything itself in this line, for it has its own tourist business and on the outlying hills a permanent summer colony, which is becoming a winter colony also.

On one of these hills is Skyline Farm, the 150-acre community recreational area over which Judge and Mrs. Harry L. Heald preside during the summer. The end of the Dartmouth Outing Club Trail is here and the club cabin is in use throughout the winter. The farmhouse is one of eight pioneer houses which stood between Littleton and Woodsville. It is supplemented by ten private cabins and grills where groups from the hotels and summer camps as well as the Littleton people come to cook their meals in the open. And such a view as there is from Skyline! I don't believe there is another place in the

mountains where you can see so many mountain peaks at one time, for the panorama sweeps over the ranges for more than sixty miles.

The late John E. Johnson of Philadelphia was responsible for the project and in 1920 placed the farm in Judge Heald's care for administration. The Healds make a hobby of the place, enjoy every minute of it, and share their delight in the farm with the children, families, and clubs who use it. In sixteen seasons more than 30,000 people have put their names on the register of Skyline Farm on Mann's Hill.

The Ammonoosuc flows through Lisbon to peaceful Bath, which is said to have been the native town of more famous men than any other northern New Hampshire town. If you look down in the river meadow just beyond the village you will see a large marked boulder where, back in the eighteenth century, little Mercy Harriman carried soil in her apron and covered the top of the rock to make the first garden in Bath.

The river joins the Connecticut at Woodsville, which is one of the villages of the large township of Haverhill. The county buildings are here and the Grafton County Court sits in Woodsville in turn with two other towns, Lebanon and Plymouth.

If you come from Lancaster to Woodsville by way of the river, you follow the Fifteen Mile Falls, the source of power for the great Connecticut River power companies, and pass through Monroe, that New Hampshire town which has no economic problems now and has a surplus of money for all kinds of civic improvements.

The main highway on the New Hampshire side from Bath to Haverhill does not lead directly through Woodsville Village, but continues through North Haverhill by Pine Grove Farm, home of ex-Senator Keyes, to Haverhill Green.

Between Haverhill and Newbury, Vermont, are the meadows of the Great Oxbow, in some places a mile in width, which the Reverend Grant Powers in his quaint history of the Coös Country described as of "wondrous beauty and fertility." Four

officers of Colonel Goffe's regiment who had gone up to show Canada a thing or two saw them and "found them good." In 1763 the charters of Newbury and Haverhill were given to Colonel Jacob Bailey, Captain John Hazen, Lieutenant Jacob Kent, and Lieutenant Timothy Bedell. Some of their descendants still live on the rich farms on both sides of the river.

There is something stately and a little formal about the old hamlet of Haverhill with houses surrounding the Green on the river terrace. Once Haverhill "Corner" was the staging center of northern New England, and lines for Boston, New York, Canada, and parts of Vermont ran through it. Here the coaches "put up overnight" and the Bliss Tavern—still in existence—was often filled to overflowing by travelers and the lawyers and judges who were holding court. It was a rich and colorful era in the town's history, and Alice Morse Earle devoted an entire chapter to it in *Stage Coach and Tavern Days*.

Before you leave Haverhill I must remind you to see the General Montgomery House, where was placed the first piano ever brought into the Coös Country. Nor must I forget to tell you that Haverhill was one of the towns of the Upper Valley which tried to persuade Eleazer Wheelock to establish his college there.

New Hampshire gets more than its usual share of green river intervals at Orford. Washington Irving visited the town years ago and exclaimed: "In all my travels in this country and in Europe, I have seen no village more beautiful than this!" It is graced by a group of white mansion houses of the Bulfinch type set on a terrace above the village street.

The most outstanding feature about Lyme is, I think, the Congregational Church, which strikes you full in the face as the road turns into the village. People who climb to the belfry exclaim over the immense timbers and the construction of the winding stairways to the auditorium, which rise with no visible means of support.

Lyme prides itself on being the birthplace of the musical Hall brothers who organized Hall's Boston Band in the 1830's

and traveled over America and visited Europe. One of the Lyme historians told me that Rudolph Hall's playing so pleased Queen Victoria that she gave him a gold bugle with his name engraved on it.

Another "famous son" was General Daniel Culver, who got considerable property together and gave a large sum of money to assist young men in getting an education in the principles of agriculture. The New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, which started in Hanover and later moved to Durham, was the result. The Culver Homestead, now owned by Duer Dennis, contains a room with its walls decorated by hand-painted landscapes showing immense elm trees in the foreground and several buildings said to be Dartmouth College of the early days.

Mount Cube, or *Cuba*, dominates the region of Lyme and Orford. Today out-of-state people are buying the farms which once covered the hillsides and are building new houses or remodeling the old ones. It is also a region of winter activities, for the Dartmouth College Outing Club trails cross this section to Smart's Mountain and Mount Cube on their way north to Moosilauke.

Hanover is, of course, the best-known of all the Coös towns. With nearly 2,500 men coming from all parts of the country to attend Dartmouth College, it could not be otherwise. The college buildings, of various dates and a number of styles of architecture, cluster around the Green. The buildings in the "Old Row" are considered among the finest examples of classical architecture in America. Dartmouth Hall, which stands between Wentworth and Thornton Halls, was burned in 1904. Before the ashes were cold, Boston alumni had started raising money to replace it. In two years' time its replica stood on the site of the historic building. At first glance you wouldn't know the difference between them; nevertheless, there is one. The original hall was made of lumber hewn from great trees felled on the place, while the new building is constructed of fireproof brick.

The college buildings and athletic fields crop up all over Hanover. The great Alumni Gymnasium and Memorial Field are another gift of Dartmouth men who love the college, and the Davis Varsity Field House, the Spaulding Swimming Pool, the Hockey Rink, and Robinson Hall were given by distinguished alumni.

One of the finest presents Dartmouth has received recently is the Sanborn English House, given by Edwin Webster Sanborn as a memorial to his parents, Edwin David Sanborn and Mary Webster Sanborn, and to his sister Kate Sanborn, the author. For some years Edwin D. Sanborn was the only professor of English at the college. He revolutionized the method of teaching the subject and invited the students to his home for informal discussions. The Sanborn English House contains an exact replica of the professor's study, where Dartmouth men discovered that English literature is not a dead but a living subject. Every detail of the exquisite architectural design and furnishings of the building tells of Professor Sanborn's ideals, which his son carried out in one of the terms of the bequest—to have it serve as a "homelike center for those especially interested in English literature."

Lebanon marks the south bound of the Lower Coös region. The four New Hampshire towns in the next reach are Plainfield, Cornish, Claremont, and Charlestown.

Claremont, in population, has just escaped being a New Hampshire city. It is hemmed in by the hills of Flat Rock, Twist Back, and Bible Hill, but Green Mountain on the east and Vermont's Ascutney on the west are the outstanding features of the landscape.

The people made use of the water-power of the Sugar River to build up industries and there are fine farms in the outlying districts. In the old days the main trade route from Massachusetts to northern Vermont passed through the town and a number of taverns were built along it for the accommodation of travelers. The Marquis de Lafayette stopped for refreshments at Cook's Tavern on his way from Concord to Vermont.

Then Claremont's physician, Dr. Leonard Jarvis, drove the great man to Windsor in his foreign-made willow carriage. It was Dr. Jarvis, too, who brought to Claremont the first Merino sheep, which his relative, William Jarvis, the consul at Lisbon, had just introduced to America.

If you follow the Sugar River upstream for ten miles, you come to Newport on the uplands rising from the river meadows. To the north is Croydon Mountain, and Lake Sunapee is five miles to the east. Newport's fine old Congregational Church is one of the most beautiful meeting-houses in New England. The terraced steeple follows the traditions of Sir Christopher Wren and the bell was cast in Paul Revere's foundry.

As I have said, Charlestown was long a frontier outpost during the old French War. Below is Walpole, a picturesque village with a lovely Green overlooking the hills and river. Perhaps you know Walpole as the headquarters of the New Hampshire Horse Association. In the late eighteenth century, however, it was noted for its "Society of Wits" who came from the east side and the west side of the Connecticut to discuss the topics of the day in the old Crafts Tavern. They talked and played cards, drank more than was good for them, I fear, but had riotous good times, larded with brilliant conversation, and their quips and *bons mots* were quoted far and wide.

Among the beautiful towns to the east of Walpole you will find Washington, the first town in the United States to be incorporated under the name of the Father of His Country.

Westmoreland, to which the early settlers came in canoes up the river, and Chesterfield just below it, are noted for their farms. To the east are Keene, Dublin, Peterborough, and Jaffrey right in the heart of the Monadnock region.

In Swanzey, the next town east of Chesterfield, is Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead." If you belong to the generation whose hearts throbbed and whose eyes grew wet when the rural drama *The Old Homestead* came to town, perhaps you'd be interested to hear that Charles Carter, the famous Cy

Prime of New England's beloved play of the 90's, lives over on the east side of the state and is the register of deeds for Carroll County.

Hinsdale is the boundary town of the valley. Through it flows the Ashuelot River, the last New Hampshire tributary to enter the great Connecticut before it leaves our state for Massachusetts.

ON FROM THE BLUE SCHOOLHOUSE



THE "BLUE SCHOOLHOUSE" stands at the cross-roads in the farming town of Landaff. I'm told that it is the only blue schoolhouse in the United States, but that is beside the question. The important thing about this little rural one-room school is that it's typical of the type which a good many New Hampshire people and their fathers and mothers attended and to which their children still go.

There has been a trend in the state for the past few years to consolidate the schools in the smaller towns and bring the pupils from the outlying districts in motor buses. Franconia, the town where I live, is a good example, for one by one our district schools have been given up. We already had our equipment in Dow Academy, which had been given to us years ago by a native son who had gone out into the world and made good. Other New Hampshire rural towns not so fortunate have built schools at their own expense where all the children, from the entering six-year-olds to the seniors preparing for the State University, are brought together under one roof.

But the rural schools, like the Landaff Blue Schoolhouse, still continue to function. Now they are in charge of the superintendents of the supervisory districts of the state, have trained teachers, good text-books, modern equipment, and health inspection.

Things were not always thus, however. When I was four

years old and visiting my grandmother in Barnstead, I trotted off with the older children to "go to school" in the district schoolhouse my mother had attended. We lived more than two miles from the cross-roads corner where it stood, but we walked and carried our dinner pails with us. Today, under similar circumstances, a school bus would pick us up at the door, for the law now says that the local school board shall provide transportation for any child under grade nine who lives that far away from a schoolhouse.

We ate our dinners on the jump, a piece of bread and butter in one hand and a hunk of pie in the other. Now there is a decided movement, fostered by the New Hampshire Women's Clubs, for hot lunches for school children. In some places local women superintend them; in others the teachers take on the extra work. A notable project of this kind was carried on in the town of Lyme in a two-room schoolhouse. The teachers daily planned a substantial, inexpensive hot dish and the children, through committees, did the cooking and serving. It was a valuable educational experience and the good it did to their health was noticeable.

At my district school we had long morning and afternoon recesses and a noon hour which we spent as we pleased, without any of the playground supervision which New Hampshire children now enjoy.

We had slates on which "to cipher" and were supposed to bring our own sponges to erase the work, though we usually resorted to our grimy fists, to which our tongues had been applied. I well remember the day when I entered the Laconia school system and was told I would not need the slate I brought with me. To have pencils and paper provided by the town was beyond my wildest hopes!

Every child in the little school which I attended addressed the teacher by her Christian name, which happened to be Luanna. She had passed the examinations given by the local school committee and was now ready to instruct the young.

Qualifications for teachers have changed greatly since the

day that my grandmother, then fourteen years old, taught her first school. She had a certificate from old Northfield Seminary and received seventy-five cents a week instead of the usual fifty for her work because she could teach compound interest. She "boarded around" among the families in the district. So did my mother, who had attended Pittsfield Academy and was receiving three dollars and a half a week from the town of Gilmanton. When I took up the family tradition, I graduated from Plymouth Normal School, which then gave only a two years' course in teachers' training, and was appointed to a three-grade grammar school at eleven dollars and fifty cents a week. Now a girl who wishes to become a New Hampshire teacher must take four years' training.

We have two normal schools—teachers' colleges they are now—giving a degree of Bachelor of Education. The older of them, at Plymouth, established in 1870, is one of the earliest of American normal schools. This school inherited a great tradition in education, for Samuel Reed Hall, "the father of American pedagogy," once conducted a school on the grounds. Plymouth Normal certainly has carried the tradition on, for it now ranks as one of the outstanding teachers' training schools in the country.

In 1909 the state legislature established another normal school at Keene. The administration building is the historic Hale Mansion, the home of two governors, and the domestic science department is housed in the brick Blake Homestead, where descendants of Nathan Blake, the first settler of the Upper Ashuelot, lived for many years. Ex-Governor Huntley N. Spaulding, who has been one of New Hampshire's greatest promoters of education, and Mrs. Spaulding gave the fine gymnasium.

Both President Ernest L. Silver of Plymouth Normal School and President Walter L. Mason of Keene Normal School are far-seeing educators and have advanced the standing of the two colleges, as you can see by looking at the educational reports of the Federal Government. One unique piece of work

in the training of secondary teachers which Plymouth began and Keene followed is that of the co-operation of the two teachers' colleges with certain towns in the establishment of teachers' training high schools. This is an advantage to the chosen community as well as to the normal school.

In talking so much about rural schools, I have no intention of slighting the work done by our city systems or those in our large towns. New Hampshire children certainly are getting more of the cultural side of life than they did even a dozen years ago.

The other day an elementary-school teacher showed me a letter which a child had written to a well-known poet. "Dear Sir," it said, "Once I did not like poetry. My teacher has shown me how to find pictures in it. Your poetry has many pictures. I like it better now than I do Mr. Longfellow's."

Quite different, is it not, from the days when teaching English was the parsing and analysis of sentences, or, to go back even farther, the time when a New Hampshire boy studied three pages in the morning and three in the afternoon of *Murray's English Grammar* so he could repeat the sections word for word?

A north-country educator tells me that the "Great Law of 1919" is the most important thing that ever happened to New Hampshire schools. In 1918 the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Ernest W. Butterfield, asked the Governor to appoint a committee to study with him the state school situation and to recommend an adequate school code to the next legislature. To make a long story short, it took the approval of schools from the local school boards and gave it to the State Board of Education, made the care of the health and physical welfare of New Hampshire children a school duty, and made possible the certification of teachers. The present system of supervisory unions, each under the supervision of a highly trained superintendent, is also a result of this law. Now the general administration of education and of teacher-training

rests with the State Board of Education, which employs a commissioner as an executive.

The first academy for secondary education to be established in the state was Phillips Exeter, now a nationally known preparatory school for boys. It was incorporated in 1781 and was heavily endowed by Dr. John Phillips. The New Hampton School for Boys grew out of the old Hampton Literary Institute, and Tilton School, another boys' preparatory school, is the great-grandchild of Northfield Seminary.

Sandwich people are very proud of their modern academy, the Quimby School, which is maintained through a fund left by Albert Quimby. It has a definite ideal, set by the founder, of not educating its young people away from their rural environment, but tries to point out opportunities in the country and to teach the pupils to make the best of them. The main building is a cottage with a living-room, a dining-room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen for the girls to put into actual practice what they learn in efficient household management. The boys care for the cattle, poultry, gardens, and orchard and learn how to tinker with tools. But the school does not forget the cultural side of life, for it follows the prescribed course of study demanded of high schools, has its own orchestra and reading club, a fine library, and the best magazines.

The laws of New Hampshire allow every child a high-school education if he desires it; and if no secondary school is provided by the town in which he lives, the town must pay his tuition in the nearest high school.

Conway has one of the best-equipped high-school buildings in the state in the Kennett High School, a gift to the town from the family whose name it bears.

The largest of the church schools in New Hampshire is famous St. Paul's School, which was founded on the estate of Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck near Concord in 1855. The traditions of the great English public schools were at first apparent at St. Paul's, even in outdoor sports. There is a long list

waiting for admittance, and a fair percentage of them are the sons of old St. Paul's boys.

Bishop W. W. Niles founded the diocesan school of New Hampshire in the late 70's. The Holderness School for Boys occupies the site of the manor house of that staunch Episcopalian, Judge Samuel Livermore. A few years later Bishop Niles also founded in Concord St. Mary's School for Girls. It is now St. Mary's-in-the-Mountains, for recently it moved to the Beck Estate in Bethlehem to give its students better opportunities for the out-of-door life that modern girls like.

On a certain day in mid-September New Hampshire highways are covered with cars spinning away from all parts of the state to take a goodly percentage of the June crop of high-school seniors to the University in Durham. New Hampshire's State University owes its present existence in great measure to Benjamin Thompson, who left his fortune and his farm in Durham to the state for an agricultural school. The University did not start in Durham, however, but literally moved itself bag and baggage from the west side to the east side of the state.

The story is this: It was incorporated by the legislature of 1866 as the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts and began its existence in Hanover under the wing of Dartmouth College. Then Benjamin Thompson made his will six years before the passing of the Federal Land Grant Act, but shrewdly added codicils to take advantage of that act. The legislature accepted the gift in 1891, and two years later the college was established on the Thompson estate. The first building put up was Thompson Hall—old T Hall—which now is the center of administration.

Finally in 1923 the college became a state university, with all the departments and the privileges of such an institution. The plant now occupies a considerable part of the town and is being further enlarged to meet the needs of an enrollment of over 2,000 students. President Fred Englehart came to the University only recently, but already his constructive ideas

are making a deep impression on university life.

I have said so much about Dartmouth College in this book that at first I thought I would not mention it again. However, I must refer to the fact that Dartmouth really started out as an Indian school when the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock first took the young Connecticut Mohegan Samson Occum into his Lebanon home and educated him in the principles of Christianity and sent him out to preach to his own people. Later Occum went to England and Scotland and raised money for Dr. Wheelock's Indian school. He never saw the college established up in the New Hampshire wilderness—in fact, does not seem to have approved of it—but it was this Indian, nevertheless, who was the first student that the future president of Dartmouth College instructed.

Few people know that at one time there were a dozen or more Indian schools operated by the young teachers the good man trained. The last of the Dartmouth Indian schools is still open on the St. Francis Reservation in Canada. Henry L. Masta, now ninety years old, who has taught there for over sixty years, is proud of the fact that three of his family went to Dartmouth in the early nineteenth century.

St. Anselm College, operated by the Benedictine Fathers, is the other New Hampshire men's college. It is located on College Hill, within a half-mile of the city limits of Manchester. In 1889 Bishop Denis Bradley, who was very anxious to have a college established for the young men in his diocese, invited the Right Reverend Hilary Pfraengle, Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey in New Jersey, to come to New Hampshire to found St. Anselm.

Only ten years ago a history of New Hampshire stated: "The University of New Hampshire is, indeed, the only institution of higher learning in the State which admits women." This is no longer true. Mount Saint Mary Seminary at Hookset, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, is now a women's college giving a Bachelor of Arts degree. And within a short time the Sisters of the Presentation have opened Rivier College in

Hudson, a fully accredited college.

There are two junior colleges in the state, which really give a girl a choice of quite different opportunities. Stoneleigh Junior College in Rye occupies the Stoneleigh Manor Hotel, with other newly erected buildings. Colby Junior College over near Lake Sunapee at New London was developed from Colby Academy, an old school dating from the 1830's, which in turn became the Colby School for Girls.

If I were writing publicity I should tell you tritely that New Hampshire offers every advantage for summer study in beautiful surroundings. And it's true. Summer schools are maintained alternately at the two normal schools, and the University of New Hampshire also holds summer sessions, giving college credit.

I have spoken already of the Marine Zoological Laboratory on the Isles of Shoals, which is part of the University Summer School. There seems to be every opportunity for courses of the type offered, for many forms of marine life are found in abundance and there is a fresh-water pond near the main building which contains other specimens dear to the hearts of zoologists. If you have read Celia Thaxter I don't need to tell you of the variety of plants and birds on the islands. Moreover, a large colony of several hundred gulls lives on Duck Island and an equally large colony of terns on Londoner's. So what more can a budding young zoologist ask of life?

And speaking of nature, I must tell you about the summer school in the White Mountains. This is the Nature Camp at Lost River, which has grown out of the dream of a New Hampshire woman, Mrs. Laurence J. Webster of Holderness. When Mrs. Webster was Conservation Chairman of the Garden Club of America and the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society, she conceived the idea of starting a New Hampshire nature camp similar to one in Pennsylvania. Her dream was to have it part of the state's conservation program, whereby teachers and nature-lovers might pass on to children the ideals of preserving forms of natural life.

She had the enthusiastic co-operation of the University of New Hampshire, Dartmouth College, the State Department of Education, the Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. And the Society went even further, for it offered the nature school the use of its buildings and the facilities at Lost River, including the Nature Garden, with its four hundred different species of native plants.

This year not only were there New Hampshire teachers and students in attendance, but the group of nature enthusiasts at the school included people from seven states. They were having a wonderful time when I went over to visit them last summer. The pupils in their schools and the boys and girls in their clubs will have an even better time when they tell them of the walks they took, the observations they made, and the fun they had at Lost River.

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THE TWINKLING MOUNTAIN OF AUGOSISCO



SUCH was the pleasant name given to Mount Washington by Captain John Smith when he appeared on the New Hampshire coast in 1614 "to take Whales and make a tryall of a Myne of Gold and Copper."

That mysterious, far-away mountain, the highest peak east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas, was glimpsed by the early navigators, and the daring Florentine, Verrazano, reported seeing "high mountains within the land."

But for many years Mount Washington remained aloof and disdainful. Captain Walter Neale and his men heard of it from the Indians who came to trade at the Laconia Company's truck house. *Agiiohook*, "Place of the Great Spirit of the Forest," they called it, but to the entire range they gave the name of *Waumbekket-methna*, "Mountains of the Snows." Again, with their habit of bestowing descriptive place names on stream, lake, and mountain, they gave it the title of *Kodaak-waja*, "the Hidden Summit."

Sitting in the shadows, surrounded by beaver skins and pelts of the otter, the traders listened to the Pennacooks' stories of the mighty *manitus* of *Agiiohook* who allowed no man to set foot upon it, and that ageless tale of the flood when the *manitus* set a sachem and his squaw upon the mountain's snowy forehead until the whirling waters below receded. Best of all, how-

ever, they liked to hear of the glittering stones hidden in the crevices.

It was not until 1642 that any of the Piscataqua people dared to go

*To those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summit never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.*

Then an Oyster River Irishman, one Darby Field, who often ventured off into the wilderness with the Indians, coaxed two of them farther inland and persuaded them to accompany him up the great mountain.

From the Crystal Hills he brought back astounding stories of diamonds and great carbuncles hanging from crags. As proof he showed pieces of mica and glistening quartz crystals. Men who heard Darby Field's stories told them to their children and they were handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another to become a New Hampshire folk-tale.

For years afterwards many a carbuncle-seeker set out on a fruitless quest and came back "sorely bruised, treasureless, and not even saw that wonderful sight." A fisherman wandering up Dry Stream discovered two high rocks "so covered with perfect diamonds that they were blinding to the eyes." He never could find the place again. His only recompense was ten dollars that he got from a traveler staying at Abel Crawford's inn. Yet the legend of priceless gems suspended over mountain precipices, beyond the reach of human hands, persisted.

Hawthorne heard it when he spent the night at Crawford's. He immortalized it in "The Great Carbuncle," one of the *Twice-Told Tales*, in which he introduced eight adventurers of different types as seekers of the stone. "Some few believe that the inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they

have caught its radiance like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco," he said.

Yet the New Hampshire people were to find on Mount Washington real riches more lasting than fantastic dreams of gems and valuable metals. There it stood, over 6,000 feet of majestic beauty enhanced by the semicircular walls of the Great Gulf and other cirques carved by ancient glaciers, and surmounted by the bare, rocky cone that often hid itself under the clouds.

Its very isolation and mystery challenged scientists and mountaineers. Later it was to attract tourists by the hundreds. Luxurious hotels would be built for their entertainment, trails blazed that they might climb to the summit, a carriage road maintained and a railroad constructed to help everyone in the country to get a grandstand seat for the vast panorama of New Hampshire scenery which P. T. Barnum was to pronounce, "the greatest show on earth."

The Reverend Manesseh Cutler climbed the mountain and wrote about it in 1784. Jeremy Belknap was not far behind him. "It has lately been distinguished by the name of Mount Washington," he said in his *History of New Hampshire*, using for the first time the title now given it.

Scientists came in groups and stayed with the Crawfords, who by right of the great triangular area of wilderness they claimed, and by right of real love for the region, felt that they owned the White Mountains. Ethan Allan Crawford, "Giant of the Hills," made the first trail up the great mountain in 1819. His brother Thomas opened the first bridle path in 1840. Old Abel Crawford followed it on horseback when he was over threescore years and ten.

The first stone shelter for the accommodation of mountain climbers was erected in 1852. It was the grandmother of the present Summit House, the comfortable club managed by Colonel Henry Teague, president of the Mount Washington Cog Wheel Railway. The top of the mountain, by the way, is not part of the White Mountain National Forest, as so many

people believe, for fifty-nine acres roughly enclosed in a circle 1,700 feet in diameter is owned by the railway company. Colonel Teague has also arranged for Mount Washington to give winter climbers and skiers hospitality by putting up Camden Cottage, which contains nine box bunks and a stove. How did it get its name? From Patrick J. Camden, who gave over fifty years' service to the Mount Washington Railway.

Another name to be remembered is that of Mattie A. Clark, the hostess season after season at the Summit House. "Through many years she supplemented the work of engineers and builders," Norman H. Libby of Gorham tells us. "When wind and storm denied the visitors the outdoor glories of the summit, then she came to the rescue. Hospitality at an altitude higher than the eagle flies is, indeed, an achievement."

The carriage road from the Glen House to the summit was built between 1855 and 1861. It takes constant labor and supervision to keep the toll road, with its "ninety-nine curves, with a view from every curve," in repair so it will be safe for motorists. If you do not believe me, just ask Eliot C. Libbey, who runs the Glen House and has more to do with the road than anyone else, and he will open your eyes in regard to the efficient work done on that winding eight-mile road up New England's highest mountain.

Many writers have told of the stagecoaches which clambered to the summit in the old days, of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stanley of Newton, Massachusetts, who first motored up the carriage road in 1899, and of H. D. Corey of Brookline, who came down on a bicycle. So I shall omit them and just refer to Paul Donato of Boston, who in 1937 won the second annual eight-mile Mount Washington Marathon, conducted by the White Mountain Run Association, making the hard run in 1:16:24. Present at the banquet held at the Summit House was Dr. George Sanford Foster of Manchester, who over thirty years previously ran the race in 1:42 to beat by three minutes the then existing automobile record of 1:45.

Perhaps the most astounding record is that of Gordon Camp-

bell, his son Gordon Campbell, Jr., and Malcolm Brown of Wakefield, Massachusetts, who saw the top of Mount Washington four times in thirteen hours. They hiked up through Tuckerman's Ravine, motored up the toll road, flew up and back in an airplane, and ended by ascending the mountain on the cog railway.

Speaking of the Mount Washington Railway, you probably know that it was the first cog railroad up a mountain, and at first made Sylvester Marsh, the Littleton man who planned it, the laughingstock of the north country. People didn't laugh so much when it really was under way. As a May 1868 issue of the *White Mountain Republic* stated: "The novel idea of building a railroad up Mount Washington which was so much scouted at the time it was proposed will this summer be a practical reality."

Then the editorial tells of the engine being made in the machine shop of Walter Aiken in Franklin. "The boiler is upright, and contains over 350 tubes, with over 500 feet of heating surface. The cylinders are 10 inches in diameter with 16 inch stroke. The engine in ascending the mountain is coupled to the rear end of the train and pushes the car up the declivity." This was the famous old *Peppersass*, which went to pieces at Jacob's Ladder at the gala celebration held for the pioneer on her sixty-third birthday, after she had been stored in the locomotive yard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for twenty-five years. However, there has never been an accident on the cog railway in all the time those queer little trains have gone up and down the mountain.

More people are familiar with Tuckerman's Ravine than with any other part of the mountain. This is especially true since it became a skier's paradise, for the high walls on either side shut out the sunlight and snow remains until far into the late spring. Over the rocky ledges of the great head wall dash many tiny streams, giving it the name of "the Fall of a Thousand Streams."

An experienced mountain climber tells me that he likes

Tuckerman's best of anything in the White Mountains. He says he often strolls out to the heights of Boott Spur, over Bigelow "Lawn" to the Hanging Cliff, where lying flat, face downwards, he gazes down 1,500 feet to Hermit Lake and the thick green forest of stunted firs.

In going from the summit to the headwall of the ravine, you pass over a plateau known as the Alpine Garden, where grow diminutive arctic plants not found in other parts of New England. Edward Tuckerman, professor of botany at Amherst College, made an intensive study of the flora of the plateau, and it was for him the ravine was named. In 1937 the Outing Club of Union College, in Schenectady, New York, unveiled a bronze tablet which it had set at the foot of the ravine as a memorial of the hundredth anniversary of the famous botanist's graduation from Union College.

Many botanists and laymen still come to study Mount Washington's vegetation, which varies from the hard-wood trees of the lower slopes, the dwarfed and gnarled forests of the upper section below the tree line and the next Alpine region of Labrador tea, bilberry, mountain sandwort and evergreen cowberry. Where the vegetation is exposed to frequent high winds, only dwarf rushes and sedges, dwarf shrubs, lichens, and mosses are found, but it is in the shallow depressions in the lee of the wind, which are comparatively luxurious with deep green meadow herbs, that the little arctic plants hide themselves.

From the standpoint of the geologist, Mount Washington is very old. The same thing holds true for the botanist, and a recent count made of the rings of sections of scrub trees shows that they are the oldest living objects in the world except the big trees of California.

As I have said, scientists always have been intrigued by Mount Washington. Weather observers under the direction of Professor J. H. Huntington, with the co-operation of Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, spent the winter of 1870-1 on the summit. Then the weather men of the Federal Govern-

ment took possession of the station and for seventeen years kept the first official records made on an American mountain. Moreover, the Mount Washington Observatory was the first well-equipped mountain station in the world. Then the project was discontinued and forty years went by before anything similar was done.

In 1932-3, New Hampshire people learned that Mount Washington was "reoccupied" in winter and that the observatory had been reopened through the co-operation and financial backing of the New Hampshire Academy of Sciences, the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard University, and a number of private individuals.

One of the young men who spent the winter there was Robert S. Monahan, who has recorded his experiences in *Mount Washington Reoccupied*. The other members of the expedition were Alexander A. McKenzie and Salvatore Pagiuca. Much of the credit for making the expedition possible was due to Joseph B. Dodge, the director of the Appalachian Mountain Club huts in the White Mountains, who was largely responsible for interesting the members of the Academy of Sciences in the undertaking.

Robert Monahan's book is full of interest, and some parts of it are strangely beautiful with their descriptions of moonlight reflected on the far-away ocean, double fogbows, frost feathers, red sunsets, the fog banks rolling in until only a few peaks emerged as islands above an inland sea, and the shadow of the mountain cast at sunset on the dense valley clouds to the northeast. There were blizzards, driving snowstorms, frightful ice storms, long periods of continuous fog, and winds with an indescribable velocity. There also were clear days when the Isles of Shoals, the Camden Hills of Penobscot Bay, Mount Monadnock, Whiteface and Marcy in the Adirondacks, and Thetford in Canada could be seen. And there was the first Christmas tree on the mountain and an electric illumination on New Year's Eve that could be seen in three states! From that winter's experiences came an accurate and valuable body

of data which is on file at the Summit Observatory and the Blue Hill Observatory.

The work is still being maintained by the United States Weather Bureau and the State of New Hampshire. In 1937-8, a more elaborate program was arranged when an experimental radio station of ultra-high frequency, sponsored by a New England network, went into operation both for experimental purposes in the capabilities of high altitudes and for the broadcasting of winter sports events and state police calls. The station is housed in the new weatherproof building, probably the strongest wooden building on the continent, which Colonel Teague has built for the Mount Washington Observatory, Inc.

Once I was fortunate enough to spend a September day and a night on Mount Washington when there was a magnificent sunset, a great, full moon, and an unusually fine sunrise. Later a friend who was with me gave me this beautiful description of "Dawn on Mount Washington," which she cut from the *Christian Science Monitor*. We had had a similar experience and it seemed as if it had been written just for us. I do not know who wrote it, but in deepest appreciation and gratitude to the author, I offer it to you.

"Three o'clock and the first faint streaks of dawn! Below us the clouds lay massed together like immense breakers of surf, and here and there, black mountain peaks loomed forth, great reefs and headlands in an imaginary sea. Above, through the mist glowed a full-orbed moon. The east gradually grew lighter; gray clouds melted into rose, then brightened to gold. A tiny fluff of cloud ventured above her sleeping sisters and became edged with daintiest shell pink. The colors glowed and deepened, and, ever-changing, spread over the whole horizon, a veritable rainbow of glory. A shining blade of gold startled our reverie, then 'edge-wise, half-wise, whole-wise' the great disk rose into view, and a joyous shout went up: 'The sun! The sun!' The bright rays seemed to pierce the clouds; they rolled majestically to and fro, and sent up thin veils of

mist which swept above our heads and vanished in the clear blue of the sky. Great mountain ranges began to stand out clearly, and far below in the valley was the sheen of the lake."

Mount Washington has a different effect on different people. Daniel Webster maintained that it gave him a cold reception. Starr King saw the hand of God and cried: "O God! How wonderful are Thy works!" I know that anyone who sits on the summit rocks and watches the rays of the sun glimmering on the Lakes of the Clouds or sees the rich colors and deep shadows playing across the Carter Range will feel that he is warmly welcomed by

*This family of mountains, clustering around
Their hoary patriarch.*

THE OLD MAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS and I have been neighbors for many years. Nobody knows for how many centuries he has hung from Profile Mountain with his chin pointing toward the Pemigewasset Valley. I have lived over a quarter of a century in Franconia Village below the Three Mile Hill, the summit of which is part of the watershed between the Merrimack and Connecticut River systems.

I wish I could tell you how many thousands of people look up at the Old Man's rocky profile during the year. I can't and I don't believe anyone else will be able to do it. The only comment I shall make is this: it has more visitors than any other one thing in New England.

To every Franconian the Old Man of the Mountains is a sacred object and we resent any implication that it is not the most beautiful and wonderful thing in the world. A placid matron, usually unruffled by any amount of friction in daily living, completely lost her poise when two tourists accosted her at the Reservation parking place to ask this question "Where is this Old Man of the Mountains anyway, and is he worth seeing?" It was the supreme insult to this New Hampshire-born lady, and her husband was forced to take her by the arm and drag her away before she broke into biting, scathing speech.

You already know that the Old Man is in the Francon

Notch Reservation, which was purchased in 1928 by the State of New Hampshire and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. The Reservation contains 6,000 acres lying eight miles along the Daniel Webster Highway and extending over the slopes of Bald and Profile Mountains and Artists' Bluff. In it also are the two lovely lakes Echo and Profile on the state highway, and Lonesome Lake on the mountainside, which Charles Dudley Warner said the mountain holds like a mirror for the sky and the clouds and the sailing hawks, the great pothole known as the Basin, the Flume Gorge, and the Pool in the Pemigewasset River.

Profile Mountain—it's sometimes called Cannon and was even shown on a map of 1844 as one of the Freak Mountains—is very steep on the southeast end. Here 1,200 feet above Profile Lake juts out the rock formation which gives the appearance of the great profile of a human face when viewed from near the lake. Three separate ledges form lip, chin, and nose, with two more in the forehead, making five in all.

I couldn't begin to list all the descriptive bits of poetry and prose that have been written about this profile. Ninety per cent of the people who look at it seem inspired to burst into print about its beauties. There was a twenty-year-old boy in Bath—he later was a New Hampshire Congressman—who expressed the universal feeling in some lines included in the verses he wrote about the Old Man of the Mountain:

*Most wondrous vision! the broad earth hath not
Through all her bounds an object like to Thee!*

Dr. William Prime seconded young Harry Hibbard's eulogy with the words: "Nowhere in the world is there anything to match the grandeur of that Profile. It grows on me from year to year. The unutterable calmness of that face high up in the clouds is more impressive than the loftiest mountain or the most thunderous cataract."

But Nathaniel Hawthorne is, after all, the true interpreter

of the majestic beauty of the Profile. "The Great Stone Face" he called it in that sketch from *Twice-Told Tales* wherein Ernest, the hero, is found to be the likeness of the profile which nature made from the New Hampshire rocks.

"It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, has sculptured his own likeness on the precipice," he says. "There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to another. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the further he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive."

I admit it is a long description and that Hawthorne somewhat distorted his dimensions. Nevertheless, there never has been a better one written.

No one knows how many photographs and pictures of the Profile have been carried to all parts of the United States and far-away places of the earth. Not long ago a picture taken to The Hague created so much interest that people began to write letters from the Netherlands asking for all available information about it.

People don't agree as to just what season of the year and time of day are the best to view the Old Man of the Mountains. Starr King liked to see it after an August shower, late in the afternoon; Samuel Drake remembered it affectionately with wrinkles which the snow had put on in the night. Many of its admirers prefer it on Indian summer afternoons, with the November sun shining through the leafless branches of the trees.

I have seen the Profile at all times of the year and in many varying moods, but three pictures of it stand out more clearly in my mind than others. One was when the Old Man was "smoking his pipe," as we mountaineers say, and the fog lay thick over the lakes and around the mountains. I did not expect to see him that day, but suddenly the mists parted, trailing wisps of clouds floated across the great face and then drew together again to hide him behind the gray curtain of the fog. I remember also a January day at high noon with the sun touching the Old Man's lips until he seemed to smile with gay and sparkling brightness. Then there was that gem of all moonlight nights, when I had rushed to the Notch to discover him etched against the flood tide of the moon when it reaches exactly the right spot to bring him forth from the blackness of the night.

Years ago a geologist warned the people of New Hampshire that one of the stones which helped to form the forehead might fall, but it was not until 1915 that a definite step was taken to preserve the Profile permanently. Through the efforts of a Whitefield clergyman, the Reverend Guy Roberts, and Colonel Charles H. Greenleaf, proprietor of the Profile House, and with the co-operation of Governor Rolland H. Spaulding and his Council, the work began. Edward H. Geddes of Quincy, Massachusetts, an expert stoneworker, was given the task of anchoring the stone by means of turnbuckles and lewises, a method which really was putting the rock on hinges. Once each year the turnbuckles are painted with asphaltum varnish and observations are made, but no change in the position of the ledges has been noticed. In 1937 an unfounded story was circulated that parts of the Profile were in danger of falling, but Mr. Geddes, who visited the ledges with C. T. Bodwell, superintendent of the Reservation, and L. N. Watson, Assistant State Forester, declared that the rumor had no foundation in fact. "I think the Old Man of the Mountains will be in the same place in 2037," was his verdict.

There are conflicting stories about the discovery of the Great Stone Face by white men. One maintains that Nathaniel Hall, who was helping Enoch Poor lay out the road from Peeling, now Woodstock, to Franconia in 1805, left the camp at the northern end of the lake to hunt partridges before breakfast and happened to look up and see the Profile hanging above the water.

Mrs. Elwin Nelson of Franconia tells me that the honor belongs to her grandfather, Luke Brooks, and to Francis Whitcomb, who were with a party of surveyors running lines. She says that the surveying party camped for some days at the southern end of Profile Lake, but changed the site of the camp to the upper end of the lake. At dusk when the hungry surveyors came in from their work, Brooks and Whitcomb went after water while some of the others were preparing supper. Luke Brooks filled the bucket he was carrying and then chanced to look up at the wooded mountain above them. Suddenly he saw the Old Man's face. He dropped the bucket and grasping Whitcomb's arm cried: "Look, there is Jefferson!"

There's an interesting account of a trip to the Franconia Notch in the *Concord Statesman and Register* of September 9 and 16, 1826—the first newspaper story which tells of the Old Man of the Mountains. It's called a "Tour to Franconia Notch and Mount Fayette." The author's name is not given. Strangely enough, it is written in a style favored more or less by some of our modern journalists. The party started on horseback from Plymouth and after passing through Thornton and Woodstock finally came to the Notch riding in Indian file. The author records: "Decayed and dangerous bridges—no town to pay damages—boughs of trees met just above horses' heads—now and then a cradle of deep black mud—large trees—forest clear of underwood—delightful riding—capable of the pleasantest road for a chaise ride or coach ride in the world."

He describes Profile Lake, "the first pond," as he calls it,

as the clearest, purest, most beautiful body of water the eye ever saw. "It washes the foot of a precipice of bare rock that looks 2,000 feet high—almost perpendicular," he continues. "Halted at the summit of a little rise in the road at head of the pond—trees cut away between road and pond—profile of a man shown through the opening almost at the summit of precipice—they called it Old Man of the Mountain—had heard stories of such a creature in these parts—did not believe there was any—thought there might be something that could be tortured into a profile—but nothing like this—perfect face—astonishing—looks like old Franklin—looks to the southeast—viewed him through a glass—resembles human countenance more than to the human eye—believed it was one—a petrification of some of the Titans who lived 'in those days,' when there 'were giants in the earth'—greatest natural curiosity—worth as Mr. Jefferson says, a voyage across the Atlantic—a black cloud came up over it—it thundered—Thunder sounded strangely in the Notch—rain came on—party rode rapidly for Franconia—passed the second pond."

Yes, this was the way you journeyed to the Franconia Notch a century ago, but even with all the hazards of log bridges and mud holes it was "worth a trip across the Atlantic," an arduous enterprise at the time, to see the "greatest natural curiosity."

The Franconia Notch Reservation, expertly maintained, extends along the highway to include Echo Lake. To some of the older people of the region, that terraced plot of land at the foot of Cannon Mountain is haunted by the memories of the days when the Profile House and Cottages stood there facing Mount Lafayette across the narrow pass. Its story is like a colorful pageant. P. T. Barnum stages a circus with the employees dressed to represent animals; General Phil Sheridan saunters around the porch; Cornelius Vanderbilt charts a coach to take his party to Plymouth and tips the driver a hundred dollars. In the big stables Ed Cox, the famous whip of

the Franconia Mountains, superintends the care of his "six bright bays" after driving General Grant from the Sinclair House in Bethlehem in fifty-eight minutes.

The Profile House was one of the finest hotels in the White Mountains and its reputation was guarded and fostered by Charles H. Greenleaf, for many years the proprietor. The first hotel was built in 1853 by a firm of whom Richard Taft, whose name has been bestowed upon the ski trail, was a member.

The Profile House is gone—it burned in 1923. But just above where it stood, toward the lake, another project of stupendous possibilities is developing on state land. This is New Hampshire's Aerial Passenger Tramway—the first to be built in America, by the way. By the time you read this book, it will be ready to carry you to the summit of Cannon Mountain to enjoy one of the finest views in the surrounding country.

Bradford Torrey, the naturalist, liked this view so much that he climbed Cannon three times—no mean feat, I assure you. He went up to look at Lafayette, but found himself more taken with the valley prospect. "We lay upon the rocks by the hour, gazing at it," he said in *The Footpath Way*. "Scattered clouds dappled the whole landscape with shadows; the river winding down the middle of the scene, drew the whole into harmony, as it were, making it in some nobly literal sense picturesque; while the distance was of such an exquisite blue as I think I never saw before."

That is the picture you will see as you recline in a deck chair on the large open porch of the summer house and observation tower at the summit station of the tramway. Only there will be much more to the view, for it will include not only Lafayette and the Pemigewasset Valley, with the Belknap Mountains in the distance, but also the Franconia Valley, the Green Mountains, and the Presidential Range.

I had never expected to gaze at that view Bradford Torrey admired, for, as I have said, I'm not a mountain climber. But

I shall get into that car with twenty-six other people and an attendant and, like the daring young man on the flying trapeze, "float through the air with the greatest of ease," only at the rate of a thousand feet a minute I shall swing over the tree-tops and in five minutes and twenty-eight seconds after I leave the base terminal I shall be right up on top of Cannon Mountain.

As you can see, the tramway is to be of even greater value in the winter, for the upper terminal is only 200 feet from the Richard Taft ski run, while the new Cannon Mountain Trail leads from the top of the Three Mile Hill to almost the spot where the tram comes to anchor. There is also a network of trails for different classes of skiers up so high that there's sure to be snow whenever it's the snow season. So you see, we natives really do feel that it was a historic day in New Hampshire's history when the state legislature and Governor Francis Murphy put the final stamp of approval on the project.

The tramway has been in the air for some time. I've been told that the veteran skier Alec Bright was one of the prime movers. The idea was discussed inside out and upside down, but now the first Aerial Passenger Tramway is no longer an idea but an actual reality.

If you were staying at the Profile House in the 70's and 80's and were planning an excursion to the Flume, Ed Cox would swing his spirited horses around "the circle" in front of the hotel and with the help of your favorite bell boy and Marsh Bowles, the porter, you would clamber up on the "Old Chariot" and be off for the long outing.

Now you can motor from the Tramway parking area to the Flume entrance and be on board one of the Reservation motor buses almost before you know it. The Flume itself is a chasm nearly 700 feet long extending along the flank of Mount Liberty. In fact, if you continue up beyond it over the mountain's rough sides, you will find that the trail leads up to the cap whence you can follow the Franconia Ridge to

the smooth gray ledges of Lafayette. It is one of the most spectacular footpaths in the region, but is not for the casual Flume visitor.

The Flume Gorge was discovered about a hundred and thirty years ago when old Mrs. Guernsey, who was nearing the century mark herself, set off on an all-day's fishing expedition and followed the stream to the place where it leaps between high precipices on either side. "Aunt Jess" went home with her catch of fish and news of what she had seen.

At the time there was a huge boulder tightly wedged between the two steep sides of the canyon and there it stayed until June 20, 1883 when a heavy four days' rain ended in a terrific thunderstorm. The Flume House, which stood on the other side of the highway from the present Flume Tea House, was being opened up for the summer season and the people who were staying there heard a loud roar, and then an even more awesome noise like an explosion. Colonel Greenleaf, who managed both the Flume and the Profile Houses, tried to get into the Flume to see what had happened. It was impossible because of the volume of water pouring through the gorge. He finally managed to reach a place where he could look down over the wall and found that the huge boulder left by an ancient glacier had gone forever.

Those of us who never saw the boulder find nothing lacking in the Flume as it is today, with perpendicular walls of solid rock covered with moss and dotted with hardy ferns, the brook leaping in cascades between them and Avalanche Falls at the other end.

A number of new trails have been cut and cleared and lead to new beauty spots about which we knew little ten years ago. If you like, you can walk from the Flume Tea House for a half-mile over a hard-wood ridge to Boulder Cabin, then follow through the gorge to the falls and return along the rim through the forest. There's a new path, too, from the Gorge to the Pool, that giant pothole in the Pemigewasset River about

a half-mile beyond the Tea House. This path leaves the Rim Trail at the head of the Gorge and ascends the rim at Liberty Gorge. It then winds through a virgin spruce forest by Liberty Cascades to the cliffs above the Pool.

SKI WAYS AND SKI DAYS



IT IS New Year's Day in 1938. The Franconia Mountains are veiled with falling snow. My radio is bringing in reports of snow conditions over the surrounding countryside. The latest *Ski Bulletin* lists possibilities for skiing in Pinkham Notch, Franconia, North Woodstock, Warren, Hanover, Alexandria, Laconia, Newport, Intervale, and New Ipswich. The "Jack Frost Page" of the *Manchester Union* is covered with pictures of ski tows, scenes on new trails, cabins, and bits of information about this major New Hampshire winter sport—skiing. The latest issues of the national magazines carry stories with winter sports backgrounds, one of them at the Dartmouth Winter Carnival.

Across the street a fifteen-year-old, who with three other boys represented my ski club at the Winter Sports Show at Madison Square Garden in 1936, is thrusting his superfine new skis into the automobile carrier. He is going up on Scrag Hill to show the city folks "how to wheel like a gull, spiral like an airplane, or make spiral turns far beyond anything Nijinsky ever dreamed of," to use Paul Gallico's picturesque phrasing.

My own young son, who, thanks to the sound training given by our ski school, rode the Richard Taft Trail on Cannon Mountain when he was eleven years old, is on the Forest Hills practice slope getting back his form on a pair of those strips of wood which so quickly and mysteriously have changed the tempo of our long winters.

Snow trains from Boston and New York have been pulling into Littleton, and all day long automobiles have been coming in a steady stream up the Daniel Webster Highway. Last night every available space in hotels, boarding-houses, and private homes was occupied by a skier. No longer is "this danged place just good for bears and woodchucks" in winter, as old Lewis Aulis found it thirty years ago. Nor is a winter trip to the Flume on snowshoes a daring feat to be bragged about as it was in 1920, for everyone you meet now has been into the gorge on skis.

As I look back into the years which have brought these things to pass, I see Rob Peckett's guests—he was daring enough to keep his hotel open for a few weeks in winter—snuggled cozily under buffalo robes in the big blue pung as they glided over the drifted roads on their way to snowshoe up to Bridal Veil Falls or picnic *de luxe* at Coppermine or Black Brook Camps. I relive the experiences of our modest local snowshoe and outing clubs, with Sundays spent out of doors and ending with oyster suppers at some outlying farmhouse.

Quite different from the present day, with over 330 New Hampshire inns—blazing fires on their hearths and doors wide open—winter sports clubs that embrace five or six towns each, and downhill skiing the major recreational activity wherever snow falls in the state! For now ski fever is upon us and a number of New Hampshire clubs maintain salaried secretaries to handle the hundreds of letters and questions they must answer about local winter activities.

Among the first winter sports enthusiasts were the Appalachian Mountain Club members. Already they had blazed trails over the mountains and had put up huts for their climbers. It was a logical step to ski trails and winter shelters. The A.M.C. controls a ski reservation on the north and east slopes of Mount Cardigan in Alexandria, where it has a ski camp, the Cardigan Ski Lodge, which is open only to members and guests. To non-members the club is best known for the Pinkham Notch Camp, which is open to the public all the year

round and is of great service to skiers who are going into Tuckerman's Ravine. The guiding spirit is genial Joe Dodge who is one of the vital forces in the development of mountain activities.

Many guests come to the camp when there's late spring skiing up in the Ravine. That is a sight worth seeing. I know, for I was there on Easter Sunday in 1935 when more than a thousand skiers were gliding over the slopes. It is the most picturesque skiing ground in the East, for the great snowy bowl is set into the side of Mount Washington where the snow is said to reach a depth of a hundred feet. When it falls and blows over the great head wall, it forms slopes suitable for all classes of skiers, though the 800-foot drop from the head wall to the floor is only for those who are expert. Spring skiing continues up there through May, when youths without shirts and girls in bathing-suits are as common as they are at the shore in August.

The State Highway Department does everything humanly possible to make ski trails available to the public, and with the road camps and highway patrols, a winter motoring trip into the north country is as safe as driving from one city to another.

The great rotary plows push through the notches after snowstorms and leave fine smooth roads behind them. In 1935 Bill Cunningham, the *Boston Post's* ace sports reporter, was in the Franconia section and told the world through his columns: "The motoring up in those notches is better these days than it is even in the city of Boston." Cunningham saw a demonstration of a monster plow. "They have up in that region, one—maybe more—of the most powerful snow plows ever built," he said. "It goes into action when the flakes start to fall and it stays in action until the storm is well over. I'd like to ride through a blizzard on that particular contraption. It has a cabin in back containing a coal stove, and compartments containing thermos jugs of hot meals. There's practically every convenience on it, including more bells and lights and signals and thingumbobs than the most complicated Christmas toy.

They told me it had worked as many as eighteen hours continuously, with different crews taking it over in shifts, that it's never struck anything it couldn't remove and that no road will ever be closed as long as it can operate or another like it can be bought."

The Dartmouth Outing Club—the D.O.C., as the members call it—has been an outstanding factor in getting New Hampshire winter activities under way. An old wood-chopper's cabin at the foot of Moose Mountain was its first home, and there about 1910 began the formulation of the plans which have been developing for over a quarter of a century. At that time most undergraduates did not own automobiles, and as it was difficult to reach a mountain forty miles from Hanover, the club officers decided to raise funds and to build a progressive chain of cabins between Hanover and the White Mountains. So, one after another, they were opened on Moose Mountain, Cuba, Moosilauke, and Agassiz Basin near North Woodstock, Franconia Notch, and Skyline Farm in Littleton. More have been added so that today they stand at distances of approximately eight miles apart and the D.O.C. trails follow over a hundred miles of New Hampshire hills and mountains. Early in its existence the club made an ascent of Mount Washington which has become one of the annual activities.

For twenty-eight seasons the Outing Club has held its famous Winter Carnival, which combines athletic and social events in one grand period of fun and gaiety.

In the fall of 1930 the Outing Club put Otto Schniebs, a skier of dynamic energy, in charge of Dartmouth skiing. He was with the club for six years and during that period the "Green Skiers" were six times intercollegiate champions and five times winners of the Lake Placid College Week, to mention only two events. Now the young Swiss Walter Prager directs the club's ski activities.

A recent count showed 1,700 pairs of skis at Dartmouth, and any afternoon if you are in Hanover in winter you will find

nearly all of their owners out somewhere on the hills. This is even more important, I think, than the fact that the club developed Dick Durrance, America's number-one skier.

The D.O.C. also is responsible for the first ski tramway in New Hampshire, which was put in operation on Oak Hill in Hanover in 1935. These ski tows are in use now on many slopes. Among them is that spectacular chair tow up the east side of Rowe Mountain in Gilford—the first of its kind this side of Sun Valley. It travels up the mountain for 3,400 feet and connects at the top with the twenty-mile system of trails on the Belknap Range.

Another pioneer organization in winter sports, probably one of the first in the country, was the Nansen Ski Club of Berlin, composed largely of skiers of the Norwegian tradition. More than fifteen years ago it was holding winter carnivals, as was the Gorham Winter Carnival Association, formed at the suggestion of the U.S. Forest Service, which at the time had its headquarters in Gorham, though it since has been moved to Laconia.

Dog-team racing was one of the features, and Arthur Walden of Wonalancet first exhibited his famous team made up of descendants of Commodore Peary's Polaris at Gorham and Berlin. In it was Chinook, the noble dog who went with his master on the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic. Chinook died in 1929. His name has been given to the Chinook Trail, the road from Tamworth to that part of Wonalancet where Julia Lombard raises and trains "pure-bred Chinook dogs," and Dogtown, where Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Seeley raise huskies.

Six events of the New England Sled Dog Club were held in New Hampshire in 1938 at Tamworth, Plymouth, Exeter, Tilton, Laconia, and East Jaffrey. The first—the Chocorua-Wonalancet Race—started and finished on the ice and snow of Lake Chocorua. There were twenty-six mushers, including six women.

Since Portsmouth formed a ski club I don't believe there's

a section in the state which lacks an organization or which hasn't a ski school or two within easy hiking distance, though each region usually has some feature which gives it an individual flavor.

The outstanding characteristic of the Eastern Slopes Club is its regional character, for it serves the countryside from Conway to the Pinkham Notch. It maintains an office and club room in North Conway, with an experienced person in charge who does everything possible to help skiers make arrangements for using every minute of a holiday to the best advantage.

The large Belknap Mountain Recreational Center in Gilford is the focal point for the Winnepesaukee region's winter sports activities. Terraces were rebuilt so onlookers could watch all events and here on the 60-meter ski jump were held the Eastern Amateur Ski Association jumping championships in 1938.

There's also a mammoth ski jump in Berlin, which is owned by the Nansen Ski Club, and slopes for experts have been opened at Plymouth. This region also has put up a *ski haus* just like those you find in Austria. The Bristol area has become very active since Charles Proctor, one of New Hampshire's pioneer winter sportsmen and trail blazers, has made it his skiing center. Waterville, I understand, makes a specialty of family parties and you will find father, mother, sister, and little brother trying out the Mad River Trail or the Tecumseh Trail, which the White Mountain National Forest has rebuilt.

I haven't room here to tell you what each town or section of New Hampshire is doing in skiing. One hundred and nineteen trails have been listed by our State Planning and Development Commission. They were laid out by towns, ski clubs, the Dartmouth Outing Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the U.S. Forest Service, and the State Forestry and Recreation Department. In many cases much of the work has been done by the C.C.C.

The areas where you will find trails are Keene, the Monad-

nock Region, Peterborough, Uncanoonuc Mountains, Hillsborough, Massasecum Region, Sunapee Mountain, Claremont, Kearsarge Mountain, Tilton, Franklin, Belknap Mountains, Mount Cardigan, Pawtuckaway Mountains, Hanover, Lebanon, Newfound Lake Region, Moosilauke Mountain, Franconia Region, Woodsville, Lisbon, Littleton, Bethlehem, Whitefield, Lancaster, Crawford Notch, Berlin, Gorham, Pinkham Notch, Jackson Region, Intervale Region, North Conway, Conway, Bartlett, Tamworth, and Wolfeboro.

One hundred and two years ago the *Dover Republican* published a little ditty about winter. This is it:

*O'er Dover's hills the Sun is low,
And high in air the unfledg'd snow,
Women and grist mills scarce can go
Winter posts on so rapidly.*

Gristmills may have stopped, but the more unfledged snow in mid-air, the more modern women go about in natty ski suits. American women skiers owe many of the best of the smart touches of their winter togs and accessories to a New Hampshire girl, Kate Peckett, one of New York City's foremost authorities on what a skiing young lady should wear. She got her first inspirations in the matter and began her work up in the White Mountains.

New Hampshire was the first state to hold a ski mass. It was inaugurated in 1936 by the Reverend Patrick Walsh of St. Kieran's Church in Berlin. The mass was repeated in 1937 and over in North Conway the Reverend J. Eugene Belford followed with a similar service in Our Lady of the Mountains Church for the skiers of the Eastern Slopes.

NOTES ON THE NOTCHES



WHAT CAN I TELL YOU about the White Mountains? I look at my book-shelves and wonder if there is anything left which has not been related over and over again! There's the *History of the White Mountains from the First Settlement of Upper Coös and Pequaket*. Lucy Crawford's work-worn fingers must have ached before she finished jotting down the mighty deeds of her husband, which he probably dictated to her himself. Next to it stands the book which John H. Spaulding, with his keen nose for historical relics, brought out in 1855. Beyond is the Reverend Benjamin G. Willey's history of the region, full of incidents about the people he knew and the mountains where he spent his life. Then there's Samuel Adams Drake, who tramped into the heart of the White Mountain district collecting their legends and writing descriptions of the scenery. Beside it is Thomas Starr King—his interpretation of the White Hills has been read by everyone who has any interest at all in New Hampshire's northern mountains.

There are the guide books, including the series of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and the modern chronicles of Frederick W. Kilbourne, the nature studies of Winthrop Packard, the vivid descriptions of Stearns Morse, the chatty little book by the vivacious Eleanor Early. I look in the *Bibliography of the White Mountains*, compiled by Allen H. Bent. Over two hundred magazine articles, not including those published in *Appalachia*! The Appalachian Mountain Club copy-

righted that book back in 1911 too! There's little left for me.

I suppose I might start by telling you that, roughly speaking, the White Mountains of New Hampshire cover an area of 1,270 miles enclosed by the Maine state line, the Androscoggin River, the northern Connecticut, and the lake district. I could add that the Presidential Range extends from Gorham to Bartlett, and that Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Clay are its important peaks and the highest in New England.

Then it would be logical to point out the notches—Philip Carrigain referred to them as “gaps”—which cut the walls of the ranges. They are Crawford, whose beauties can be seen so well from the easily climbed Mount Willard; Dixville, which has the most magnificent scenery in the northern section; Pinkham, skirting the base of Mount Washington; Carter, guarded by Carter Dome and Wildcat's Ridge; Jefferson, between Mount Jefferson and the Dartmouth Range; Kinsman, on the road between North Woodstock and Wildwood; Franconia Notch, which I have already told you about; and the new Evans Notch, leading from New Hampshire into the State of Maine.

There are people who think that the northern glen, only two miles in length, which you reach by following either the Mohawk River east from Colebrook, or Clear Stream west from Errol, is the most picturesque pass in the mountains. It is a little startling, I admit, to see so many spectacular rock effects gathered together in such a small space as they are in Dixville Notch. If you are driving through, you crane your neck to catch glimpses of the turrets and rock towers, and while you are looking, presto, you're out again! I always want to turn around and drive back, but never have nerve enough to suggest it.

The way to see Dixville Notch is to tramp through it. I once spent a week with some friends at the Balsams Hotel, a luxury spot quite surprising in that wild region. It was then that I really saw Dixville's flume, profile, and Huntington Cascade and even climbed Table Rock, which rises 700 feet

straight up in the air. From it there's a wonderful view into Maine and Canada, but it's no spot for you if you get light in the head when on a high place.

The Evans Notch is one of the new things the White Mountains are offering tourists. Or, rather, the notch always has been there, but only lumbermen, hunters, and mountain climbers had seen it. The twelve-mile road extending through the White Mountain National Forest from North Chatham to Hastings and Gilead, Maine, is a recent gift to the public.

The region over Chatham way is the Wild River district. Before 1934 you could drive into it, but you couldn't scale the mountain wall. This new notch road opens up impressive mountain views, with great cliffs in the foreground such as most of us never dreamed of. Unlike the highways of the other notches which follow the beds of the old roads in the valley, the Evans Notch Road curves along the sides of the mountain and you seem to be riding along the tree-tops looking down at the ravine beneath you.

I had a thrilling experience riding through the notch on a late fall Sunday, even though we were trying to overtake two other cars with members of our party who had overlooked the entrance to the Wild River Campground, where we planned to lunch. However, as such things always do, everything turned out for the best. We found our friends waiting at the corner, undecided whether to go farther into Maine or to turn toward New Hampshire. We persuaded them to follow up the Androscoggin Valley through beautiful Shelburne to New Hampshire's Gorham and then turn up the Peabody River to "the Dolly Copp," the largest of the White Mountain Forest Camps.

It was rather a raw day and we had not expected to find many people there. But we really had to wait for a grill—and there are a large number of them, too. We wandered about and strolled over to the site of Dolly Copp's mountain home. The house is gone and instead of a stray traveler or two occasionally dropping in for the night as did Samuel Adams Drake,

the old farm, supplemented by many more acres, offers hospitality to motorists, hikers, campers, and trailer adventurers by the hundreds. In 1936, in fact, 7,204 campers stayed at "Dolly Copp" alone in an average period of 6.4 days, while the fourteen Forest Camps of the White Mountain National Forest entertained a total of 150,000 persons during that year.

There's a splendid view of the Imp from Dolly Copp's old home place. In reality it's a great cliff on the west spur of North Carter Mountain, but it looks just like the face of a small kindly gnome out of *Snow White*.

"And who was Dolly Copp?" I heard a woman asking. I might have replied: "Just one of our hardy mountain women who came with her husband into the wilderness to establish a home." Dolly was an extreme individualist, I gather, for she celebrated her golden wedding by dividing a joint bank account with Hayes and then going about her own way and letting him go about his. "Fifty years is long enough to live with any man!" Dolly affirmed.

Leaving "Dolly Copp," the Pinkham Notch Road goes on by the Glen House, set between the crescent-shaped line of the five highest New England peaks on the right and the Carter Range on the left. There is an impressive view of the Great Gulf from the Glen House, and the Toll Road up Mount Washington starts near by.

The watershed of the notch divides the courses of the Peabody and Ellis Rivers, which flow in a neighborly fashion through Tuckerman's Ravine until they emerge to part at the base, the Peabody to drop into the Androscoggin, and the Ellis into the Saco.

Pinkham Notch should be called the "Avenue of Cascades," for the Ellis River is full of delightful waterfalls. Crystal Cascade is a hundred rods from the angle formed by the river in changing its course. About half-way down its drop, the dashing waters of the cascade strike a projection of rock from which they rebound in showers of spray.

Glen Ellis Falls is one of the best-known natural wonders

of the White Mountain region. It is estimated that over 100,000 tourists visit it each year. The clear cold waters from Mount Washington fall eighty feet and then cascade madly on in other smaller falls. The setting is the wildest and grandest of mountain scenery and, except for the rustic stair trail and bridges which the U.S. Forest Service maintains, is left in a natural state.

As we are speaking of waterfalls, here is a good place to digress and say something of those over in the Crawford Notch. Two of them fall over the mountain wall about a quarter of a mile from the upper gateway. Silver Cascade glitters like a shining thread as it drops more than 1,000 feet over the cliff above the Saco Valley. The Flume Cascade tumbles over three precipices, dividing in three parts on the last one and uniting again in one stream at the foot.

Arethusa Falls on Bemis Brook, about a fourth of a mile from the Crawford Notch Highway, is not so well known as the others, but it is just as beautiful. It is the highest single plunge of water in the state. It's named from Shelley's poem "Arethusa," which is really descriptive of it. Mary Peabody Williams gave the state the tract of land where it is located.

The Pinkham Notch Road finally takes you to Jackson, which stands on a triangular interval formed by the joining of Wildcat Brook tumbling down from Jackson Falls and the Ellis River swinging round Eagle Mountain.

If you follow up the Wildcat and go on for about six miles, you will come to the Carter Notch. That is, you will if you are an active member of the Appalachian Mountain Club or an equally enthusiastic mountaineer. Picnicking where we could look into it, two members of our party decided to learn of the mysteries of the wild glen from the description of a third, who told us between sandwiches of the great line of huge boulders piled up in a strange, unearthly fashion and of the mammoth crags where weird profiles hang from the sides of Carter Dome.

Crawford Notch, the "White Mountain Notch," "The

Notch," or whatever you may care to call it, gets its name from the pioneer family whose members have made themselves one of the traditions of the region. Between the narrow, perpendicular walls flows the Saco River, with the state highway and the railroad line squeezing in beside it.

The upper gateway is guarded by the Elephant's Head, a huge rock formation. From it you can get a wonderful view of the pass. But the Notch's own mountain is Willard, with its bare, ledgy summit hanging over the Notch, and one of the easiest, most satisfactory mountains to climb. In fact there's a road leading to the top which is being improved by the state.

All kinds of ghosts haunt the Crawford Notch. Besides the Crawfords there's that hunter Timothy Nash, who from a tree on Cherry Mountain, where he was trying to sight a moose, saw the gateway through the mountains. Timothy immediately had the idea of going to Portsmouth to ask Governor Wentworth for a slice of land and to try to persuade him to build a road to the White Mountains. The royal Governor's reply is a New Hampshire classic. "Get a horse through that pass and you will get your land," he told Nash. Perhaps the road would be built, he concluded, though he had no idea such a thing was possible. The hunter went home and persuaded Benjamin Sawyer, a boon companion, to help him. They planned and worked and finally succeeded in hoisting a startled old horse over the cliffs. They got their reward, as you can see by finding Nash and Sawyer's Location on the map of New Hampshire.

It was some years, however, before the road which opened up the route between Portsmouth and the White Mountains was a reality. When Nathaniel Hawthorne stayed at Crawford's in the early 1830's he said of it: "The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing, between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other."

Like many other writers of his day, Hawthorne was impressed profoundly by the story of the pitiful Willey family, destroyed in a cloudburst and mountain avalanche over a century ago. He put them into his story "The Ambitious Guest," in which he described the slide. "Down came the whole side of the mountain in a cataract of ruin," he said. "Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its course."

The State of New Hampshire now owns the site where the Willey Slide happened. It is included in the Crawford Reservation of nearly 6,000 acres in the northern part of Hart's Location, extending to the summits of the mountains bordering the Saco.

The lower gateway of the Crawford glen is Bartlett, from which can be seen Mount Carrigain, named for the map-maker. One mile west is the Bartlett Boulder, left by the ancient glacier and noted because its great weight rests on four smaller stones. The Germans call these rocks brought from the ledges "foundlings," and New Hampshire has a number of really famous ones. The largest glacial traveler in America is in Madison. Geologists say its massive bulk of over 7,000 tons came from Albany ledges, two miles distant. It is as large as a good-sized building and is six-sided, with its lower scow-shaped ends resting upon a bed of rocks of the same material. A staircase leads to the top, which I attempted to climb in a terrific thunderstorm, without much success.

I don't like to leave this region without saying something about Conway, with its beautiful mountain views and lovely scenes along the Pequawket, Swift, and Saco Rivers. White Horse Ledge in North Conway attracts almost as many sight-seers as the Old Man of the Mountains. Moat Mountain, which is nearly three miles long and has two peaks, is across the valley from the village. At the base are hills with steep rocky ledges. White Horse Ledge is one of them. It gets its name because the lighter shades of the rocks, turned up by the glacier, form

the outline of a white horse dashing up a cliff.

Cathedral Ledge is just to the north, and Humphrey's Ledge is about seven miles from North Conway on the north ridge of the mountain. To the north of the Cathedral a cascade falls down a rocky staircase into those hollowed-out basins which give it the title "Diana's Baths." Recently the state has put in a new road to these beautiful places.

I had vainly hoped to tell you about a delightful trip which I took over the Swift River or Albany Interval, that valley of waterfalls and gorges set in a frame of mountains. Aside from Chocorua, Passaconaway is the most noticeable peak. On the other side of the range is the lovely Waterville Valley, a bowl-like depression with a diameter of about six miles, encircled by a rim of mountains including Mount Osceola, Kancamagus, the Tripyramid, Whiteface, and some of the Sandwich Mountains, with Mount Tecumseh closing the circle. Strangely enough, no highway runs through the mountain wall which separates Waterville from the Swift River Region.

To most people the Kinsman Notch in the Franconia Mountain Region means Lost River, and well it may, for the potholes and caves have made it famous. To be quite "guide-bookish," Lost River is a series of glacial caverns cut in solid rock by an ancient glacial stream which was filled with silt. That glacial stream and some earthquake disturbances certainly played queer pranks at Lost River! The largest of the potholes is twenty-five feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high. The caves have been given distinctive names and the guides take you through various kinds and sizes, like the Cave of the Ships, the Guillotine, and the Lemon Squeezer.

The present stream flowing through the caverns is small in comparison with the ancient one. It dashes through the potholes, forms a waterfall in the Judgment Hall of Pluto, and emerges between two curved rocks to drop some thirty-five feet at Paradise Falls.

Only thirty years ago anyone who wished to visit Lost River had to walk in from the main road for three miles and go down

into the caverns on rude, insecure ladders. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests in 1911 bought the tract which includes it and with the help of the State Federation of Women's Clubs put in rustic ladders. Then the state opened up the highway between Wildwood and North Woodstock. This was only the beginning of the many developments which have been carried out at Lost River. Parking areas, shelters for campers, a central dining-room, a recreational gathering-room, stairways into the caverns, and a new museum are some of the things which have come to pass. The finest feature of it all is that not one bit of its natural grandeur and beauty has been tampered with.

But of all the lovely things at Lost River, I enjoy best the Nature Garden, with its 400 native plants labeled so I can tell what they are and growing just as they naturally do by mossy rocks or hidden pools or in a sunlit glade. I go to Lost River frequently in summer, but I don't always descend into the caverns; I spend an hour or two just wandering about to see the plants that grow in my state.

A TOAST TO NEW HAMPSHIRE COOKS



YES, I AGREE with the editor of the *Manchester Union*—"Our scenery is wonderful, but, as someone has remarked before, you can't eat the scenery." He prefaces this remark in an editorial of August 31, 1937 by saying: "Back home from his trip to New Hampshire, he [the tourist] may do a lot of talking about the magic view from Mount Washington, the awe-inspiring countenance of the Old Man, or the mysterious wonderlands of Lost River and the Flume, but what will remain even more permanently fixed in his memory is that New Hampshire chicken dinner, with blueberry muffins, mashed potato whipped white as snow, spicy watermelon pickle and sweet corn right out of the gardens."

You are right, Mr. Editor, and hundreds of New Hampshire's guests will bear you out in your statement. So I am dedicating this chapter to our cooks, both men and women, who have helped to make the state famous for toothsome stews and chowders, fish done to a turn, brook trout fried to just the right shade of golden brown, chicken and dumplings, baked beans, fine-grained bread, feathery cakes, plump doughnuts, and pies that will melt in one's mouth.

First let us toast Weetamoo, youngest daughter of Passaconaway, and all her dusky sisters, cousins, and aunts who taught our colonial grandmothers how to turn the kernels of the Indian corn into *sagamite*, the mother of "tasty hasty pud-

ding," stirred up from corn meal poured into a great kettle of boiling water, "hard Injun puddings" rich with "plums" and boiled for hours in linen bags, and the delectable "baked Injun pudding" caramel-topped and "wheyey" from its long overnight baking in the brick oven. This toast must include, too, the early New Hampshire boys and girls who were raised on "puddin' and milk" and even the gourmands like "Pudding" Spaulding of Washington, consumer of twelve pounds of pudding at one meal.

The greatest feat of the Yankee cooks was the perfection of the "punkin pie," which at first they made without eggs. Later they loosened up a bit on the egg question, as you can find out by consulting a Concord cookbook of 1841. "One egg to a quart of milk makes a very good pie," it assures you.

The greatest publicist of the "celebrated pumpkin pie, an indispensable part of a good and true Yankee Thanksgiving," was, I suppose, the widow of a Newport attorney. She was Sarah Josepha Hale, author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and the first woman editor in the United States. "There was a huge plum pudding, custards and pies of every name and description ever known in Yankee land; yet the pumpkin pie occupied the most distinguished niche," she wrote in *Northwood*, her novel of New Hampshire life in the early nineteenth century. This "Lady of Godey's," as Ruth Finley calls her, is responsible for our modern Thanksgiving Day, for as the editor of the famous *Godey's Lady's Book*, which molded American morals, manners, and styles for years, the former New Hampshire housewife was tireless in her efforts to establish the national Thanksgiving Day, first proclaimed by President Abraham Lincoln.

Tea-drinkings were stately affairs in the beautiful eighteenth-century homes of old Portsmouth. "Lady" Langdon, the best-known hostess of her day, served pound cake to many famous people, and at Little Harbor "Lady" Wentworth, Benning Wentworth's young widow, entertained George Washington and his staff at tea in her lovely mansion.

And while we are in the vicinity of Portsmouth, let us not forget to toast "Miss Abbie up to her elbows in a pigeon pie," as described by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *The Story of a Bad Boy*. She made "immortal gingerbread," he tells us, and notes that just before Thanksgiving she concocted "forty mince pies, each more delightful than the other, like the Sultan's forty wives." If you visit the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial today you can see the identical window in which the sly pony Gipsy put in her head and lapped up six custard pies that had been placed by the casement to cool.

All along the New Hampshire coast line you will find men and women who know just how to cook sea foods and shore dinners. As you know, a real New Hampshire shore dinner begins with huge dishes of steamed clams accompanied by plenty of clam juice and butter to dip them in. Broiled fish or soft-shelled crabs are brought on next, and then appears the climax of the feast—the whole broiled lobster served with French fried potatoes, sliced native tomatoes, and peas from a near-by garden. The berry pie or pudding which follows is not of great moment after that.

The shore is not far from Durham, where Daisy Deane Williamson, State Home Demonstration Leader of the University of New Hampshire Extension Service, holds sway and by means of the County Demonstration leaders and the state newspapers offers suggestions in nutrition cookery and home-making to hundreds of New Hampshire women. So here's to Miss Williamson, New Hampshire's queen of scientific cooks!

Again I must propose a toast to all the New Hampshire housewives who still bake their own bread and draw from the ovens of their modern stoves great crumbly loaves, sweet-smelling and brown-topped. I know a number of men living in the White Mountains who pout if asked to eat "store bread." Their wives are expert bread-makers and I really know one woman who still manufactures yeast as her mother did, like this:

*Three good potatoes nicely scraped
Of common size will do;
A quart of boiling water add,
To cook completely through.
Of sugar use just half a cup,
One tablespoon of salt,
And that is all, though I believe
The bakers put in malt.*

Abigail Webster, mother of Daniel, must be included in this toast to New Hampshire cooks, for Peter Harvey tells us that she always prepared his favorite dish of chicken and pork for her son when he came home from college or from his Bos-cawen law office.

Then there are my good friends the Shaker sisters of East Canterbury, who in one season canned 3,000 jars of fruits, vegetables, pickles, and relishes. They put up 700 quarts of tomatoes raised on the farm, besides all the other vegetables they prepared. As for fruit, well, you should see the cans of peaches, plums, cherries, pears, and apples that stock their richly laden shelves!

I have saved one of the best parts of the toast to New Hampshire cooks for the last. It is to Mrs. William J. O'Brien of Center Sandwich, the second sectional prize-winner in the Women's National Championship Cookery Competition sponsored by the Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries. Our New Hampshire cook, who was the only prize-winner from a rural community, stepped up and took her award in the Grand Central Palace in New York City in March 1937. From California, Iowa, Virginia, Ohio, New York, and New Hampshire came the six prize-winning menus. Mrs. O'Brien's menu consisted of seafood stew, thin toast strips, baked Hormel ham, green Lima beans with cream, spinach mold, pineapple salad, squash pie, and coffee.

One July day Arthur and Charlotte Sawyer, Lucy Priest, and I went to Sandwich to visit the New Hampshire prize-

winning cook. We found her living in a farmhouse set among magnificent maples on a high hill—Top of the World, she calls it. And such a view from that hill! The rocky crest of Mount Chocorua to the left, with the panorama sweeping to Black Snout of the Ossipees on the right and Bearcamp Pond glittering in the foreground.

We did not see Mrs. O'Brien until after we had eaten her delicious dinner. When she came into the room, blue-eyed and efficient, her vivid personality lighted up the rather prosaic surroundings. She told us that when she heard of the contest she said to her husband that she would like a free trip to New York and he suggested that she try for it. So she submitted two menus based on the "heavy rather 'heaty' foods of New England," as she called them. Her first menu was selected and she was invited to the Exposition.

Mrs. O'Brien explained how thrilled she was when she found that she had won the second sectional prize. The first prize-winner was asked to take the microphone after Isabel Lord of Pratt Institute, one of the judges in the contest, had spoken. "I was so surprised and excited I didn't know what to do!" she said. "But I knew that over in Center Sandwich at Top of the World, my husband and children were listening to the broadcast. What could I say! At home we had a lot of fun over my baked beans, which my husband likes best of all the things I prepare. I cook with wood. Suddenly I knew exactly the message I could send from New York City to my family and I cried into that microphone that the best dish in New Hampshire was baked beans cooked with a wood fire!"

So here I end my toast to New Hampshire cooks with baked beans, rich with pork, sweetened to exactly the right taste with molasses or maple sugar and browned to just the right turn. I salute the cooks who have prepared them for church and grange suppers and the hundreds of women all over the state who set them out on Saturday nights with "rye and Injun" steamed brown bread, home-made pickles, and the custard pies without which no New Hampshire Saturday-night supper is

complete. And then I like to think that these housewives who have been bustling about all the week, clear the table and, like a dear woman who brightened her home in the White Mountains, fold their hands and repeat the verse many of them learned as children:

*How pleasant is Saturday night
When I've tried all the week to be good,
And not said a word that is bad
And helped everyone that I could!*

BACK TO THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM



YOU DO NOT KNOW New Hampshire unless you are familiar with its back roads which wind through the valleys of smaller streams or climb the steep pitch of a hill here and there. Many of them are no longer dirt roads full of ruts and "thank-you-marms" but have acquired that ebony complexion which makes them much better for motoring.

They are bordered by tansy and milkweed, and tangles of wild clematis coil around the trees and fences. They cut through pastures where great rocks crop out from between the juniper and sweet fern. Miles of stone wall interlace the surrounding countryside and an occasional weatherbeaten sugar-house stands half hidden among the maples.

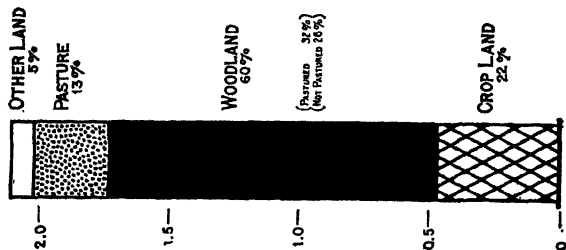
On these roads you find the typical old-time New Hampshire farmhouses, their woodsheds stacked with tier after tier of winter fuel cut on the home woodlot, and the barns bursting with hay for the sleek cattle. Don't misunderstand me; there are plenty of farmhouses on the trunk highways, but these more remote dwellings are reminiscent of that period of farm life when every farmer was king of his own domain and asked little of the outside world.

But the back-road farmhouses are no longer isolated in the old sense. In a survey of 895 families made by the New Hampshire Extension Service, it was found that three fourths of our farm families own automobiles and at least half the women can

FARM WOODLANDS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

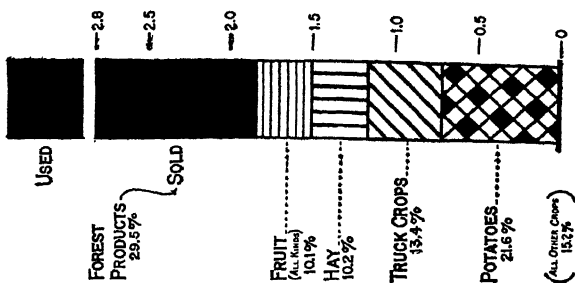
FARM LAND AREAS

ACRES
(MILLIONS)



CASH INCOME FROM FIVE LARGEST CROPS

(ALSO VALUE OF USED FOREST PRODUCTS) DOLLARS
(MILLIONS)



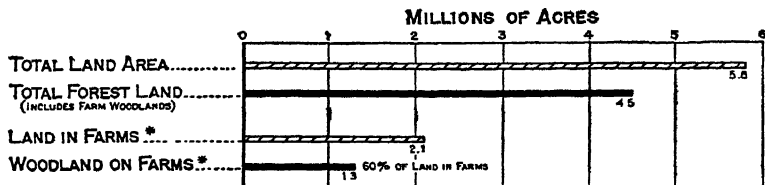
FARM LAND USED	Area (Acres)
Crop Land (all classes)	442,844
Pasture Land	
Plowable and "Other"	284,690
Woodland pastured (see Woodland)	
Woodland (all classes)	1,275,828
Woodland not pastured	570,286
Woodland not pastured	597,540
Other Land	94,298
Total Farm Land	2,115,546
CASH INCOME FROM LEADING FARM PRODUCTS**	
Forest Products out and sold, Year 1934	\$982,000
Runk among all crops	First
Forest Products	\$882,000
Potatoes	717,000
Truck Crops	446,000
Hay	340,000
Fruits (all kinds)	335,000
Value of all Forest Products, used or sold, Year 1934	\$1,429,000

* Census, 1935.
** Estimates by Mr. Agr. Bureau.

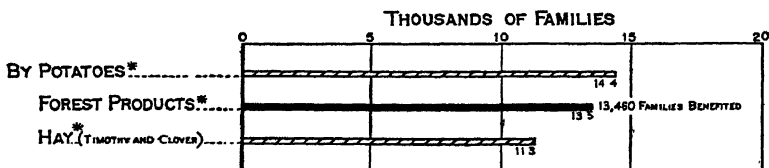


FARM WOODLANDS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

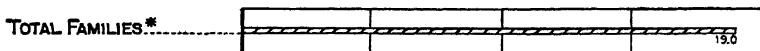
LAND AREAS IN STATE



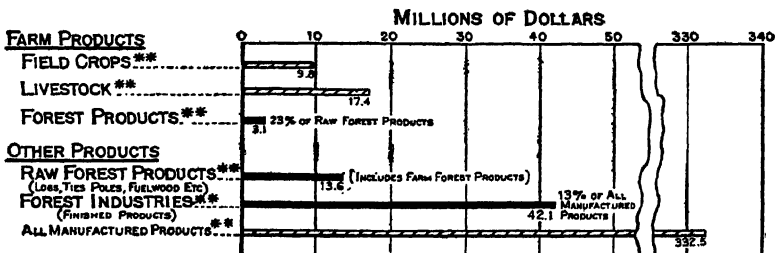
FARM FAMILIES BENEFITED



FARM FAMILIES IN STATE



COMPARISON OF PRINCIPAL INCOME SOURCES



* 1935 CENSUS
 ** 1930 CENSUS



drive them. Telephones are installed in 57 per cent of the houses, and 73 per cent have radios.

And don't let the snug, homey appearance of those low-eaved farmhouses fool you. They may be as quaint as they were on the days the first brides brought their feather beds and quilts over the thresholds, but quite likely they are being modernized in various ways and a goodly percentage electrified.

It's true, no doubt, that many New Hampshire farm women, like their husbands, "pry up the sun with crowbars," but they enjoy life in about the same way as do their friends in the villages and larger towns. Today if he wishes, a New Hampshire farmer—all things being equal—can get a "gingerbread-fed wife" just as easily as "a corn-fed one." In fact, I do not need to tax my brain at all to think offhand of five "city women" in my immediate circle of friends who are leading happy, successful lives on New Hampshire farms.

Again I must refer to that survey to tell you that in many of the homes in the sections examined, women do something to supplement the family incomes. Sometimes the earnings come from poultry; other women sell hand-made goods and home-cooked food; again, they keep summer guests.

That is the way a number of our modern and up-to-date tourist inns started out—by farm women taking boarders. I could mention a number. A good example is the Waterville Inn. Nathaniel and Nancy Greeley came up from Salisbury and cleared a farm in the valley. Nancy's first summer boarder was the producer of the Concord grape. Thirty years later the Greeley farmhouse had become a hotel, and a thousand people attended its opening.

"There is a grand opening in New Hampshire for people desiring to engage in the summer boarding business," the New Hampshire Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration announced in 1891. Later farm women were given some good advice about taking boarders. "Go bury the frying pan twenty feet deep in the pasture," Governor Frank W. Rollins told them.

Today the State Planning and Development Commission estimates that New Hampshire has public accommodations in summer homes, hotels, lodging-houses, roadside cabins, juvenile camps, and camp grounds for more than a million visitors a season.

As I have said, New Hampshire is more industrial and recreational than it is agricultural. Nevertheless, 17,695 farms were listed in the 1935 census. I shall further burst into figures by saying that the farm land covered 2,115,548 acres, of which about 26 per cent were improved. The average farm contains about 119 acres, though there are two in the state of 5,000 acres each. Over 6,000 farms are more or less commercial; the others produce food for their owners or specialize in the tourist business.

Director J. C. Kendall of the New Hampshire Extension Service says that the dairy cow is the keystone of our agriculture. Dairying is very highly specialized in the Connecticut River Valley towns and many quarts of milk are sold wholesale. Up in Colebrook, Columbia, and Stewartstown it is combined with potato-raising, while in Pittsburg and Columbia the farmers supplement their incomes from cows by getting out pulp wood.

It's not fair, perhaps, with so many fine herds of Holsteins, Jerseys, and Ayrshires, for me to bear down heavily in describing the Guernseys. From a journalistic standpoint I have a great fondness for them. I told you how the first Guernseys were brought to Cow Island in Lake Winnepesaukee. As if that wasn't enough to establish them definitely in the state, the American Guernsey Cattle Club maintains its official headquarters in Peterborough. And here is a more spectacular story: milk for Admiral Byrd's last Antarctic expedition was furnished by Guernsey cows, and all the arrangements for sending the cattle were made by this organization.

I certainly am justified in bragging a little about our poultry industry. Nearly eighteen years ago the Experiment Station began an intensive campaign to improve the stock. In ten

years the annual production of eggs and chickens had doubled. Moreover, the handsome and sturdy breed, the famous "New Hampshire reds" or "New Hampshires," had developed from the experiments.

And one more thing while I am singing the praises of New Hampshire poultry: one half of the birds in the state were tested in 1936 and it was discovered that our proportion of disease-free stock is greater than that in any other state in the Union!

Today poultry farming is second to dairying as a major source of our agricultural income. In Goffstown and Weare it even tops wholesale milk production.

I told you about potato-raising in the Londonderry story. The present increase from about 100 bushels to 170 bushels per acre is due again to the research and extension work of the Experiment Station.

J. C. Kendall, who started extension work single-handed after he was appointed director of the Experiment Station in 1911, has been a great influence in the state's agricultural life. Now he has a staff of fifty-eight men and women who conduct educational work in agriculture and home economics in practically every New Hampshire community.

The Extension Service works largely through the Farm Bureau, a branch of which has been formed in each county. The President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation is George M. Putnam of Hopkinton, the "grand old man of New Hampshire agriculture," who was awarded the first gold medal ever given by the American Farm Bureau Federation for "distinguished service in organized agriculture."

Those late spring days when the pink buds on the apple trees burst into snowy blossoms are a gala time in the Monadnock region. Apple Blossom Sunday, an annual event for the past five years, brings visitors from all over New Hampshire and northern Massachusetts to take the twenty-five-mile drive through some of the finest orchards of the state.

This Apple Blossom Highway begins in Milford, cuts through Lyndeborough, and extends on by the Parker Farm in

Wilton. Then it goes on through Wilton Center, over Abbott Hill to the Badger Farms, back again to the Center, and, following the Greenville Highway to Philip C. Heald's big orchard, ends with a four-mile jaunt through the apple country of Temple. A few days later the trees in Hancock and Peterborough, a little farther north, flower, and then many of the same people who took the Sunday drive come back to repeat the experience.

Raising apples is a major agricultural activity of southern New Hampshire. In the state are approximately 819,000 fruit trees, and four fifths are apple trees, which produce about 489,000 bushels of apples for commercial purposes. A large percentage are Baldwins and McIntoshes, though Wealthies and Gravensteins vie with them in popularity.

Except for a few favored localities, mostly in Hillsborough and Rockingham Counties, New Hampshire is just a little too far north for peaches in profusion. Still we do boast of 58,000 trees and also of enough pears, plums, cherries, and grapes for home use at least.

Usually blueberries have been a good crop on pasture lands, though for a few seasons they suffered from droughts and blights. They did better in 1937, however, when over 250,000 quarts were picked. As the *Milford Cabinet* reported: "Amid the discouraging news of strikes, threats of war and lost fliers there comes one cheering report. The blueberry crop promises to be the best in years."

In 1934 New Hampshire farmers reported over 15,000 acres of field corn. Corn can't be raised to any extent in the north country, but elsewhere it has been one of the principal agricultural products ever since provincial days. So important was the corn crop that the royal Governor Edward Cranfield wrote back to England that he was obliged to dismiss the Council while they were taking up important matters because the corn or "Injun" was ready for harvest. In Boscawen there lived in the early nineteenth century Deacon Enoch Little, who kept a day book, some of which he recorded in verse. The

good deacon seems to have worried a little about his corn, for on July 31, 1810 he wrote:

*My corn is yet exceeding low,
Although it now begins to grow;
The field I travelled wholly through
To find one spindle in the blow.*

We New Hampshire people have our clubs of dairymen, horticulturalists, poultry-growers, bee-keepers, and potato-growers, which with some of the women's organizations and other groups assemble each summer at the State University for Farmers' and Homemakers' Week. We have over 7,000 boys and girls enrolled in our 4-H clubs. Whenever I pick up the *Manchester Union* it seems to me that these young agriculturists and home-makers are either taking prize-winning trips or receiving awards for their accomplishments, which is important because it shows that the organizations are doing constructive work.

The State Grange is very active in New Hampshire life in both a social and an agricultural way, just as it is in the other New England states. At the head of our Department of Agriculture is Commissioner Andrew J. Felker, who has served since 1914. I could not begin to tell you of all the constructive things which Commissioner Felker and his staff are doing. But I do wish to mention one feature which comes under the jurisdiction of his department.

This is Old Home Week, which is a truly New Hampshire product. As we know it today, it was brought to the attention of the public in an article which Frank W. Rollins, who later became Governor, wrote for the *New England Magazine* in 1897. In it he begged New Hampshire's sons and daughters to return for a few days to visit their native homes.

In 1899, after Mr. Rollins became Governor, he recommended that the State Board of Agriculture should call a meeting to see about carrying out the plan. To make a long story

short, the last week in August, including Labor Day week-end, was designated as Old Home Week. Mont Vernon held the first celebration and was followed that summer by sixty-four other towns.

Seven years later the plan received the official sanction of the New Hampshire legislature and so Old Home Week really came into its own. To see how it swept the state you have only to go through a file of the *Granite Monthly*, for as someone said: "No local industry flourished more than the manufacture of Old Home Week Verse!"

The meeting-houses were featured especially in the celebrations, for in them were held the exercises, with the orations and speeches by the home boys who went away and made good. I notice that I am speaking in the past tense. There is no reason for this, as Old Home Week, or, to be exact Old Home Day, is still being observed. In 1937 more than 1,500 people gathered for an Old Home Day observance at the historic Sandown Standing Meeting-House, which the town has just refused to sell for a considerable sum of money.

Middleton held its Old Home Day celebration in the auditorium of the church, which was decorated by an itinerant artist with painted trees and branches of leaves and bars of music behind the choir seats. With the exception of the Worsted Church in Canterbury, the Middleton church is the most uniquely decorated place of worship in New Hampshire.

Sandwich's Old Home Day is said to have developed from the get-togethers at Sandwich Fair, one of the few old-fashioned town fairs still held in the state. Cornelius Weygandt preached the Old Home Week Sermon in the Baptist Church in Center Sandwich in August 1924. I wish I might have heard him as he spoke from the sixth verse of the sixteenth Psalm: "The lines are fallen on me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." But under the title of "The Heritage of Sandwich" I have read it many times in *The White Hills*.

Governor Rollins asked Edna Dean Proctor to be the "informal poet laureate" of that first Old Home Week held nearly

forty years ago. Quoting some of the lines of her poem, I close my book:

*Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet the
sun;*

*Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our ways de-
cline,*

*Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks
afoam,*

*By all her hallowed memories—our lodestar while we roam—
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are Home!*

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This book was set on the Linotype in Janson, a recutting made direct from the type cast from matrices (now in possession of the Stempel foundry, Frankfurt am Main) made by Anton Janson some time between 1660 and 1687.

Of Janson's origin nothing is known. He may have been a relative of Justus Janson, a printer of Danish birth who practised in Leipzig from 1614 to 1635. Some time between 1657 and 1668 Anton Janson, a punch-cutter and type-founder, bought from the Leipzig printer Johann Erich Hahn the type-foundry which had formerly been a part of the printing house of M. Friedrich Lankisch. Janson's types were first shown in a specimen sheet issued at Leipzig about 1675. Janson's successor, and perhaps his son-in-law, Johann Karl Edling, issued a specimen sheet of Janson types in 1689. His heirs sold the Janson matrices in Holland to Wolfgang Dietrich Erhardt, of Leipzig.



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